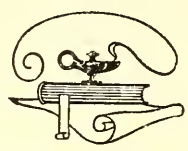



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THE SOROSIS



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THE SOROSIS

VOL. XVIII

OCTOBER 1911

NO. 1

THE MAY-POLE

The old oak stood in regal state,
With manner kindly, kingly great
 He ruled the other trees.
Beyond the wall six saplings grew,
They whispered evil they would do
 And told it to the breeze.

And when the moon rose in the east
The saplings' shadows were releast,
 And softly slipt away;
Over the wall they slid so fast
And waked the beetles as they past,
 To come and watch the fray.

They twined around the trembling oak
Till every limb of his they broke
 And tossed it to the breeze;
Then when the moon rose overhead,
They left him, thinking he was dead
 And slunk back to their trees.

The old oak stood, a shaft—gaunt, grim;
All joy of life had gone from him.
 In grief he bowed his head;
“Not one leaf left, Oh, woe, not one
To shield a birdling from the sun,
 I might as well be dead.”

Next morning, 'twas the first of May,
The children came with garlands gay
And ribbons, every hue.
Straight to the poor old oak they sped,
He lifted up his sorrowing head
To see what they would do.

They crowned him with sweet blossoms rare
And round his trunk unsightly, bare,
They twined the garlands gay;
"Hail to our May-pole," then they cried,
The old oak straightened up in pride
To watch them at their play.

The saplings saw them as they danced
And envious saw how they'd enhanced
The old oak's barren age;
And when they thought how evil done,
Great honor to the oak had won,
The saplings shook with rage.

Mildred Weston.

LIKE ARTHUR

"And Arthur was a good king and a true gentleman."

The little boy closed the book gently and rolled over on his back on the brown pine needles. Shading his eyes with his hands from the rays of the sun which, red and coppery, was just sinking behind the distant mountains, he lay still. Gradually the sun disappeared and a slight evening breeze sprang up ruffling the fair hair back from the child's forehead and rattling a few dry needles down from the branches above. A little brown bird hopped up to the still figure and chirped

inquiringly, then flew away again. The shadows deepened, still the boy slept on. Once in awhile he stirred restlessly as if about to waken, then sighed gently and sank into a deeper sleep.

As it grew late the little breeze died away and not even the murmur of the pine branches disturbed the quiet of the mountain woodlands. Just before the moon rose the velvety darkness of the night was broken for an instant by a flash of distant lightning shooting from a dark bank of clouds over in the west. About half past ten the moon appeared large and golden red at first, and later, pure and silvery, its glistening rays painting the mountain top white. Over in the west the lightning flashed again, this time accompanied by the boom of distant thunder, far away at first, then rumbling nearer. The child sleeping on the pine needles stirred quickly and sat up and stared about him trying to pierce the forest-darkness with bewildered eyes.

Quickly he sprang to his feet. The soft whisper of the dry needles sounded like footsteps; he sprang back to the foot of the tree. All was quiet again. His startled eyes searched the surroundings for a familiar object. He saw the book at his feet, the knight in armor on its cover glorified by the moonlight. Then he remembered what he had been reading.

"I mustn't cry," he said to himself half aloud. "I must be a true knight like Arthur."

He drew a deep breath, then leaning over picked up the book. Dazed by the darkness of the shadows and the whiteness of the paths between the trees, he knew not which way to turn. Suddenly all became dark, and looking up he saw that the clouds, journeying over from the west, had covered the moon.

"Which way is home? Which way is home?" he kept

saying over and over again like a little prayer. Then, "I will be brave just like Arthur."

Suddenly it came to him which direction was right and he started to run. At first he stumbled over roots and bumped into outstretched branches, yet he kept on with dogged persistence. Then he came out of the woods into the pasture where the grass was smooth. Breathless he stopped running for a minute; then alarmed afresh by the sound of his footsteps, started off as fast as his racing heart would let him. When he turned into the lane which led to the house, the great haystack which loomed up dark and mysterious at the side of the path terrified him so that his breath caught in his throat and choked him. Yet he gripped the book more tightly and sped past.

A moment later he came into the yard. Then he noticed for the first time that the house was lighted up in every window. With one last sob in his breath, stumbling over the door step, he half fell into the kitchen. A woman was working at the stove. As the boy came panting in she merely glanced at him, not noticing his disheveled hair or his heaving breast.

"Why Jimmie," she said without surprise, "where did you go after supper?" Then, not waiting for his answer. "Run back to bed now, your mother is awfully sick."

"Can't I see her just for one moment? I'll be real quiet, Aunt Sallie."

"No indeed you can't, you go right back to bed. I can't be bothered now."

With aching limbs the child climbed the stairs to his room and without undressing threw himself on the bed. The tears which had blinded his eyes and filled his throat for so long came at last.

"If mother just knew I was brave alone out there in the

woods, I wouldn't mind crying now," he sobbed. "But I can't be like Arthur any more for mother's sick and I want her."

The sobs shook his little body until he was weary and at last he fell asleep. The storms which had been threatening broke. The fury of the gusts shook the house and the thunder crashed around it. This time the child did not waken for he was safe at home, dreaming of Arthur and his knights, the old book clasped tightly in his hand. M. A. B.

AN INCIDENT OF A STREET CAR

At one of the busy corners of the shopping district a young man and woman entered a street car and occupied crowded seats near the rear of the car. The woman, young, richly clad, and beautiful with that wistful grace which we love to call ethereal, seemed strangely out of place among the rougher inmates of the car. Her companion was strikingly handsome yet cynical in manner, in all things displaying himself a thorough man of the world. It was evident that the two were on extremely intimate terms. The man's attitude was very deferential, but the girl seemed a trifle bored. She gathered her furs more closely about her, and the spray of pink roses caught loosely in the lapel of her coat scattered upon the floor of the car.

Across from the two sat a young carpenter dressed in a worn suit of working clothes, with a ragged cap and a patched pair of cheap shoes. His arms were filled with tools.

The girl's eyes traveled over the man's figure, and unconsciously she marvelled at his splendid size and fine development, comparing him mentally with the man at her side. She glanced at his hands and saw that they were firm, capable and finely shaped, but that one finger was missing from his left

hand. Under protection of the tilting fluffiness of her hat she glanced up into his face and saw that it was the sort of face she had hoped to find, yet could not explain why. Suddenly she flushed and turned her gaze in another direction. The man at her side smiled indulgently—

“I never knew you were coquettish, Rose.”

The carpenter caught only the girl's name, but with it came the fragrance of the blossoms at her feet. Just then another occupant entered the car. She was an old negro woman with wrinkled face and crooked back; over her arm hung a gaudy kerchief filled with packages. Not a passenger moved to offer her a seat, and the old creature started timidly back toward the rear of the car, endeavoring to reach an elusive strap. The girl in the furs turned to the man at her side—

“You are a Southerner, I thought,” she cried lightly, but the man seemed oblivious of her real meaning. He drew a time table carelessly from his great-coat pocket, remarking that their destination was but a few squares beyond.

A pained look stole over the girlish face, but was immediately replaced by one of gratitude, for the young carpenter in the seat across had risen and quietly yielded his place to the negro woman.

He stood now so that his profile was clearly revealed to the girl, and covertly she watched him so that each feature seemed engraved upon her mind.

Suddenly he turned as the girl and her escort rose to leave the car, and their eyes met. There was no smile, no recognition of each other's presence save one long look, a rose petal falling to cling against a man's worn sleeve, and that was all. The girl passed out into the somberness of the winter twilight, and was very quiet on the walk home!

But at night, kneeling alone before the emberlight of her fire, the well loved violin responding to her mood, she played softly long into the hours of night. And then! With eyes

wistful and misty, with face buried blindly in her hands, she fought back dreams that must never materialize—madness, when one's wedding gown hangs in silvery folds nearby.

To the carpenter ofttimes will come visions of a girl's face, the haunting fragrance of a name. With the memory will come dreams—but that is all. For what more could there be?

"STRIFE" BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

This play is the portrayal, in a vigorous way, of the struggle between labor and capital, and as concrete examples of these two forces, it presents to us two strong men, opponents worthy of each other's steel. The first is John Anthony, the chairman of a company, the other David Roberts, a workman employed by the company. These two are brought into sharp contrast and yet are singularly alike.

The scene is laid in England, and the first act gives us to understand that there is a strike in progress among the men of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works. It is a bitter winter, and the people are suffering from a cold and hunger. The directors of the company have come down from London to meet the workmen's committee, to discover whether they are ready to give up their claims. The condition of the company is almost as desperate as that of the workmen, and the directors are about ready to give way to the demands of the men, or at least to put the matter into the hands of the "Union" for compromise. But John Anthony will not permit it. The Union has withdrawn its support from the men; however, its agent, Simon Harness, has agreed to arrange a compromise for them, if they will moderate their demands.

The two committees meet each other in the dining room of the manager of the works and there too, they meet the

agent of the Union. The workmen, excepting Roberts, are willing to go back to work, but he, by his fiery words and active resentment, restrains them, as John Anthony similarly holds back his party from mercy. Each of these men is fighting for his principles. Roberts sees a future of misery for the people of his class if this struggle is not won; while Anthony, a man who has grown old in his business, and who has beaten his employees in four such struggles, will not give in to them one inch, believing that if the power of capital is not firm in such matters, his class will soon be at the level of his employees. So they argue, and recriminate but nothing is accomplished. Several times one of the other workmen, Henry Thomas, started to speak, but is silenced by Roberts.

The second act gives the reader of the play an intimate view of the misery which the strike has caused. The home of David Roberts is the scene. Mrs. Roberts, an invalid, is huddled by the dying fire. Her neighbors have come in to offer their help, and to talk over the situation. Each tells of her own misery, and seems inclined to blame Roberts, but Mrs. Roberts is always ready to defend him, in spite of her wretched condition. When all the others have gone, Madge Thomas, a young girl, the daughter of Henry Thomas, remains, and excites Mrs. Roberts very much by telling her that she, Madge, intends to beat Roberts, and win back for the workmen their means of livelihood.

Enid Underwood, the daughter of Anthony, who had employed Mrs. Roberts before the latter's marriage, comes to offer assistance to the invalid. Her husband, however, has forbidden her to take help from his enemies. The two women have a conversation in which each defends the position of her own party in the strife. Madge Thomas shows active hostility to the daughter of the chairman, assuming that Enid has come to spy upon the workmen's families in their misery. Enid loses her impartial view of the situation when she en-

counters Madge, and becomes actively partisan. Roberts soon comes home, and she begs him to end the strike for the sake of his wife, but he answers her bitterly, and she gives up her conciliatory efforts.

A meeting of the workmen is held, at which Roberts has just persuaded the men to hold out a little longer since they are right on the edge of victory, when Madge Thomas brings to him the news that his wife is dead. He hurries away, and the men decide to give in to the company, even though they are urged by a few friends of Roberts not to "strike a man when he is down," or in other words, desert Roberts. Their decision is mainly brought about through a young man who is influenced by Madge Thomas, and through her father, Henry Thomas.

The two committees come together again in the manager's house, and both parties are about to place the matter in the hands of the union for settlement, in spite of the influence of Anthony, when Roberts comes in and says the men will not give in. He is told by the committee that they have decided against him. This completely breaks his spirit. Anthony has resigned from the board after its decision against him, and feels that his whole life has been to no purpose. He goes out of the meeting a broken man.

The culmination of the tragedy in the whole story is in this one sentence of Roberts: "So—they've done us both down, Mr. Anthony?" and in the old chairman's reply, "Both broken men, my friend, Roberts."

The tragedy of life which this play portrays is given in the closing words of the secretary of the company—"D'you know, sir, these terms, they're the very same we drew up together and put to both sides before the fight began? All this—all this, and what for?" "That's where the fun comes in." We feel this needless struggle keenly.

From this summary of the story, one can see the stem subject with which it deals. The uselessness of so much suffering is brought to our minds strongly. That it is caused by the opposition to each other of two men who work for their own principles, we see clearly. All the clearness in the presentation of this complex and difficult situation is the result of the masterly treatment of the theme by the author.

All the details, all the characters are brought together in the most natural way. Each event is such as we know happens in actual living, and is brought in naturally. The play is in such a form that it is not so much a picture of life, as it is actual living. Details of domestic life are brought in without interrupting the action, or retarding it in any way, in order to make the play natural. One detail, that of the presence of two bargemen, peering over the wall, in the scene of the men's meeting, gives an intensely natural note, but does not harm the unity in the least by irrelevant speaking.

The author must be very much interested in the labor question, for he has presented its difficulties so convincingly that one feels them as never before. He has consciously avoided making his characters lovable so that the problem may stand out more forcibly. We do not feel, as we do about many writers, that he himself loved his characters. Even Enid, the peacemaker, who, we feel, must be a lovely woman, is not endeared to us. No touch of humor relieves the sombreness of the plot, although if bitter irony is ever humor it must be so here.

One cannot help regarding the play as a masterpiece, and wondering why its author is not better known.

DAVID

David rested his tired little hands on his knees as he sank limply on the rock beside the dust covered road. It seemed as though he ought to be most home to mother by this time. He had wanted mother for so long and they wouldn't take him to her so he was going himself. He didn't like it over at the big building anyway. There were so many boys and girls there and no mother. Just once in a while the little woman in black would come around and pat him on his closely cropped head and then pass on without even saying a word. Before he had come there, mother had just loved him all the time. Even the last time he had seen her, she reached out her thin hand and patted him on the head and told him to be a good boy while she was gone. Then a strange man had taken him to the big building and he had been there so long and now he had started himself to find mother.

David dragged himself slowly to his feet. My! how those feet did hurt and how hungry he was! It must be most supper time. He imagined all the boys and girls sitting down at the long rows of tables to the good hot supper. Walking was awfully hard and he almost wished he was back at the big building. It was getting dark and he was so tired. He thought he'd just sit down on that grassy place for a minute. He dropped down and leaned over against the tree.

David heard voices.

"The poor little fellow was just homesick," some one was saying. "I am so glad you found him when you did. He might have spent the night by the roadside."

David opened his heavy little eyes. The little woman in black and a man were standing by his bedside. Satisfied, he closed his weary eyes and nestled contentedly in his bed. He was back in the fold.

Pauline Burt, '14.



IN THE VINEYARD

The purple grapes in clusters hang
And ripen in the sun,
And thro' the vineyard go the maids,
To pick them one by one.

Their smiling lips are stained with blue,
They gaily laugh and jest.
Ah! brown-skinned girls with happy hearts
In ragged garments dresst.

A year ago I trod with you
The worn paths to and fro—
And plucked the fragrant ripened grapes
That in the vineyard grow.

My silken gown is torn and mired,
And sad and tired am I;
And I have crept back home at last
Among the grapes to die.

The purple grapes in clusters hang
And ripen in the sun—
Would God that I might go with you
And pick them one by one!

Marjorie Gowans, '15.

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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Marjorie Gowans, '15.....Exchanges

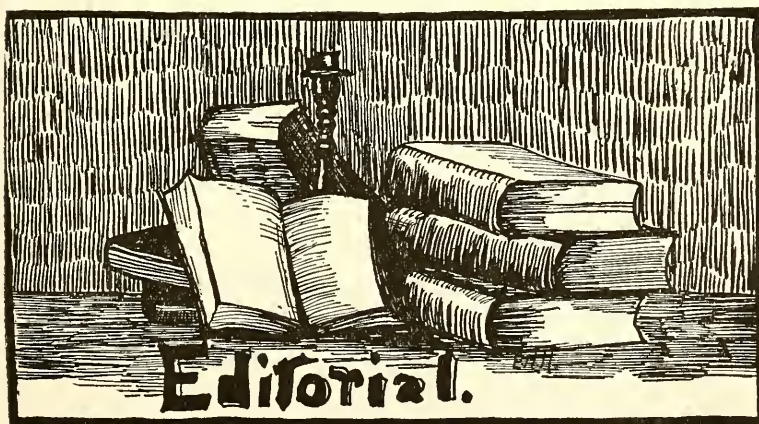
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Welcome back to P. C. W., old and new alike! Another glorious summer has passed by, and happy vacations spent since we left our studies. Now a new school year is well started—one to be fraught with both happiness and sorrow,

especially for those of us whose last year it is. Let us hope that it will be a prosperous and useful one!

We may feel regret at coming back and leaving the pleasures of summer behind, but who has not in the innermost corner of her heart been anxious to be back at work, in some moment of her vacation? The word "study" is not so bad as it seems on first contemplation, for consider the pleasures that go to make up a school life and are alternated with study! They certainly are worthy of being longed for.

Among other things to be regarded is the Sorosis, signifying "Sister." Let us be sisters, one to another, in maintaining the standard of the Sorosis, in elevating it also, and making the best possible publication out of it. Subscribe for it! Write for it! In short, do anything you can for the good of the paper, and we will all be "sisters."

ALUMNAE NOTES

Rachel McQuiston, 1911, is the principal of Belvidere Academy, Belvidere, North Carolina.

Clarissa Blakeslee was here a few days last week.

Miss Elma McKibben, 1910, was at the college September 29 and entertained us with fancy dancing.

Miss Brownson spent a night at the college on her way home from Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Mrs. Armstrong was with us on the first day of school.

Misses Frances Gray, Sara Carpenter and Minerva Hamilton visited school during the last month.

The class of 1911 met at P. C. W. October 6, and organized Decade Club III.

Miss Belle McClymonds, '11, is teaching fourth grade in the Swissvale public schools; Miss Elma Trussel has a school in Elizabeth township.

Miss Ethel Tassey, '10, took dinner at Woodland Hall, October 6, 1911.

Miss Gertrude Wayne, '11, is one of the instructors of the New Kensington High School.

After only a few hours' illness in the early morning of October fourteenth, one of us was called away—Effie B. King, a loyal member of class '77. She was with her class at the Alumnae Dinner in June, and her beaming face plainly told how much she was interested and enjoying the fellowship of old friends and new. We are glad to have this happy recollection of her, and do sincerely extend to her classmates, many friends and family our loving sympathy.

The Alumnae Luncheons have been deferred but not given up.

COLLEGE NOTES

On Wednesday, October 4, Dr. Thompson gave a lecture on the "Social Condition in Great Britain." He delighted us all with his stories of his native land, Ireland, and aroused our interest in the social condition in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin. He is coming back to the college soon to finish telling us of England itself.

Miss Coolidge, October 11, lectured on a subject that appealed to every college girl, "New Vocations for College Women." She spoke of sixty-nine lines of work, other than teaching and medicine, and the more usual women's vocations. She gave us many interesting details of some of them, pointed out their opportunities, and estimated the financial return from each. How every vocation promoted and bettered the home was also shown.

The faculty teas were resumed on October 10 when Miss Hooker and Miss Duff were the hostesses.

The Seniors entertained at dancing Friday evening, September twenty-ninth. The favors were white roses.

A little "party" was given for the Freshmen in the gymnasium a few weeks ago.

A farewell dinner for Miss Coolidge was given by the faculty, Friday evening, October thirteenth. Toasts were given and responded to.

The girls of Woodland Hall entertained Miss Coolidge at dinner on October eighteenth.

The Y. W. C. A. gave the first Friday night entertainment.

On Friday, October seventh, the old girls entertained the new girls at an indoor athletic meet in the gymnasium. The girls were divided into Yale, Harvard, W. and J., and Princeton groups. There was a fifty-yard dash, an obstacle race, a hammer throw, a color rush, a high jump, a cock fight, etc. A prize was given in each contest. Princeton's men won most and received a box of Reymers. The judges were Miss

Coolidge, Miss Becker and Miss Root. Miss Butterfield was the prize awarder and Miss Meloy starter.

The classes have been organized. The officers for 1911-1912 are:

Seniors—

President.....	May Hardy
Vice President.....	Hazel Hickson
Secretary.....	Frances Davies
Treasurer.....	Mary Gray

Juniors—

President.....	Lucy Layman
Vice President.....	Christine Cameron
Secretary.....	Florence Keys
Treasurer	Laila Clark

Sophomores—

President.....	Marjorie Boggs
Vice President.....	Margaret Brown
Secretary.....	Anne Rutherford
Treasurer.....	Phoebe Knight

Freshmen—

President.....	Elizabeth Dalzell
Vice President.....	Louise Kimball
Secretary.....	Olga Losa
Treasurer.....	Hazel Ritts

The annual Hallowe'en Masquerade will be given Friday evening, October 27. All are invited.

The first meeting of the Dramatic Club will be held Monday afternoon, October twenty-third, at 3:30. All college

girls, interested in dramatics, are invited to become members of this association.

On September thirtieth, Lucy Layman entertained the Junior Class at her home. The occasion was a shower for the new Junior Den, and each guest brought useful and ornamental articles for furnishing it.



MUSIC NOTES

The Glee Club met for the first time on October fourth. A number of girls were present, and it bids fair to be a successful year for the club. Several new songs were practiced.

On October twentieth, Mme. Graziani and Miss Fisher gave a most delightful recital. The program was as follows:

Recitative and Aria (Rinaldo).....Handel
Ritornelai fra poco.....Hasse

Mme. Graziani

Pastorale in E minor.....Scarlatti
Fantasie in D Minor.....Mozart
Jig Graun

Miss Fisher

LullabyRichard Strauss
Love is Forever.....Brahms
Sapphic Ode..... Brahms
Serenade Brahms

Mme. Graziani

Rondo a Capriccio (Rage over the lost groschen),
Beethoven

Humoreskes, Opus 20, Nos. 5 and 2.....Reger

Miss Fisher

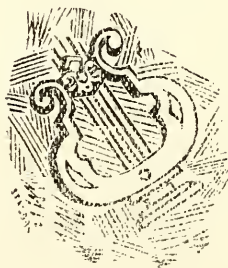
Over Night.....Hugo Wolf
The Gardener.....Hugo Wolf
Covered With Roses.....Max Reger
My Little Sweetheart.....Max Reger
The Swan Bent LowMacDowell
A Maid Sings Light.....MacDowell

Mme. Graziani

Nocturne, Opus 27, No. 1..... ¹	Chopin
Impromptu, Opus 29.....	Chopin
Ballade, Opus 47.....	Chopin

Miss Fisher

The Mandolin Club had its first meeting Thursday, October twelfth. On October nineteenth the club elected their officers for the year. Miss Stahlmann is manager and Miss Sharp is secretary and treasurer.



PERSONALS

The College welcomes the new members of the Faculty. Miss Becker, of Mount Holyoke College and the University of Chicago is the new teacher in the history department of the College, and Miss Holcomb, from the College of Colorado, has taken up the new science classes in the College and in Dilworth Hall.

Wednesday nights again find the German tables well filled with ambitious students.

On Friday, October thirteenth, Ionia Smith, Esther O'Neill, and Mary Heinsling went to stay over Sunday with Marguerite Titzell in Kittanning.

Rebecca Larimer, a student here last year, visited Louise Fletcher recently.

Elizabeth McCague, Claire Colestock and Helen Blair spent a week end with Janet Brownlee in Washington this month.

Mary Gillespie, one of last year's girls, was at Woodland Hall for a few days not long ago, visiting her sister.

Esther O'Neill went to New York on October sixth to attend the wedding of her cousin there.

Mr. Putnam—"What is your opinion on the subject in hand, Miss ——?"

Miss ——, one of those bright Freshmen, waking up—"Yes, ma'am."

On October sixteenth the jolly Juniors gave a party in their den for Lucile Atkinson, the bride-to-be, and amused

themselves by hemming towels for her. The girls also gave her a beautiful casserole.

Lois Norris went to Sebrig, Ohio, lately to be present at the marriage of a relative.

Dr. Lindsay was Miss Coolidge's guest to dinner, Wednesday, October eleventh.

Mildred Weston's mother spent a day or two with her since school began.

Miss Lindsay was the dinner guest of Miss Becker, Thursday evening, October sixth.

Maude Shutt's sister visited at the school for several days in October.

Each table in Woodland Hall dining room has had a party for the one presiding over it. Louise Fletcher, Josette Kochersperg, Betty Orr, and Miriam Messner have been guests of honor at similar parties, also.

Mr. John A. Keys visited his daughter, October twelfth.

A party of ten girls from Woodland Hall went to the Exposition one evening, chaperoned by Miss Kathan. They heard the Carlib Hussars, and Mrs. Kimball.

Come and see the dens. The Junior Den has some lovely pictures; the Sophomore's room is a dream in Delft blue and the quarters of the Freshmen are also quite artistic.

The Sophomores all offer their most hearty thanks to that member who so nobly sacrificed herself and cut a recita-

tion to maintain the honor of her class, sitting for an hour locked up in the den.

Ask Miss Spencer about the lady-wits of French literature.

Whoever thought that Isabella looked cross-eyed?

The Pink Lady couldn't compare with the bulging brains of the Freshmen tied in by "green" ribbons last Wednesday.

Olive Weihe, who was here at school last year, was married on October seventeenth, to Ivan Caris, of Cleveland, Ohio. Elsie Weihe, her sister, went home for the wedding.



ASSOCIATIONS

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. this year has undergone a great change. Instead of meeting on Tuesday evenings and including only house-girls, all the college girls, day and house, may belong, and the regular meetings are Wednesday mornings immediately after chapel. The association is supporting a school in India and maintaining a Bible teacher there also. Several good speakers will be here to address the association during the year. The officers are:

President.....	Elizabeth McCague
Vice President.....	Margaret Brown
Secretary	Florence Keys
Treasurer	Margaret Minor

Delta Sigma

The Delta Sigma is a society, organized last year for the furtherance of college spirit. Regular Juniors and Seniors may be members. At the next meeting the reports of the committees on the work of the year will be given. Probably some time during the year the association will give a prize for the best college yell. The officers for the year are:

President	Esther O'Neill
Secretary	Elvira Estep
Treasurer	Helen Grooms
Miss Lindsay is honorary member.	

Der Deutsche Verein

Daisy Sharp and Lucy Layman entertained at the first meeting of the German Club, October eleventh. Five new members were admitted, and the society was uplifted and in-

spired by a "Kartoffeln Spiel" given by Lillian McHenry, Claire Colestock and Florence Keys. Lucy Layman is the new president.

The Athletic Association, the Dramatic Club, the Glee Club, and the Mandolin Club invite you to become members of one or all.

Omega

The Omega Society held its first meeting on October twelfth. Martha Kim was appointed treasurer for the year. The work of a modern English dramatist, John Galsworthy, was discussed.

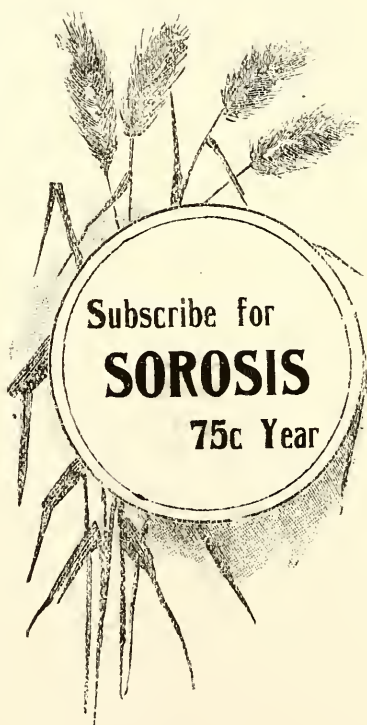
Mr. Putnam entertained the Omega at dinner on October nineteenth.



PITTSBURGH'S NEWEST DEPARTMENT STORE

Has already caught the popular fancy. Women particularly are finding everything to their liking here. We are making the men and women of Greater Pittsburgh as well dressed as the men and women of Gotham's Fifth Avenue, and for a great deal less money. The men and women of the East End have already found that they can save money by being supplied with their needs by us. If you have not already visited the new store, do so at once.

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE SOROSIS

VOL. XVIII

NOVEMBER 1911

NO. 2

THE VALLEY OF CONTENT.

You are heart-sick, tired of striving
For the things called true and pure,
You have swiftly lost your foot-hold
When the way seemed smooth and sure?

You are blinded to the rose dawn
Sealing over your dark sky,
And the only things worth having
Seem the ones that have passed by.

See the warm and loving sunshine
Clothe the autumn trees with gilt
And lie on the moss like splashes
From a giant pitcher spilt.

See the whole earth thrill with gladness,
While the coming of the morn
Shows the golden pumpkins glowing
Among stacks of shackled corn.

See the wee things of the forest,
Each with simple, loving heart
In the great plan of Creation
Doing his small, humble part.

As you see these things and know them
You will love them more and more,
A new song will rise within you
One you never sang before.

Suddenly—with quiet rapture
And peace, as though heaven-sent,
You will find the good herb, heart's-ease
In the Valley of Content.

Mildred Weston.

A ROMANCE IN CHINA.

At one end of the mantel stood a little china shepherdess. She was dainty and sweet and pretty. She wore a little pink skirt, a finely wrought lace waist with a yellow girdle and a large hat with ties caught in a bow under her chin. Her face was small and faintly tinted; her long hair hung below her waist. Her dainty little feet were almost hidden in the grass; in one hand she held a crook, the other she pressed to her lips as if she were about to throw a kiss. In fact, she was as pretty a little china shepherdess as you ever saw.

At the other end of the mantel was a china shepherd boy. He was ruddy and pretty and had brown curly hair. He wore knee-trousers, pink also, and a yellow waist-coat. He clasped a little violin at his breast and held the bow on the strings ready to play. His eyes were downcast and he smiled bashfully.

The little statuettes had been made on the same day in a big factory. The intention of the maker was that they should be a pair and always go together; perhaps that is why they fell in love the moment they gazed at each other. At any rate they did fall in love and loved long and devotedly; but they never revealed their love to each other. Now, for six months they had stood on this mantel and had never exchanged a word of conversation, although all the while they were longing for each other. The shepherdess was too modest to make advances and the shepherd too bashful, although they both tried to hard enough.

At night when every mortal in the house was sleeping the little statues stayed wide awake and thought of each other. The boy sometimes played sweet music on his violin. Shep-

herd boys do not usually have violins, but this little shepherd boy had, because I remember it distinctly. He put his whole soul into his playing. Often he wished that he could make words to his music. Then he thought he would sing them softly and the little shepherdess would listen and perhaps raise her fingers from her lips and throw him a kiss. This, by the way, was just what she wanted to do and she only awaited a suitable occasion.

So the boy set about making a song. One night he thought he had the words almost ready, and he intended to sing them before dawn. As he played his violin he repeated to himself:

"Your skin is fairer than lilies,
Your hair like the sun doth shine,
Your beauty surpasses an angel's,
You seem a being divine."

He played the violin softly while he thought these words; then the song swelled to a mighty passion with the next:

"I love thee, I love thee, I love thee"— The boy thought she could almost hear the words he did not yet dare to utter aloud:

"Oh, throw me tha kiss you delay,
If you love me, you love me, you love me,
Tomorrow's a wedding day."

Now he knew it perfectly and he braved himself to begin; when suddenly the little alarm clock in the center of the mantel went off and the baby who slept in the room woke up. It was very early and no one else was up. The baby blinked, rubbed her eyes and then began to crawl out of bed. She tumbled to the floor and looked around for adventures.

The baby's eye happened to come upon the little shepherd boy and she said:

"Pretty boy, boy; baby get boy, boy."

A chair had been left dangerously near the mantel, and with many struggles the baby finally reached the statuette and brought it down. Then she wanted the little shepherdess. She attained her by standing in her crib and reaching over the

foot of it. When she had both the little figures on the floor, she began to talk to them.

"Boy love itty girly? Boy kiss pitty girly."

And she brought them together with such force that the pretty shepherdess's hand that was raised to her lips broke off. At last she had thrown the kiss.

When the baby saw that the little plaything was broken, she didn't want it any more so she picked them both up, toddled to the window and threw them out. They fell on the stone pavement below, one on top of the other, and the little shepherd sang as he fell:

"You love me, you love me, you love me,
This is our wedding day."

WEYERHAUSER'S DREAM.

Weyerhauser was a great lumber dealer whose sole ambition was to enrich himself by cutting down all the beautiful forests of the West.

One night after he had become very rich, he dreamed that he had just finished building for himself a magnificent home out of the most beautiful kinds of wood that could be procured. Even the interior was furnished with rare and costly timber. The chairs, tables and floors were handsomely inlaid with various kinds of woods. The picture frames, ornaments and chandeliers were all wrought of wood. Each board in the wainscoting was of a different kind from the other. Weyerhauser had selected each piece and carefully superintended the erection of his house.

Now, upon the completion of his wonderful mansion, he invited a number of his best friends, who were also in the lumber business, to spend an evening with him and inspect his new home.

While taking them through the house he occasionally noticed slight blemishes and irregularities upon the surface of the doors, and even on the floors and tables. This worried him

very much for he knew they were not put up in that condition. Suddenly to their great astonishment, they saw little green sprouts proceeding from the doors and from the side of a pedestal. Then they sprang from other pieces of furniture and even from between the ivory piano keys. The men stood a moment in silence and amazement watching the wonderful spectacle. The enormous rapidity with which these young sprouts grew caused them some anxiety. Weyerhauser, out of curiosity and fear rushed into the next room to see if his other costly furniture was suffering such a transformation. His guests followed him. Here they were alarmed to find that the room was filled with long branches swaying defiantly toward them.

Dismayed they turned back into the room they had just left, only to find great trees, shrubs, underbrush and vines filling it. All sought to escape, especially Weyerhauser himself, who plunged madly through the network of thickets and vines. His guests, fearing for their lives, made desperate attempts toward the hall door. Weyerhauser was exceedingly angry to see that his friends sought only to save themselves and he was furious to see them making more headway than he. He made one more violent struggle, freed himself from the thorns and briars, and reached the outer door just in time to see the last of his guests squeezing himself between two large trees that were closing up the passage. Weyerhauser turned to seek another exit. But too late. He looked up in utter hopelessness, and beheld long, black, thorny vines swooping down from the chandelier. With snake-like embrace they encircled his head and wrapped themselves about his neck in the act of choking him, when—he awoke.

Such was the dream of a guilty conscience.

ON RE-READING BOOKS.

The other day while reading a review of some new books, I came across this statement, concerning the re-reading of books: "This is seldom a safe proceeding even for the casual reader, since he runs the risk of being despoiled of a pleasant

memory by trying to recapture its reality." The reviewer goes on to say that it is a rare thing for him to read again a book which has pleased him.

My experience with books has been the opposite of this. Even from the days when the constant repetition of "Who Killed Cock Robin" delighted me and maddened my parents, I have re-read my favorite books from time to time and enjoyed them all over again.

I can't seem to see how reading again a book you liked can take away your enjoyment of it. On the other hand, there is much to be gained. For instance, you are sure to come across something in a second reading which you hadn't noticed before. This throws a new light on the subject and starts you thinking along a new line. Perhaps you will see a different phase of the subject by a new interpretation of a passage.

Then again, in re-reading you are constantly changing your opinion in regard to the characters, especially of a novel. Your reasoning and thinking powers alike are greatly benefited by this. I remember that the first time I read "Vanity Fair," how I did hate Becky Sharp. She personified all that was mean and cruel to me then. How angry I was at the way in which she treated Amelia. The second time I read it I was older and I appreciated Becky's fine points more. She did not appear quite so black. Then I began to like her. Now she seems to me quite an old friend and a pleasant companion for an idle afternoon.

Another advantage of re-reading is that you become better acquainted, not only with the beloved book-people, but with the author. You catch glimpses of his personality through his books which perhaps you would never get from any life written by another. This feeling of personality is probably never grasped in one reading of a book, but when you go over it again you feel the unseen hand behind it all, you feel like or dislike, sympathy or enmity toward the unknown person who has brought to life these people in whom you have an abiding interest. After having read the Rubaiyat once, you perhaps think what a lot of nonsense is strung together there, yet there is a fascination which draws you back again and again until you suddenly realize that behind those musical verses there is

a delightful person who taunts you, laughs at you, yet charms you in a thousand ways.

Yes, re-reading may take away a pleasant memory (though I doubt it), yet it gives something infinitely more precious, for it gives us true friends which in most cases are better than vanishing memories.

THE BOY FROM ROGERS.

Sydney surveyed the piles of envelopes upon the table, then looked toward the clock. "It'll take about two hours to seal and stamp those things," he said, half aloud. "I guess if I hurry I can get to the game after all."

He seized the sponge and set to work with a will, sealing and stamping the envelopes. Gradually he began to get used to the routine work and his mind rambled off to the pleasure he was anticipating. It was two o'clock and at three-thirty Sydney hoped to be at the ball game. He had never seen a really large ball game, but he was going today. Never before had he had twenty-five cents for a ticket, and climbing the fence had proved very unsatisfactory on account of the numerous policemen. But today he had been promised a half-holiday. Nevertheless, the many errands in the morning had left him with the envelopes to seal in the afternoon before he could go. Slowly, but surely, one pile diminished and the other increased. With no less swiftness, the hands of the clock sped around. Then a man's voice was heard from the inner office, "Syd, O Syd. Here!"

Sydney dropped the sponge and hurried to the other office. The senior partner, Mr. Rogers, an elderly man with gray hair, sat at the desk with a large brown envelope in his hand. He swung around in his chair as Sydney entered and said, "Take this out to C. B. Taylor at Forty-eighth street. Be sure and get it to him. It is important that he have it before he leaves for Cleveland at four thirty-two, so he can make that deal with the Matthews Co., tonight. Understand?"

Sydney nodded and his heart sank in despair. The hands of the clock pointed to two-fifty and the mailing list was not yet

finished. He hesitated and Mr. Rogers, who had returned to his work at his desk, looked up and said, "Hurry, Syd. Time is precious and that is important. It means a lot of money to me."

Syd clenched the envelope tightly in one hand and his heart clumped against the yellow ticket in his inside coat pocket.

"Please, sir," he said, falteringly, "have you forgotten I was to quit early for the game today?"

"Look here, Syd, that's enough from you. You see how quickly you can get out to Forty-eighth street with that or else hunt another position. Now, go on."

Sydney turned and went out. He grabbed his cap from the table and hurried to the hall, then down the elevator and out into the street. He made his way to the next corner and was soon comfortably seated in the car. He took the yellow ticket out of his pocket and read and re-read it and swallowed big lumps in his throat.

At Forty-eighth street he patted the ticket lovingly and stowed it away in his coat again. He jumped from the car almost before it had stopped and rushed up the street to the office. Just inside the building was a door marked "C. B. Taylor." He pushed it open and hurried in.

"From Rogers," he said to the clerk who took the envelope and examined the outside.

"Sorry," said the clerk, "but Mr. Taylor has just gone home. These are the papers he has been waiting for. You had better take them out to the house. He lives at Main and Sixty-fifth. Better hurry."

Sydney spent twenty uncomfortable minutes on the car and finally arrived at Main and Sixty-fifth. Mrs. Taylor said that Mr. Taylor had just left a few minutes before to catch a train from Union Station. Syd hardly waited for the last word, but sped down the street for a car. Luckily one came and he was soon on his way to Union Station. Ten minutes passed and Syd began to grow worried. He saw a clock on a corner. It was four fifteen. Could he get to Union Station in seventeen minutes? Every minute seemed an hour. The yellow ticket was almost forgotten. Here was his stop. Off he jumped. The clock at the corner pointed to four twenty-five

and there were four blocks to go. He dashed in and out among the throng. There was the station a block away and only three minutes till train time. On he went at full speed.

Exactly at four thirty-one, a small boy dashed under the officer's arm, through the gate to the Cleveland Express. He eluded the conductor and ran through the first coach of the train, the envelope held high in his hand, calling "C. B. Taylor." As he reached the end of the coach, the train began to move and a voice at his side said, "Here, boy from Rogers."

Syd dropped the envelope into his hand and rushed for the steps and jumped to the platform. He stood there and watched the train pull out. Then he turned and walked slowly back to the office and finished his mailing list.

The next morning when mother went to call her boy, she found him sleeping peacefully, his tear-stained face half buried in the pillow and a dirty yellow ticket clasped in his hand.

C. Pauline Burt, '14.

THE THINGS THE POET BROUGHT.

He came, but swiftly went his way,
So quietly I did not know 'twas day;
But turning, saw that he had left with me
A tiny casket with a golden key.
I found therein a rosy dawn,
A rainbow and a grassy lawn;
A cloud, a rose, a lock of hair,
A signet ring, a lily fair;
A radiant sunset, dew drops bright
And songs of birds in soaring flight;
A silver stream within a woodland wild,
But best of all, the laughter of a child.

Jessie Palmer.

HORACE. BOOK I, ODE 23.

You shun me, O Chloe, as follows the fawn
Her shy, timid mother in mountains untrod;
Who fearfully fleeing from forests and winds
Is frightened by even the coming of spring.

So fearful she trembles in spirit and limb
When lizards dart under the blackberry vines
Or spring breezes rustle the earliest plants
And even so you ever hasten from me.

However I seek not to rend your fair form
Like tiger or raging Gaelalian lion.
I only would ask that your mother you leave
Since you for a husband are fully prepared.

Marguerite MacBurney.



THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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Maude Shutt, '12.....Business Manager

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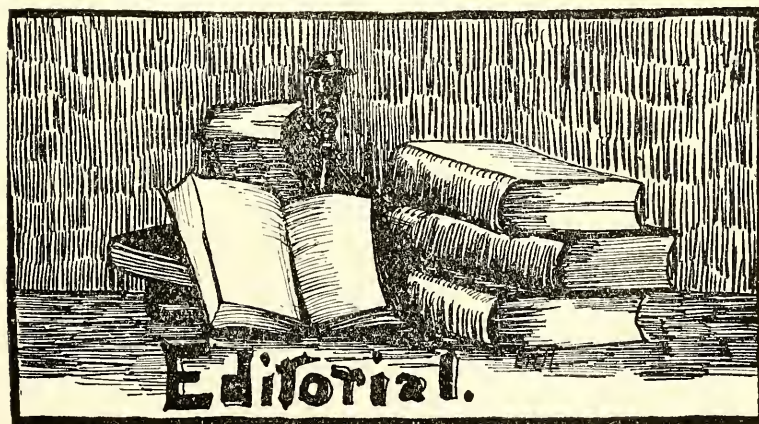
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Marjorie Gowans, '15.....Exchange
Florence Kingsbacher, '13.....Assistant Business Manager

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Again Thanksgiving comes round, and visions of turkey and all the accompanying good things to eat flash into our minds at the mere mention of the word!

But how many of us know the origin of this holiday, and remember the spirit that really should characterize it?

The day set apart for Thanksgiving is one of long standing; although it has varied through the past years. There had been one in Europe, even before the Puritans came to

America—on the anniversary of the siege of Leyden, October 3, 1575. Then, after the first harvest of the Pilgrims in New England, 1621, a proclamation was issued by Governor Bradford for a day of general praise and rejoicing. In the year 1623, a season of prayer and fast during a great drought, was changed into one of thanksgiving, by the coming of rain. Gradually the custom became an annual one, observed after the gathering of harvest.

While the Revolution was going on, a day of national thanksgiving was decreed annually by congress. Some of the Southern States opposed this measure, on the ground that it was a relic of Puritan bigotry.

Since the year 1864, a day has been appointed by the president and ratified by the governors of the states, usually the last Thursday of November.

Hence our present day of Thanksgiving. Let us all realize the true significance of Thanksgiving, and be thankful for our many blessings—our homes, friends, freedom, and by no means least of all, our schools. Among them—

Here's to Pennsylvania!
Long may she live!

COLLEGE NOTES.

The four series of lectures which have been running the last six weeks were very much appreciated. Miss Skilton told of the rise of the German operas and gave the stories of them. They were illustrated by short excerpts of the operas played by Miss Laura Slocum.

Mr. Martin has been having classes in parliamentary law, which were very beneficial.

A scientific course of lectures was given, Miss Butterfield speaking on the X-ray and Miss Holcomb on aeronautics.

In the lectures on political questions, Miss Becker's subject was the United States and Mr. Putnam's was England.

The other lectures of this series will be deferred until next semester.

On the evening of November 8, a short musical program was rendered by the students in the drawing rooms. Miss Jessie Palmer sang a selection from "Madame Butterfly," Misses Calla Stahlmann and Ethel Williams had piano solos, and a sextette of college girls sang.

Wednesday morning, November 1, Mrs. Lucia Ames Meade, of Boston, spoke on International Peace. She mentioned a competition on this subject, open to college women, of which the prize is two hundred dollars. P. C. W. girls are urged to compete.

Miss Kerst gave a most enjoyable reading of Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," on the 24th of November. This play was especially interesting because it gave a modern writer's opinion of the "Maid."

A party of about thirty P. C. W. girls accompanied Miss Butterfield to hear a lecture by Dr. Boggs in the Empire Building, the morning of November 8th. He spoke on electricity and gave demonstrations of the X-ray machine.

MUSIC NOTES.

A short recital of three numbers was given on Friday, November 10th, in chapel. Miss Elizabeth Orr sang "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold," Miss Smith played "Twilight" on the organ, and six of the music students sang.

Mr. Whitmer gave a delightful recital of original compositions on Friday, November 17. He was assisted by Miss Harvard, Miss Butterfield, Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Brosky.

Songs

My Lord Comes Riding.....Grace van W. Henderson
Ah! Love, but a Day... ..Browning
Miss Harvard

Songs

Boating Weather	}Mary Drennan Lindsay
A Song		
Song from Pippa Passes.....		Browning
(by request)		
Miss Butterfield		

Sonata for Violin and Piano

- I. Allegro
 - II. Adagio
 - III. Adagio—Allegretto—Presto
- Mr. Brosky and Mr. Whitmer

Songs

Love Slumbering.....	Leon Whipple
Just Tonight.....	Muriel Leigh
Nausicaa	Olin Wannamaker
Mr. Mayhew	

Songs

Where the Tree of Life is Blooming.....	Viola Taylor
The Fog Maiden.....	Ethel Duffy Turner
A Very Little Song.....	Grace van W. Henderson
June	Robert Weisbach
Miss Harvard	

Miss Fisher of the Music Department gave a short recital of Max Reger's compositions, Friday morning, November 3, in Chapel. She also told us of Reger's work, which made it quite interesting, since she knew him in Germany.

The Glee Club meets regularly on Tuesday at 3:30 in the drawing room. The club has practiced a number of new songs and is soon to begin work on a cantata.

PERSONALS.

Helen Rutherford spent a few days with her sister recently in Woodland Hall.

From the Junior Den—

C. C. on hearing some girls discussing psychology mention "altruistic." "Who is Al Truistic?"

Sophomore Bible Gems.

The class was instructed to read the account of the fall of Jerusalem in Josephus. Miss S.—diligently looking all through her Bible and then in the list of the books in the front—"Where is Josephus, anyway?"

Miss K.—"When Saul was on the road to Damascus he saw a great light and heard a voice and he fell down on his feet!"

Dr. Lindsay—"Miss S—, was Paul a practical man?"

Miss S.—"Yes, because once he preached a sermon on faith, hope and charity and then took up the collection!"

Ionia Smith had a friend, Mrs. Holland, of Clarksburg, visiting her November 3-8.

Lines composed by Ada while doing history:

I suggested to a soph that we go out

She killed me with a glare—just about.

Said I, "You've a task I do not doubt."

Cried she, "Oh, no! Tout! Tout! Tout!"

Mr. Putnam, disgusted with the class' lack of any knowledge whatever about Shakespeare, finally said, "Well, do you know whether he was a man or a woman?"

Miss M.—"Unfortunately he was a man."

The sophomore den enjoys all sorts of quarrels, debates, fusses and arguments usually carried on between Mildred and Gertrude.

The laboratory has been turned into a cooking school by the girls of the dens—demonstrations from 1 to 1:30 every day.

On the eighth of November, Lillian McHenry, Janet

Brownlee, Louise Townsend, Evelyn Knoté and Elsie Humbert gave a tea in Woodland Hall. A number of outsiders were present.

One of Dr. Lindsay's definitions: "A thing that is real to you is real to you as long as it is real to you."

Miss Marjorie Blackburn spent the week end of November 10-12 with Miss Calla Stahlmann, at Vandergrift, Pa.

ASSOCIATIONS.

Omega.

At the last meeting of the Omega the club discussed William Butler Yeats. Martha Kim had a paper on his life. May Hardy read a paper on the "Land of Heart's Desire." At the meeting November 20th, Calla Stahlmann, Mary Keen, Margery Stewart, Lucy Layman, Margaret Minor, Faye Atkinson and Daisy Sharpe were initiated.

Delta Sigma.

Grace Wilson, Martha Young and Christine Cameron were initiated last Monday, November 13. The club held a meeting to prepare for the Y. W. C. A. bazaar, making jabots and ties.

Dramatic Club.

The Dramatic Club has been organized with a large and enthusiastic membership. At the next meeting a constitution will be presented and several pressing questions will be decided. The officers for the year are:

President	Cosette Spence
Vice President	Laila Clark
Secretary and Treasurer	Helen Craig

Y. W. C. A.

On November 15th, Dr. Robert Dunlap, a missionary in China, addressed the Y. W. C. A. He spoke chiefly of the need of women in the missionary work there, both in the evangelical work and in positions of doctors or trained nurses. Dr. Dunlap told us about many interesting customs and superstitions of the Chinese people.

Our Y. W. C. A. was represented at the Student Volunteer Conference at Meadville, Pa., November 10-12, by Lillie Lindsay, Lillian McHenry and Margaret Brown.

Der Deutsche Verein.

At the last meeting of the German Club, Heine was the subject of discussion. A paper was read on his life, and poems were recited.

SHORT STORY CONTEST.

Prize of \$5.00, to be offered by the Omega Society.

All urged to contest. Choose your own subjects. Manuscripts must be in by December 12, 1911.

PITTSBURGH'S NEWEST DEPARTMENT STORE

Has already caught the popular fancy. Women particularly are finding everything to their liking here. We are making the men and women of Greater Pittsburgh as well dressed as the men and women of Gotham's Fifth Avenue; and for a great deal less money. The men and women of the East End have already found that they can save money by being supplied with their needs by us. If you have not already visited the new store, do so at once.

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DIE ERWARTUNG—HEINE.

When morning breaks I wake and cry,
Comes my love today?
And in the eve I turn and sigh,
Still she stays away.

In the night-time with my sorrow,
Waking, sad I lie;
Dreaming dreams that on the morrow
With the dawning die.

Marjorie Gowans, '15.

EXCHANGES.

The Lesbian Herald for October has a really good article on De Quincy and two interesting stories as well.

The Washington-Jeffersonian has a pertinent little article on the use of an exchange column in a college monthly.

The "Collegian" has a couple of good stories.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

ifty Styles

The New Ones

STOEBENER**—Man with the Shoes—**

27 PENN

EAST END

6222 FRANKSTOWN

The "Mercury" has several good articles but no stories. Could not the literary department be improved by having one or two stories in addition to the essays?

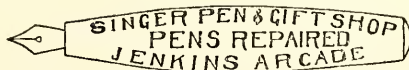
We acknowledge for October: The Tartan and The Pitt Weekly.

"How does your husband keep occupied during his vacation?"

"Oh, he's a chauffeur of an electric fan."—Ex.

He heard him give the college yell
For joy he scarce could speak;
He murmured, "Mother, listen to
Our William talkin' Greck."

—Ex.



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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE SOROSIS

VOL. XVIII

DECEMBER 1911

NO. 3

THE POOL

I walked beside the meadow pond this morning,
And saw spilt rainbows on its quiet breast;
They decked it gayer than her gems an empress;
The shining colors lived, nor were at rest.

Like living things they changed; they paled and brightened;
They crept with tremulous motion shoreward, where
They curled around the stems of stately water rushes,
Transformed to girdles, gemlike, glittering, rare.

I wondered what might be these living rainbows,
These glowing wonders on the still pool spread.
Until I looked, and saw black waters oozing
From a cavern where men dug for lead.

HER LETTERS HOME

September 30, 1907.

Darling Mother:—

Oh, you blessed little thing, if only I could see you right this minute and tell you how perfectly insanely fond I am of this wonderful place and the girls and everything! Why, I'm not homesick a bit and I've been a freshman for two whole weeks! Just think of that!

There is one girl in particular here who, I think, is about the prettiest person I ever saw. She is very tall and dignified and has a beautiful voice and such charming ways! I

intend to send her flowers or candy every single week, tho' I'm teased about her most fearfully, and don't mind a bit. The queer thing about her, though, mother, is that she's engaged to a very poor yet promising man out west, and she's silly enough to spoil her magnificent future by being tied to a man like that. I don't intend speaking to a man during my whole college course, they're so distracting, somehow.

My lessons take up nearly every second of my time—when we don't have spreads or go to the matinee.

I forgot to tell you that Roy came part of the way up here with me and kept me laughing so I never once dreamed of being home sick. He says he'll miss me terribly, but I guess the U. S. mails will help him out quite well.

.

After I wrote the above, Hilda came in for me to go to the theatre with Janet and her to see Irvington as Romeo. Oh, mother, he was just grand! Now, as I told Hilda, that is my ideal of a man, that tall, passionately splendid sort; with black eyes and a perfectly exquisite mustache. Roy would probably have laughed at him, but Roy Morris can never boast of being handsome, though he always looks well in football and tennis. Well, as I was saying, Irvington was too wonderful for human expression. Why, just to look into his face sort of thrilled me somehow. Did you ever feel that way with father?

Hilda took out one of the lilacs from her bouquet and aimed it directly at Irvington's feet, and he leaned over with such a gracious expression on his noble face (doesn't that sound just like a book?) and picked up the flower, pressing it to his lips. Hilda was too overcome for words; I simply had to drag her home.

Now we both have souvenir pictures of him upon our desks. He looks too beautiful for words, but I had to take Roy's picture down; it made him (Roy) look so dreadfully sensible. It is nearly midnight now and I must close be-

cause I want to go to Janet's spread. With a goodnight kiss, and piles of love from your own little silly daughter.

EILEEN.

P. S.—Tell father I need some more money dreadfully, I have such awful class dues.

Sophomore Year

April 9th, 1909.

My dearest Mother:—

I'm so terribly busy I scarcely have time to breathe, but I feel that I must write and tell you of several important decisions which I have reached. Maybe you can guess before I tell you.

Firstly, I have decided to become a poet and novelist by profession. Are you surprised? Why, you can't imagine, mother, how magnificent it is to feel that one's poetry is kindling emotional response in another soul. But that has truly been my portion of late.

I have written several volumes of assorted poems, many of which have even brought tears to the eyes of my girlhood companions, and—to one other, a man of mature years. It is of him I would speak. He is a poet like myself, and the older brother of my roommate, who says it has been the desire of her heart to bring Shelley (is not that a beautiful name, so different from common Roys and Johns and James, etc.?) and me together.

We are both intoxicated with Browning, and read it by the hour. He says I am his Evelyn Hope. Considering the fact that I am exceedingly healthy, not fading as the affinities of great men always are, I think he is wonderfully imaginative, don't you? I call him my Saul because he, too, has "moods," which, he says, are very unpleasant. Shelley hopes to secure a villa in Italy some day and I will become his wife and write poems and play on the harp all day long. He says we shall breakfast on rose leaves and morning dew. but I

reckon he'd like coffee and rolls once in awhile, especially if I make the coffee the way Roy taught me to up in camp last summer. Oh, it is a wonderful thing, mother, to find two souls that are attuned like Shelley's and mine. He will probably write you in the near future. He is very busy at present compiling a book of sonnets on "A Woman's Greatest Charm is Her Simplicity." Is not that a beautiful thought? But he has many more better than that which you may hear some day for yourself.

With my heart's most valued affection, your devoted,
EILEEN.

P. S.—When you happen to see Roy again you might tell him about Shelley and myself. He had better not write to me any more, Shelley is so jealous of my friends.

Junior Year

May 15, 1910.

My Dear Mother:—

You may be interested to know that I have turned my back upon romance forever. Since that episode with Shelley Whitby, which ended, so disastrously, I have firmly resolved to let the disturbing masculine element alone. Selah!

What is man after all but a creature which has to be tamed, flattered, fed, until some woman is able to lead him about with a skilfully woven chain, the clasp and key of which are known to herself alone? I stand before you, metaphorically, as a type of the New Woman. All my fluffy-ruffle dresses, my French-heeled slippers, my pink parasol are laid away, and I revel in the crisp freshness of tailored waists and the stern dignity of high collars. Father would laugh at my square-toed boots and Roy would probably be overcome with the new way I do my hair. But you, mother mine, will surely understand. For I believe that I have found my mission at last, and it is wonderful to feel that I am linked with something indeed worth while.

Last night I burned my poetry and everything which reminded me of a sentimental past. I shall be twenty-one next month and if I were a man I should probably be delirious with excitement over casting my first vote. There is a mass meeting at twelve today which I am quite eager to attend. The speakers are women pledged heart and soul to our great cause, so that one is simply carried away by the magnitude and nobility of our purpose. I am seriously contemplating doing some lecture work myself after commencement next year. Will you tell Dad for me that I must have some more money immediately? My sorority dues are simply ghastly and my new suit was horribly expensive.

You write me that Roy has accepted a government position abroad and that Bess Allen seems terribly depressed over his absence. I never knew that Bess and he had anything to do with each other, but she is just that affected, French-doll type, that men go wild about. I can't see why, either. I haven't heard from Roy since I broke off my engagement with Shelley, but of course Bess Allen has been on his mind.

Well, men are queer, aren't they, mother? I'm glad that my life is pledged to a great cause—Oh! there goes the bell, so I must close.

Affectionately,
EILEEN.

Senior Year

June 9th, 1911.

Dearest little Mother:—

You say that you have guessed all along that in the end it would be—Roy. Now, how did you reach such a conclusion I'd like to know! Of course I can see now that it has always been Roy from the little-girl days up, from the time when we raced to school together laughingly, hand-in-hand, till the day when he took both of my willing hands in his and placed a ring on the third finger.

Of course he isn't handsome as I always imagined my dream husband would have to be, nor is he poetic and passionate in disposition as every sixteen-year-old imagines the

temperament of her ideal. My hero is brave; he is pure of heart; and he is kind in disposition. What girl could wish for more? I am so happy, mother o' mine, that I have to stop sometimes right in the midst of my work or good times and whisper, "Thank you, God, for sending Roy to me." And tomorrow is my commencement day! I can scarcely realize that the four years of my college course will be ended so soon. All of this year I have had dreams of leading a truly professional life; either the stage, for I believe I have some talent in dramatics, or journalism, or missionary work in India. I have always been anxious to see the Taj Mahal.

But now, somehow, it is all changed. I have only the desire to make a home for Roy, and do you know, mother o' mine, I believe that all my life in this wonderful, beautiful place has been fitting and moulding and guiding me toward that one splendid ideal!

Today among a heap of old photographs I ran across an old picture of Frederick Irvington as Romeo; you may recall how fervently I once admired the man. Wasn't it queer how the old thing turned up today? I burned it without a pang.

Yonder on the bed lies my commencement gown in its pretty, foam-like folds; that and my ring are distracting me terribly as I write. And now the chapel clock has just struck twelve, so that my graduation day is truly here at last. Good-night, mother dear. More than ever before your own loving daughter,

EILEEN.

—Frances Cameron, '12.

SOLICITING FOR THE Y. W. C. A. BAZAAR;
Or, Something for Nothing

Lucy and I stood at the top of Woodland road steps, gravely considering. Beyond lay possible defeat; behind lay certain derision. Who would not have chosen defeat?

We forward-marched, and marching reviewed the situation. We were the committee appointed to solicit in East

Liberty for the Young Women's Christian Association bazaar. I had credited Lucy with absolute knowledge of the work in hand; she had credited me with the same. At the top of the steps we had discovered our mutual mistake.

This was to be our first offense.

We were confronted by three questions:

- (a) How to beg,
- (b) What to beg,
- (c) and how to get it home.

These questions are only answered by experience. (We know the answers now.)

One thought comforted us:

We must be the girls of all the college best fitted for this work; of necessity there was nothing frivolous or minxish in our appearance or we would not have been chosen. This was something.

By the time we reached the business center we had prepared a formula for address and were filled with enthusiasm. Assuming the air of would-be purchasers we entered the domain of our first victim.

We—"Will you please direct us to the manager?"

Clerk—"Certainly, follow me."

We followed and brought up before a desk behind which sat—The Manager.

Lucy was the first witness, standing very erect and repeating the formula which to get the desired result must be said in one breath:

"We are representatives from the Young Women's Christian Association of the Pennsylvania College for Women. We are having our annual bazaar next Friday and as most of the stores are contributing, we thought you would like to be represented."

Manager (after long consideration)—"Very well, what would you like in our line?"

Lucy and I (*sotto voce*)—"Line, line, what line?" After

a pause we hazarded "Candy." Candy is always good to hazard.

After profuse thanks we blindly felt our way out into the open air and stood blinking in delightful surprise. We had come through our first encounter unscathed.

Our next point of attack was a five and ten-cent store. This time I opened fire.

I—"Where will I find the manager?"

Clerk—"Mantels, last aisle down."

With a constricted throat I repeated my request.

Clerk—"Oh, he's back in the office."

We went back but found no manager. We were sent to every point of vantage in the store and at last found him.

I gasped forth the formula.

Pompous manager with gloomy frown: "No, I had all the old truck gathered up and given away last week. I have already exceeded the limit of charity-giving."

Exit Lucy and I. A tidbit from an old play kept singing in my mind, "Charity, kind sir, charity."

We hesitated long before attacking again, but strengthening ourselves with thoughts of the cause, we entered the next store.

Lucy accosted the manager. At the close of the formula, a genial smile spread across his face. "Oh woe, he is not the manager," I thought.

He spoke in the kindest voice: "Certainly, I will be glad to donate something. It's not a bit of fun to solicit, is it? I will give you something real handsome; two dozen plates that you can sell for fifty cents apiece."

We followed him to them while visions of twelve shining dollars danced before our eyes. Slowly through the maze of dollars we discerned the plates; tinted plates, gorgeous plates with birds on them; tinted birds, gorgeous birds. Speech came not. At last Lucy quavered, "We will not take two dozen plates, only one dozen. Two would be too many."

Manager: "Alright; I will have them sent tomorrow."

We tottered out and dazedly climbed on board a car bound for Fifth avenue. Next day when the plates arrived, on the back of each one was an artistic, burnished gold

"Compliments of ——— ——— —."

Valuable Notes for Future Unsophisticated Solicitors:

Managers with a few exceptions have their offices on the second floor, sometimes up a flight of stairs, other times up an elevator.

There are characteristics common to all the species, but each specimen has his peculiarities.

They all dislike giving something for nothing. This is as it should be; a man who enjoys giving something for nothing should never be a manager.

Beggars are born, not made.

It is harrowing to beg, and in the case of persons not beggishly inclined it develops a supersensitiveness. To them dignity appears as superciliousness, reserve as unapproachableness, and a worried look as a glower.

Even though you are not a born beggar, if you are thoroughly enthused with a cause, armed with a well-sounding formula and conscious of the exaggerated view you have of things, you should be able to give satisfaction to the society that sends you forth.

—Mildred Weston.

HAMLET'S CAPABILITY OF ACTION

Although many learned men have stated it as their opinion that Hamlet was incapable of action, I am disposed to doubt this. A careful study of the play seems to point out, on the contrary, that he was a man of deep thought, but after careful consideration of his plans, arrived at a firm decision. His delay in carrying out this decision does not dissuade me from this conviction but only the more fully convinces me of his desire for a perfect course of action; he was not willing

to carry out a plan until all the details were most perfectly organized.

From very boyhood Hamlet had been accustomed to think rather than to act; to deal with theoretical rather than material questions. During his father's lifetime, although old enough for more public life, he had spent the greatest part of his time at the University of Wittenburg, studying philosophy and pondering on life and death without call for firm resolution. It was impossible that the habits of years should leave Hamlet so suddenly; in the midst of all this confusion, the heartfelt grief over his father's death, the dark suspicion affecting one so near to him and formerly so dear as his mother, and the nerve-racking appearance of the ghost; even in the midst of all this he must stop, reason and philosophize. Yet he reached a resolution, too, now that this was needful.

"O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right," he says; but he is determined to "set it right." Thus he assures the ghost:

"Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from this tablet of my memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain
So, uncle, there you are."

Here we have Hamlet's resolution upon revenge. And no sooner has this resolution been made than Hamlet has all designed and mapped out his plan of action, "to put an antic disposition on" that his behavior may not be observed. This is sufficient explanation for the madness which some state was not feigned, but real. Then, with presence of mind, to gain greater safety and secrecy, Hamlet makes Horatio and the guards present swear not to reveal what they have seen.

No less rapidly conceived is his plan as to how he may convince the courtiers, and himself, also, most fully of his uncle's guilt. Players come to the castle to divert the sup-

posedly mad Hamlet. He perceives their skill in expression and resolves——

“I’ll have these players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine uncle. I’ll observe his looks,
I’ll tent him to the quick, if he but blench
I know my course the play’s the thing
Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the kin.”

The king did “blench” and Hamlet “knew his course.” Yet even then we see him hesitate. He delays to ponder and philosophize, to fluctuate between hopes for death and the sterner duties of life; to speculate upon eternity and “the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.” He knows that the king is guilty; it is the firm purpose of his heart to kill him. When he finds him praying, why does he not seize upon this ready opportunity? This is but another proof of the swift working of Hamlet’s mind. “It would be no just revenge to send a soul to heaven while in the act of prayer.” Hamlet’s father had been murdered “grossly,” without a second’s time for repentance.

Finally Hamlet’s opportunity arrives. He will stab the eavesdropping king, although not his praying uncle. What if the murdered man really was Polonius? Hamlet had thought him his uncle, had acted on that decision. His purpose had been on the road to execution.

Again we see vigorous action in Hamlet. The king, thinking this a dangerous fellow to remain at court, found pretenses to send him to England. A pirate attacked the craft; then first to board the pirate and make resistance was Hamlet, Hamlet the dreamer, the impractical!

And now after Hamlet had returned to England the king thought to gain riddance of him by a duel with Laertes; and Laertes held a poisoned rapier. But though wounded himself, Hamlet quickly saw the crafty scheme, pierced Laertes and at last executed justice on the king.

Even in his last moments of life Hamlet showed energy and foresight. He snatched the poisoned bowl from Horatio

and saved his friend. Then remembering his country even in his dying moments, he said:

"I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice."

Yes, although his action was sudden and spasmodic, not continuous, it can well be proved that Hamlet could decide on action and could act.

A REST

They were seated round the low, oblong table in the kitchen. The two boys sat one on either side of their father and called lustily at intervals for "more cakes." Mother, bending over the stove, tried hard to keep them supplied with golden-brown flapjacks.

"These are splendid," said Tom.

"Just melt in your mouth," his older brother Fred agreed, indicating his empty plate, as his mother looked toward him.

Father always waited patiently for his supply without saying anything. He looked furtively at his wife's stooping shoulders and calm, tired face. When she next laid a cake on his plate with the broad-bladed knife, he held her for a moment and said: "Do you want to eat now? Come and sit down while Tom bakes you some cakes."

"Now, father, I'll just wait until the boys have had enough to eat," she replied. "They'll have to be starting to school before you know it."

She went to the window and looked out at the landscape, where the barn showed dimly through the frosty fog of early morning.

"You must put on your warm mittens before you go out to feed the horses," she warned the boys. "It's a mighty cold day."

"Alright, mother," said Tom, rising, "but now I'm going to bake some cakes for you, so just you sit down here and let me show you how well I can cook."

He took the knife from her hand and led her over to the table. Soon he had placed before her a very well-meant though somewhat underdone pancake.

"The next one's bound to be better," he assured her.

"This is fine, dear," she said, looking at him with smiling eyes.

Father and Fred rose and went heavily out on the back porch, where they were heard making preparations for the sally to the barnyard.

Mother, eating her second pancake, heard Fred calling her.

"Oh, mother, where are the milk-buckets?" he asked; "I can't find them in the spring house."

She rose and went out before Tom realized that she had been summoned, and came back while he was turning around.

"They were right there," she remarked, half to herself, and went back to her interrupted breakfast.

"Do you think you could get along without the lamp, mother?" Tom asked, while she was eating the last cake. "I want to work a problem before I go out. And, say, mum, could you help me when you finish?"

She rose at once and came with him into the next room, sacred to books. She had been a school-teacher in her younger days and was the court of last appeal in all perplexing questions. The problem was soon solved, and Tom went out to do his chores.

Mother sat still by the desk for a moment. At last she drew from one of the compartments a letter from her daughter Ellen that had come the day before. She opened and read it again.

"Dear mother," it began, "yes, I can come a week early at Christmas time. Mr. Thomas says that the library is never so busy at that season, probably because people have their own new books to read, or because they are too busy to read at all. So I can come, and I want you to be ready to make a visit when I arrive, so that I can send you to Cousin Lettie's the very same day. You need a good rest, and you know that

I can take care of the boys and of father, to say nothing of my abilities in domestic science"——

"Mother," called her husband, stepping up on the back porch, "where are you?"

"Here," she answered, without moving.

Father came into the room and sat down on the horsehair sofa. He was very much astonished to find her there so early in the morning and could not think of anything to say.

"I was just reading Ellen's letter," she said, apologetically.

"And I came up to the house on purpose to talk to you about it," was his reply. "I think you ought to go. You need the rest and we can get on without you for that long."

"But I don't want to go, especially when Ellen is coming home. I want to see and be with her for a while, more than anything else I can think of.

"Better go away, just the same," he reiterated. "If you are here, you will be sure to work just as hard as ever."

"But I don't want to go," she said again, and there the matter ended for the time.

Father was still determined that she should take a vacation, however, and thought about it often.

She, too, thought of Christmas time, and of the joy it would be to have her daughter with her again. For four years Ellen had not been at home for more than a fortnight together, and it grieved her mother that she should wish her to go away when she came.

The weeks went by slowly, with the same tasks repeated on each day from the time the earliest light peeped through the shutters until the clock struck nine in the evening, when mother dropped her sewing, father the paper over which he had been nodding, and the boys put away their books or stopped their game of dominoes, and they all trooped upstairs to bed. Mother grew more tired every day. It became a greater effort to perform the usual tasks and show the same patient, cheerful face to father and the boys. But she did

not dare show her weariness lest father should grow still more insistent about the trip to Cousin Lettie's.

The day of Ellen's arrival had come. Father, dressed in his Sunday suit of solemn black, with a black slouch hat on his gray head, hitched up the team of dusky work horses to the old surrey and drove to the station. Fred and Tom lingered at home later than usual, until mother happened to notice the clock and them simultaneously as she fluttered nervously about her work and sent them to school with a gentle pat on their broad shoulders.

At ten o'clock, when the train was due in the village, mother put on a clean white apron and, bustling around nervously for a suitable task, lighted upon the dusting of the little front parlor which commanded a view of the road. The room was already immaculate without a speck of dust to be seen anywhere. Yet she flew about busily, wielding her best white flannel dustcloth.

She saw that the small bust of Psyche that Ellen had brought home last summer was not quite in the middle of the mantelpiece and carefully adjusted that. The books on the center-table, stiff-backed volumes of "Brilliants from Phillips Brooks," and "Gems from the Poets," painfully neglected-looking, were rearranged for the best symmetrical effect. Then there was a hurried trip to the window, an anxious glance in the direction from which the eagerly-expected was to come. There was no vehicle in sight, so she began to take the photographs off the top of the piano in order to dust them more conveniently. Another swift little journey to the window she made with her hand to her heart.

"If Ellen would only come!" she thought. She peered out, her thin fingers restlessly tapping the pane.

Mother intended to go on with her dusting, but instead she sat down in a big chair by the window and waited. Her finger slid mechanically along the sill and was then minutely scrutinized for the particles of dirt which were not there.

She leaned her head against the soft cushion on the chair-back, in such a position that she had a good view of the road.

The Psyche had soon good reason to regard her with surprise, for Mother was asleep.

The rumble of carriage wheels a little later did not waken her; not the click of the gate latch or swift steps up the path.

Ellen saw the silent figure in the big chair with the dust-cloth on the floor beside her. There was no sudden movement of greeting.

Mother was dead.

—Florence Keys '13.

THE STAR CHILDREN

The little star babies have waked from sleep;

Back to their playroom they come,

While a soft white cloud, like a mother proud,

Kisses them gently one by one.

The star children, brushing the sleep away,

Stretch out their hot little hands

To the pool of tears, which to us appears

Like an ocean with silver sands.

The star children frolic the whole night long,

Queer are the games they play,

Till the sleepy sun a warning has spun

With the light of the coming day.

Then home they must go to their small blue beds,

Their light all paling and dim;

And the morning star, coming down from afar

Covers them up and tucks them in.

—Marjory Boggs '14.

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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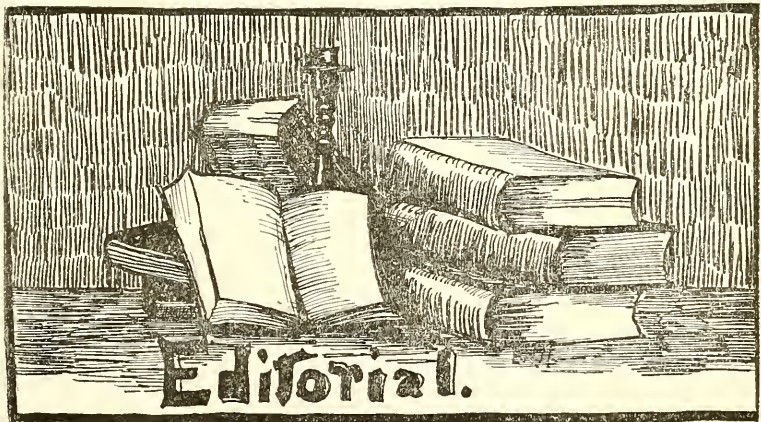
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EDITORIAL

Rumors of a new movement have recently been received—that of spreading over the world plans for a revolution in the idea of Christmas giving. Literature is being sent out from Indianapolis, the home of the movement, by “The World’s League for a Sane Christmas.” The idea was prob-

ably suggested by the steps which have been taken to institute a "Safe and Sane Fourth."

The purpose is to do away with the exaggerated gift system, which is felt compulsory to too great an extent; and when it reaches this stage the true Christmas spirit disappears entirely and becomes a purely mercenary one. Another point is that at Christmas time probably more than at any other time, the multitude is sacrificed for the individuals; for instance, the deferring of shopping until the very eleventh hour, making more tired and weary the clerks who are already wearied beyond the point of enjoying this glad season.

Let us hope that all readers of the Sorosis will fall in with this idea and think of the comfort of others as well as their own. Let us make this Christmas a more altruistic one than ever before!

To everyone, everywhere, and especially to its readers, does the Sorosis extend very best wishes for a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year.

ALUMNAE

Lilla Greene '08 is employed in social service work. She is at present the investigator for Amsterdam City and agent of Montgomery County for Dependent Children, under the State Charities Aid Association of New York.

Edna Reitz, '11, visited the school on December 7, taking lunch with Florence Keys.

COLLEGE NOTES

On Wednesday, December 6th, Dr. Spence, of Uniontown, Pa., gave a lecture at the college. The subject was Burns. Dr. Spence quoted and interpreted the lyric poetry of Burns, making us feel the real spirit of the man. Dr. Spence's account of Burns's life was most sympathetic.

The annual Christmas dinner was held on Thursday, December 14th. All house students were present. The dining-room in Berry Hall was beautifully decked and each table had some unique form of decoration. The girls exchanged joke presents.

The senior play of this year, to be given in June, is "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The contest for parts took place the first week in December.

Miss Skilton and Miss Campbell entertained the Faculty at tea December 12. The Seniors were honor guests.

The Christmas service was held in the chapel Wednesday, the 13th. Old English carols were sung.

The Christmas vacation begins Friday, December 15th, at 12 o'clock noon.

PERSONALS

Phoebe Knight, Hazel Rider, Mary Heinsling, Cornelia Gillespie and Miriam Messner gave a tea, December 13th.

Dendrology Gems:

Dr. Lindsay (reading a notice): "The attention of the dendrology class is called to a notice on the bulletin board."

Five minutes later one of the Faculty (!) looking at the bulletin board: "What is this dentology, anyway?"

Fond mother to junior who was worrying over dendrology: "Maybe you had better drop your durnedology!"

Interested Girl: "What do you do in dendrology next week?"

"Bark."

Ionia Smith entertained Miss Mabel Carr of Clarksburg on December 11 and 12.

Rebecca Larimer, a former student here, was the guest of Louise Fletcher at the Christmas dinner.

As soon as you get out of one history reference you get into another.

The Seniors enjoyed an elaborate feast in the Senior Parlor the Tuesday before Thanksgiving.

The Juniors give one on the day of closing for Christmas.

The Thanksgiving vacation was a time of visitation. Miriam Messner went home with Calla Stahlmann to Vandergrift. Louise Fletcher also spent the holidays in Vandergrift with Martha Young. Mary Heinsling visited Ionia Smith in Clarksburg, W. Va., and Jess Palmer was the guest of Cosette Spence in Uniontown.

The most orderly, well-conducted and delicious feast was enjoyed by the Sophomores Thursday, the 7th. The Freshmen, on December 12th, gave a spread for Miss Lindsay in their den.

Hazel Hickson was hostess at a tea in Woodland Hall Friday, December 8th. The honor guests were Miss Noeline Hickson and Miss Mabel Allison, who were visiting Hazel Hickson.

Miss Muriel Dunn of Tionesta, Pa., spent a few days at the college with Miriam Messner.

Miss Essie Naugle of Beaver visited Florence Payson on December 8 and 9.

Mary S. to Miss L. (politely): "I think you had lots of nerve to stay as long as you did!"

ASSOCIATIONS

Y. W. C. A.

At the meeting, December 6th, Dr. Lindsay spoke on "How I Know There Is a God." This was the second of a series of talks by Dr. Lindsay. A series of Parable Studies has been started. The subject of study I, given by Miss McCague, was "Teaching by Parables."

The annual Y. W. C. A. bazaar was held December 8th. There was a fancy-work table, a candy table, a "bow" table; also an orange tree. The side issues were a "Kartoffeln Spiel" and fortune telling.

Omega

The last meeting of the Omega was on the 7th. Margaret Minor read a paper on "Beau Tibbs, a Character," by Goldsmith. Mary Keen had "Addison's Vision of Mirzah" as the subject of her talk and Daisy Sharp discussed Lamb's "Dream Children." The hostesses at this meeting were Faye Atkinson and Lucy Layman. The new officers were elected:

Florence KeysPresident

Faye AtkinsonSecretary and Treasurer

Der Deutsche Verein

Elizabeth McCague and Claire Colestock were hostesses at the last meeting. Anne Rutherford had a paper on "Heine" and Janet Brownlee read some of his poems. Miss Skilton and Madame Graziani were present. Madame led in some songs.

MUSIC NOTES

The Glee Club continues to have its meeting on Tuesdays. The members are working hard on a cantata that they hope to produce some time in the near future.

The Mandolin Club is still struggling manfully to master the repertoire which it has chosen. The very popular music of "The Pink Lady" is practiced at each meeting, though it is reported that it will be played only as encore. So, don't forget the encores!

On Friday, November 23, a short program was rendered in chapel by the students. Miss Stahlmann gave us two selections on the piano, Miss Bickel two Italian songs and Miss Palmer the very beautiful "One Fine Day" from Madame Butterfly.

On January 12 a recital of voice and piano will be given by the students.

There was a music service on Wednesday, December 13. The program was as follows:

Prelude.

Quartette.

Sentence.

Carol—"Sleep, Holy Babe." By Choir.

Adeste Fideles.

Scripture Reading.

"Christmas Day in the Morning."

"Normandy Carol."

Dilworth Hall Glee Club.

Carol—"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen."

Prayer.

Solo—By Mme. Graziani.

Christmas Reading by Miss Kerst.

Carol—"Good King Wenceslas."

Christmas Address by Dr. McEwan.

Carol—"O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Dismissal.

HUMORESQUES

He: "Think all women ought to swim—grand training for 'em. Makes 'em do one good thing, at any rate."

She: "What's that, dear?"

He: "Practice keeping their mouths shut."

Mrs. Hostess (at 11th hour): "Mercy, Bridget, if we haven't forgotten all about the entrees!"

Cook: "Lor, mum, so we have! Ain't we the couple of blundering idjuts!"

Senior: "You know Kirmess is here next week."

Soph (excitedly): "Oh, IS he?"

There's fine sense and coarse sense,

Each good in its way;

But the man who has horse sense

Knows when to say "Neigh."

—Ex.

Milliner: "I sail for Paris next week for French plumes and trimmings. Could I purchase anything special for you?"

Mrs. Recent Rich: "Yes; you may bring me half a dozen those nom de plumes I often hear spoken of."—Ex.

"Aren't you afraid you will catch cold on such a night as this, my boy?"

"No, sir. Selling papers keeps up the circulation."—Ex.

Ed and Mag, together were

Oft in close communion seen,

Ed was but an editor,

Mag, a weekly magazine.

"Do you believe in fate, Pat?"

"Sure! And what would we stand on without 'em?"

"Tommy, what is the future of 'I give'?"

"You take."

"A woman who wants a string of beads isn't satisfied until she gets it in the neck."

Query: "Is Carnegie Tech a Polytechnical School?"

Brilliant C. T. S. Pupil: "It would have been if the parrot hadn't died!"

THE WIND

Sometimes the wind is very wroth
And does us lots of harm;
But oftener he's full of play,
And brings fun to the farm.

'Tis he who makes my kite to fly
As high as e'er I please;
And when I want to sail my boat
He sends the stiffest breeze.

Sometimes he blows dust in my face,
And tosses up my hair,
And then he slams the door on me,
Which I don't think is fair.

But we're good friends, the wind and I,
And days when he is gone
I wish that he'd come back again,
And play his tricks right on.

—Mary Savage.

EXCHANGES

"The Collegian" has a good short sketch on "Types of College Students," as well as one or two stories.

Nifty Styles

The New Ones

STOEBENER**==Man with the Shoes==**

227 PENN

EAST END

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We wish to acknowledge with the above the "Pitt Weekly."

Housekeeper: "I want to complain of a mistake in my order."

Caterer: "What was wrong?"

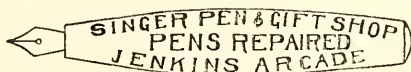
Housekeeper: "There was little ice cream in that salt you sent me."

He (over phone): "Is that you, darling?"

She: "Yes, who is that?"

Teacher: "Your answers are about as clear as mud."

Pupil: "Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"



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THE SOROSIS

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NO. 4

THE CALL TO THE HILLS

To the hills, heigh ho! to the hills,
Why wilt thou still remain,
When the dancing brooks and the rills
Can wash away thy pain?

Can dusty, dingy shops
Ever hold in store for thee
The charm of cool, green rocks,
And the flowers on the lea?

The charm of the wild bird's song,
As it flits from tree to tree,
And sings through the whole day long,
A carol light and free?

The rippling of the streams,
The swaying branch above,
And every murmur seems
To whisper of God's love.

Life is very short at best,
Why through the city roam?
Come, on Nature's bosom rest,
And make the hills thy home.

G. Plympton.

SENOR RICARDO: A SCHOOL STORY

It all happened because Janet Richmond invited four of us girls to her box party at the Majestic. I wore my brand new pink evening gown and Beth Alden's black picture hat. (You remember that perfectly gorgeous one with pink roses dripping all over the brim?)

And Lucy wore white; she always looked like a saint in white because of her pretty hair and those dove-like grey eyes. Well, I can't remember just now what the rest wore, but it doesn't matter anyway. And Rosalie West was there, too. She sat up in the balcony on the very front row and wore her dark street suit and a big American Beauty rose climbing all over the front of her coat. She was always a pretty girl in that sort of appealing way that made such a hit in Maude Adams. In addition she had wonderfully attractive eyes and that afternoon they glowed like twin stars.

Rosalie was in all our classes at school and splendid in athletics and all that. But none of us ever felt that we knew her intimately. She never gossiped about her personal affairs or had even a particular chum. She was always friendly, and loved to lend us her pretty things, her books and pillows and sashes and chocolate for fudge, but she never asked favors of us or borrowed anything in return.

Well, as I was saying, we were all invited to Janet's box party given in honor of her latest Senior favorite, and thereby hangs my tale.

We sat there studying our programs and nibbling at Janet's chocolate, while the orchestra was playing a dreamy interlude that recalled to us individually certain moonlit evenings of the past summer. All of a sudden Lucy gave a quick, fluttering sigh, which immediately made us all jump back into the common place again.

"I have a feeling, girls," she said, prophetically folding her hands like a trance medium's.

"I have a feeling that something romantic and interesting is going to happen this afternoon."

We were all very much delighted at her words. For Lucy had had similar prognostications before, and they generally led to something quite exciting in the end.

"Oh, Lucy!" We breathed simultaneously. "How perfectly glorious if something really interesting should happen!" Then sentimental Janet leaned over to whisper,

"Do you remember how grand it was when Cecile eloped with the street car conductor, and Miss Anderson's missionary tried to persuade her to marry him? Nothing ever happens now adays and yet I have a curious sensation too, that something may turn up today."

Just then, with a final triumphant flourish, the orchestra ceased playing and slowly the curtain went up. Of course you know the usual round of acrobats, dancers and comedians belonging to every vaudeville performance. If it hadn't been for Beth's hat and my new gown, I should probably have been quite bored. After a while I leaned back in my chair and closed my eyes. The violin was playing Traumerei and I was lazily wondering how I might unwrap a caramel without attracting the attention of the whole theater, when all of a sudden Janet jumped forward in her chair and gave a short scream: "Polly, Polly," she whispered melodramatically, "I have met my fate, as sure as you live. Just look over there at that divine youth!"

I followed the direction of her gaze to the brilliantly lit stage, where a tall, graceful and exceedingly handsome man, was performing some daring feats upon a high trapeze. Then my heart, too, gave a sudden quick leap and I grabbed for Janet's hand.

"Oh, isn't he perfectly grand!" I breathed awesomely, and then words failed us both. Aesthetic Lucy, meanwhile had been staring raptly at the stage with that sort of Saint Cecilia expression she knows is so becoming, and presently she exclaimed, "Isn't he the most wonderful object you ever saw? Why he doesn't seem human somehow! And yet, do you know I've been dreaming of a man like that for years and at last my dream has come true!"

Of course, I had been dreaming of a man like that, myself, but some thoughts seemed too sacred to utter aloud in a theater. I felt a sudden jealous little stab at my heart. Lucy had assumed such a proprietary air about Senor Ricardo that somehow it grated upon my sense of justice.

"It seems dreadful to think," interrupted Janet gloomily, "that that man may pass out of our lives forever, after today, and we will never see him again."

"Not if it is fated to be otherwise," answered Lucy sweetly.

"Though he probably has a wife and ten children waiting for him at the stage door," remarked Louisa flippantly. (It seems strange to me at times, how greatly Seniors as a rule, lack sentiment.) After that the conversation flagged.

If Senor Ricardo saw the approbation and reverence which beamed upon him from at least four pairs of girlish eyes, he gave no appreciation other than by a graceful bow which extended to the entire audience.

His act had been one of extreme daring and dramatic effect, and at its close came a thunder of applause which did not lessen until the man himself, resplendent in satin and silver, came modestly before the curtain and uttered a word of thanks.

His roving eye caught the silvery sheen of Lucy's gown, our box being quite near the stage, and he finally glanced in our direction and smiled.

Lucy leaned forward in her chair and clasping both hands prettily on the rail, and tilting her dainty head gracefully to one side, smiled shyly, almost coquettishly in return.

Janet murmured something indistinctly under her breath and suddenly turned quite red. Then the music crashed into a dancing, tinkling swirl of laughter, gaiety and song. Ricardo had vanished from our sight.

We were all rather quiet on the walk home. Lucy walked with me and her usual chatter of men, new clothes and the soul's awakening, subsided into a dreamy monosyllable or so regarding the sloppy streets. With one accord we entered a

book store, where we were well known, and bought photographs of Ricardo in assorted poses.

Simultaneously, dashing pictures of our hero appeared upon the walls of our rooms, that is, until the Dean called unexpectedly upon Janet and me one afternoon. From that day forward we were forced to keep them elsewhere. I remember that Janet kept hers in her Bible; I kept mine wherever the mood inspired me.

Every afternoon that week a delegation from the school attended the Majestic's matinee and came home lavish with praises of our hero, or dreamily, discreetly silent. Generally they carried flat, square packages under their arms.

Rosalie West, strolling informally into our study one evening, asked to borrow Janet's geometry book. That being of service just then as a chafing dish cover, I offered her mine. As she lifted the book, the cover slipped suddenly from the inner part (the book being splendid to drive nails with, though somewhat frail) and out flopped a tinted photograph of Ricardo, face upward, to the floor.

"So you own one of him, too," she queried gently, a quizzical smile stealing over her face.

"It's queer, but everywhere I go in this building, one of those pictures is staring me in the face. They're under their pillows at night or fastened inside of their books, by day. It may seem silly to you girls, but I saw him, too, the afternoon that you were there and now I wear his picture against my heart. See, you probably never noticed this locket of mine before, but here is your beloved's face and on this side is a picture of my mother when she was a girl of my age." The mother's face was very lovely, with the look of Rosalie about the eyes.

"She died—when I was a very tiny girl," explained Rosalie in answer to our question. "So now there's nobody left but dad and me. And I am away from him so much, we both get dreadfully lonesome. Some day, however, when I get through here I'm going to make a home for him, the kind of a home neither of us has ever known. He is a splendid

father, though," she added softly, her eyes very moist and bright. "He is big and brave and handsome, quite as handsome as this picture of your Jean Ricardo, though he's not nearly so theatrical looking as your stage hero."

At the mention of Ricardo's name Janet grabbed the locket from Rosalie's fingers.

"Why this is a private photograph," she exclaimed, after a moment of inspection. "Did you take it of him? Or did—he give it to you? It's a fine picture—you must, or do you—know him personally?"

A rosy color flickered to the girl's face. Instantly we scented a romance. When girls' mothers are dead and fathers "away on business" a good share of the time all sorts of interesting, novel things seem bound to happen to them.

"Yes," answered Rosalie, smiling, "I do know him quite well indeed. In fact the dean gave me permission to let him call tomorrow afternoon, after the matinee. She was quite lovely about—"

"Gracious heavens!" interrupted Janet, tumbling off the bureau where she had been sitting. "Do you mean to tell me that you know a man like that and have never even hinted about it during all this time? You certainly are lucky! Come tell us all about him. Why all the girls are completely wild about him and Polly here is so—"

"Nonsense!" I cut in peremptorily, slipping my fingers over Janet's lips. "You mustn't believe that roommate of mine. Every word she utters of late is rank heresy. You know she thinks that if she could once meet him, she might induce him to take up some line of work more in keeping with her position in society. Bank president, for example, or county judge, or dad's partner in the firm. I'm sure he'd be qualified for anything like that. Lucy's trying to grow more spirituelle every day, because she's read somewhere that circus people are always very delicate and slim looking. Imagine our saintly Lucy as a circus rider—"

A loud rap at the door precluded further discussion.

"Lights out, young ladies, and no more conversation to-night!"

Janet grumbled under her breath and I laughed in my sleeve to hide my chagrin. It did seem quite tragic to me just then, that we should hear no further news regarding Senor Ricardo, that evening. It was like being interrupted in the midst of a proposal by dad's coming in to talk politics.

"Come to the Phi Delta room tomorrow, at quarter past five, and I'll introduce you to Senor Ricardo. Don't tell the other girls except Lucy and sedate Louisa, for I s'pose you must have a chaperon. And look your very prettiest of course."

Janet talked aimlessly on in her sleep that night, regarding the events of the coming day. As I remember now, she was being proposed to by a circus performer and a Methodist clergyman, and was having a hard time to choose between them.

I lay awake for a long time planning what costume I should wear, but finally decided upon a soft blue thing I wore to Brother Hal's wedding.

Lucy, I reflected, would wear white and be as full of airy graces as a newly made duchess. Louisa, if she deigned to come, would be bored, though politely bored of course. She could do it to perfection. Janet, would be just Janet always.

So, musing, I fell asleep.

Janet woke me the next morning an hour earlier than usual.

"Get up and come to the hair dresser's with me," she coaxed prettily, unwrapping the curl papers from her hair. "I'll buy you some roses if you will. And you'll look just dear when Senor Ricardo comes this afternoon. Oh, deary me, I couldn't sleep a wink all night. I have such a queer feeling; have you?"

"I don't want roses, thank you," I replied sleepily. "But you can get me violets. Violets for remembrance, you know."

At quarter past five four girls tiptoed down the long corridor leading to the sorority rooms. Louisa led the way, looking bored, yet grimly determined to enact her role as chaperon.

Lucy floated after, a radiant vision in white, her eyes dancing like stars, her hands clasped sentimentally before her. Then came Janet and I, she giggling hysterically over a huge bouquet of pink roses, I bringing up the rear with my violets and a face whiter than Lucy's gown. Then the door opened and Rosalie, flowerlike in her pink draperies, came smiling out to meet us, extending both hands.

"Oh, I am so glad you came," she said laughing softly. "The tea kettle's boiling and everything's all ready. Senor Ricardo just came."

Glancing through the door, we caught a glimpse of a tall, finely dressed man bending over the fire to warm his chilled hands. As we entered the room he turned to meet us and without an instant's hesitation I looked up into his face. Imagine my surprise when I saw that our adored hero, was a man of mature years!

Such a kind, brave, handsome face it was, too, though the eyes were tired looking and the dark hair plentifully streaked with gray.

Then Rosalie slipped her hand affectionately into the hand of the man's and said gently, yet with a proud little ring in her words.

"Girls, Senor Ricardo is very proud and happy to meet you today. He ought to be because you are my friends and have been so kind to me. Lucy, Janet, Louisa and Polly, I am so glad to introduce you to my father—Mr. Richard West."

Frances A. Cameron.

(This story received the prize of five dollars offered by the Omega Society in its Short Story Contest.)

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

It was the day before Christmas. The great crowd thronged around the big department store. Everyone seemed in a hurry. The people were exacting and the clerks were irritable.

Katie stepped back into the corner. She leaned against the case of books and tried to imagine she was not tired. She had been on her feet all day and must have made the trip from the book department to the wrapping counter a thousand times at least. She glanced up at the clock in the corner. Four o'clock. Just five hours till closing time.

"Cash! here cash!" A woman's sharp voice interrupted her thoughts. She looked cautiously around. The voice came from behind the other case of books. There was no floor-walker in sight, and Katie did not move.

"Cash girl! Cash! Cash!" came again the call. Katie did not heed but was suddenly brought to her senses by the sound of a rough voice which said close to her ear, "Let me catch you loafing again, young Miss, and you can go. Now, get busy."

Katie did not wait for a second bidding, but sped off to answer the summons. She made another trip to the detested wrapping counter and returned calling, "Check fifty-one, check fifty-one."

"Here," answered a kind faced old gentleman.

Katie handed him his book and the change saying, "Fourty out of five."

"Keep the change for a Christmas gift, girlie," said the old man, taking the book and hurrying off.

Tears of gladness came into Katie's eyes as she closed her hand over the fifty-cent piece, that was all her own. She thought of a thousand things all in one moment, that she would have with that money. She could have something of her very own for Christmas now. She would have that bright red knitted cap in the window. She had wanted one like that for so long, but all of her three dollars a week went to help get the younger children's clothes. But now she could have the cap. The blood surged up in her face as she thought of the pleasure she would have in wearing it.

Then several voices began to call, "Cash girl, cash girl." Katie obeyed the call immediately and with a light heart. She didn't seem so tired now. The people jostled her and the

clerks spoke crossly, but somehow she didn't mind it so much. Her mind was on the red cap.

Every once in a while she put her hand into the depths of her pocket and fingered lovingly the smooth, warm coin, that was all her own. The time passed more quickly. Only one hour more. Then she would hurry and buy the red cap.

Just then she heard some one crying. She turned and saw a girl, smaller than herself, weeping bitterly. Katie rushed over to Jane. Jane was her friend, who lived in the same row as she did.

"What's the matter?" asked Katie, in a subdued whisper.

"O, it's gone, it's gone and I can't find it anywhere," sobbed Jane.

"Hush, or old Evans 'll hear you. What's gone? What can't you find?"

"The change, fifty cents it was. There was so much to carry, the money slipped through my fingers and I can't find it anywhere," wailed Jane.

"Where'd you drop it?" asked Katie, thinking of her own half dollar in her pocket.

"O, I don't know and when Evans hears it, he'll send me off and take it out of my pay and O, I just have to find it."

Katie looked at the people massed around the book counters. Out of one corner of her eye she saw Evans coming. She swallowed a great lump in her throat and reached her hand down into the pocket and drew forth a shiny, warm, half dollar.

"Here it is Janie. I picked it up over there by the wrapping counter. I am so glad I found it." Jane seized the money thankfully and rushed away to deliver her packages.

"Cash girl, here cash," called a voice and Katie turned to her work again.

C. Pauline Burt, '12.

MEMOIRS OF SIR RICHARD STEELE

Richard Steele, born in Dublin in 1672, was the only son of an Englishman, a counsellor-at-law; his mother, from whom he inherited his generous and loving nature, was probably Irish. As both parents died while Steele was very young, the boy was raised by an uncle and sent to the Charterhouse School in London, where he began his long friendship with Addison. From Charterhouse, Steele went to Oxford; instead of taking his degree, however, he enlisted in the Horse Guards. By 1700 he was Captain Steele, had published verses, and had made the acquaintance of many of the wits of the time. It was during this period of his life, when, as a young officer of an improvident and emotional disposition and high spirits, he was confronted by many temptations, that he tells us he wrote "The Christian Hero" to reform and strengthen his morals. "To enliven his character" and partly to counteract the effect of this work, he wrote a comedy called "The Funeral," which was followed by several other plays. In 1707, Steele was put in charge of the "Gazette," an official government paper; in 1709 he started a periodical of his own, "The Father." The aim of this and ensuing periodicals was not only to spread social, political and foreign news, but to reform the manners and morals of the time. Its success was immediate. In 1711 it was succeeded by "The Spectator," which, in turn, was followed by the "Guardian." From 1715 on not a little of his time and energy was absorbed by political affairs. In 1714 he entered Parliament as an ardent Whig. With a view of enforcing certain constitutional doctrines which he believed to be imperiled by the French Revolution, he published "The Crisis." Arraigned by the ministry as guilty of sedition in his political writings, he was expelled from the House. He, therefore, published an "Apology for Himself and His Writings" and stoutly defended the Hanoverian succession. As a result, he was knighted by George I and rewarded with several lucrative offices. In 1724 he left London, and, broken in health, retired to a country place in Wales, where he died in 1729.

Thackeray spoke truly when he called Steele "our friend;" and said of him, "He had his weaknesses but they were the faults of a warm-hearted, heedless nature, essentially high-minded and noble, and full of a sincere and beautiful humility of spirit." In Steele's writings and especially in his letters we see the man as he was. Unfortunately but little of his correspondence outside of letters to his wife, has been preserved, but the man is plainly revealed in his love letters alone. These, which were treasured up by Mary Scurlock, his second wife, are full of such beautiful sentiment and passionate sincerity that he won her hand within a month—a truth of which the lady was somewhat ashamed and so erased many of the dates of the letters. Steele was so utterly devoted to Mistress Scurlock, that he was forced to confess, "As for me, all who speak to me find me out. . . . A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Lisbon?' and I answered, 'She is exquisitely handsome.'" He used to snatch every available minute in which to write her a few lines. One note reads, "Madam,—I am observed by a friend, who is with me, in every motion and gesture I make. I have stolen a moment while he is in the next room, to tell the charmer and inspirer of my soul, I am her devoted, obedient servant, Rich. Steele." At another time he writes, "I am at a friend's house, where they have given me, as you see, but very ordinary instruments to write with." How can we wonder, therefore, that Mistress Scurlock succumbed so quickly when we read her lover's ardent proposals, or who could resist such peculiarly charming and original declarations of love as Steele's? In the second letter to his future bride he wrote, "I shall not trouble you with my sentiments till I know how they will be received; . . . Instead of saying, 'I shall die for you,' I profess I should be glad to lead my life with you. You are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humored as any woman breathing; but I must confess to you, I regard all these excellencies as you will please to direct them for my happiness or misery."

Nor did the warmheartedness and affection felt in these love letters, fail in his correspondence during their married life. Every note closed in some such tender manner as: "and

you shall always find me your affectionate, faithful, and tender husband;" or as, "Dear Prue, I am unreservedly and faithfully yours."

Throughout his letters, there are many humorous touches, in which Steele rallies his wife for her minute carefulness in small matters; for instance, he encloses the following note with a parcel of walnuts, "Dear Prue,—I send you seven pennyworth of walnuts, at five a penny, which is the greatest proof I can give you at present of my being, with my whole heart, yours, Rich. Steele. P. S. There are 29 walnuts." Steele himself required precision in the matter of dating letters. There are innumerable cases, where we find such remarks: "I have received a letter from you without a date." These gentle reproofs he excused with "I ought not to find fault in so kind and so affectionate an epistle; but exactness is an excellent quality which every one may be mistress of, and therefore I would not have you want it."

At times petty quarrels or disagreements arose between him and his wife, but Steele was always the same devoted husband, in spite of the discord. This statement is particularly emphasized in the following note, which is an answer to a provoking letter from Lady Steele, setting forth her dislike of a new servant. He says, "What you would have me do I know not. All that my fortune will compass, you shall always enjoy and have nobody near that you do not like, except that I am myself disapproved by you for being devotedly, your obedient husband, Rich. Steele." His tone, though ever gentle and loving, had in it at the same time an independence free from approach to anything sharp or wounding.

This characteristic good-nature, however, is utterly wanting in the asperity of his retorts to Swift, who had taken offence from insinuating remarks made by Steele in the "Guardian." We are at a loss to understand the lack of cordiality on the part of Steele, for, after the first bitter outburst of temper, Swift's letters returned to something almost of tenderness in his calm remonstrance and self-vindication. On the other hand, Steele remained obdurate to the end, and this absolute coolness of feeling is strongly felt in this last letter to his

former friend: "You know I know nobody but one that talked after you, could tell 'Addison had bridled me in point of party.' This was ill-hinted, both with relation to him, and, sir, your most obedient, humble servant, Rich. Steele."

In this letter, too, we get a glimpse of Steele's candour. Drinking was a weakness which he but poorly succeeded in resisting and never in entirely overcoming; yet, on account of his transparent honesty and directness in everything, he was not ashamed to confess what many a man would have hidden from his wife: "I am, dear Prue, a little in drink, but at all times your faithful husband."

Yet this was not his greatest fault; his carelessness and heedlessness in money matters caused both friends and wife many anxious moments. Very shortly after his marriage, he fell into debt and only twice before his death was he able to free himself from its grasp. Still he never lost his habitual optimism; his letters to his wife are full of encouragement. The two words, "Be cheerful," which we find so many, many times repeated in them, may be called his maxim, which he never forgot. And with this cheerfulness, there was usually an accompanying resolution to do better in the future "that I may make my children partners in all my future gain." For the same purpose he frequently wrote to his mother-in-law and suggested that she bestow something on his children, or, in his own words, "Please, to put the anxiety of a father of a numerous family in your thoughts; and you will pardon my importunity to preserve them from want. When you have been thus kind to my poor children, who descend from you, I can think of adding to their fortune with some alacrity; but to have the matter to do wholly myself, makes it so great a labour, that I am dispirited from beginning it. I do not desire any consideration of me myself, but I beseech God to put it into your heart to make a certainty for them."

Nevertheless, despite Steele's weakness, his was a noble-minded and sincerely religious nature. In all his resolutions "to turn over a new leaf" and to be heedful in financial affairs, he prays God to help him; in every variance with his wife, he called upon his Maker "to grant a happy meeting between you

and your faithful husband ;" when he was being tried by Parliament for libel, this is the word he sent Mrs. Steele: "Let nothing disquiet you, for God will protect and prosper your innocence and virtue." During the illness of Mary, his oldest daughter, Mrs. Steele was in Carmathau. She received this message from her anxious husband: "I am close at my prayers. . . . God Almighty grant we may meet together in such disposition as to enjoy with our little ones the only true pleasures of religion and virtue."

In reading Steele's letters we unconsciously pardon and excuse his carelessness and light-heartedness. We know him as a dear friend, a man who loved his fellows, who had a chivalric reverence for women, who was tender toward suffering, devoted to his wife and children, loyal to his friends. He had high standards and was quick to blame himself when he fell below them. "I shall not carry my humility so far," he wrote, "as to call myself a virtuous man, but at the same time must confess that my life is at best but pardonable."



THE LITTLE GERMAN BAND

When we are sitting on the porch
As soon as dinner's through,
The little German Band comes round
To earn a coin or two.

The little band's a motley throng
Of Germans, thin and fat,
Distinguished by brass-buttoned suit
And little stiff white hat.

One man, he beats a big base drum,
And one, he rings some chimes,
One plays the flute, one blows a horn,
While others get the dimes.

They softly "Annie Laurie" trill,
"America" outpour,
And slowly, sweetly, "Silent Night,"
And then "Il Trovatore."

The simple, homely melodies,
The merry tunes resound;
While old-folks 'gin to nod and smile,
And children dance around.

Oh band of kindly comforters!
Before our house come stand,
And make me merry with your tunes,
Oh, Little German Band!

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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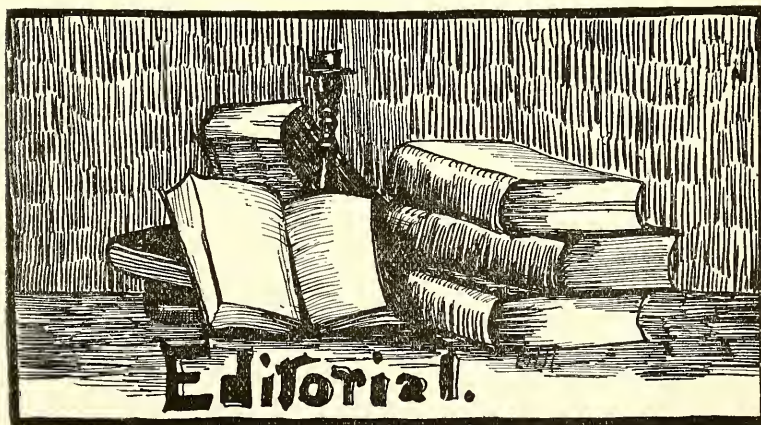
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An excellent article on "Productive Scholarship" was published recently in "The Outlook," an article which might just as well apply to us. The writer says that "What counts in a man or nation is not what the man or nation can do, but what he or it actually does. Scholarship that consists in mere learning but finds no expression in product may be of interest and value to the individual, just as ability to shoot well at clay pigeons

may be of interest and value to him, but it ranks no higher unless it finds expression in achievement."

The greatest worth of scholarship is to be productive, but still there are many scholarly men who produce work which is not exactly scholarship. In its deepest sense scholarship must express itself with literary charm and distinction; although scholars sometimes scorn scholarship which can bring wisdom aside from dryness. As an example, Gilbert Murray's "Rise of Greek Epic" is cited, which portrays deep scholarship; but is also delightful enough to be interesting as a novel.

Mr. Thayer's "Life of Cavour" is a good example of productive scholarship. It is more than a biography but should be profitable to the special student and every active politician.

Although this may not seem to apply to us particularly, now, the time is not far distant when it will—when we are through with school and start out afresh in life. The literary field is not the only one of productive scholarship. One of the greatest fields lying open to college graduates is that of the social service—slum work, teaching and helping the poor to take care of themselves, and teaching sanitation, domestic science, saving, and all things which are well known to the social work.

Another influence lies in the field of politics—don't be alarmed! this is no suffrage exhortation—but who does not recognize the powerful influence of the woman over man, in many respects? Although the woman does not yet vote, universally, still she can do good. In many ways, the character of the man depends much on the standard that woman upholds to him. These fields can be called productive scholarship as well as literary activity.

The Sorosis wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to Miss Frances Cameron, '12, who won the prize of \$5.00 offered by the Omega Society for the best short story. It is deeply regretted that there was not a greater number of contestants.

COLLEGE NOTES

Second Semester begins Monday, January 29.

The Wednesday morning lectures were resumed January third, when Dr. Lindsay spoke on "Politics."

On January tenth Miss Skilton's lecture on the opera "Siegfried" was given. It was illustrated with musical selections played by Miss Slocum.

The subject of the lecture on January seventeenth was "The Physical Basis of Music." Miss Holcomb delivered this lecture to the music students.

ASSOCIATIONS

Omega

The Omega Society is studying the short story. At the last meeting Calla Stahlmann had a paper on "The Mysterious Bride," Lucy Layman discussed "The Devil and Tom Walker" and Faye Atkinson had "Rip Van Winkle." Daisy Sharp and Margaret Minor were hostesses.

Der Deutsche Verein

Marguerite MacBurney and Mary Keen were hostesses at the last meeting of the German Club. Two papers were read: "Schiller's Life," Elizabeth McCague, and an "Inhalt" of Maria Stuart, Florence Keys.

Y. W. C. A.

Y. W. C. A. on January tenth was a Senior meeting. May Hardy, the Senior president, lead the meeting. Martha Sands, Helen Grooms, Edith Chaddock, and Florence Bickel each sang a solo.

PERSONALS

Miss Green, the former instructor in Latin and Greek, visited the college for a few days this month.

Dr. L.—“What is anger?”

Betty—“Cold haughtiness.”

A Girl—“I didn’t make any New Year’s resolutions but this is one—”

Pauline Burt has come to stay in the house awhile and has the “ghost room.” Of course we know that Pauline is such a good little girl that the ghosts will not harm her.

Miss Cora Gerwig was the guest of Florence Keys at the Junior party.

The Juniors gave a “Backward Party” on Friday evening, January fifth. Everyone wore her dress backwards; also necklaces, earrings and other belongings. The dances began with the home waltz, went from the twentieth dance down to the first and ended with the grand march. Refreshments were served at the first of the evening. The Juniors certainly are original!

Miss Mary Henry and Miss Hazel Rowe, of Wilson College, visited Martha Young the first week of school.

“Dear Clara,” wrote the young man, “pardon me, but I’m getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but really forget whether you said ‘yes’ or ‘no.’” “Dear Will,” she replied by note, “so glad to hear from you. I know I said ‘no’ to someone last night, but I had really forgotten who it was.”

All the table parties in Woodland Hall this year have been clever. The baby party at Miss Root’s table week before last was one of the best.

Ada, after having it explained to her that iron would float on mercury, because mercury was heavier: "Well, then why doesn't the mercury get on top of the iron and hold it down?"

Martha Young, Mary Keen, Elizabeth Dalzell, Anne Rosenblum and Hazel Ritts were hostesses at the January tea in Woodland Hall.

The lone man, Mr. H. H., created quite a sensation in the dining room; especially since he came in late.

And Josette is still wondering how the Knights Hospital, having taken the vows of monks, living all alone on an island, lasted till the end of the eighteenth century.

Hazel Hickson spent part of her Christmas vacation visiting in Chicago.

Miss Amelia Horst, of North Side, was the guest of Miss Stahlmann at dinner, January twelfth.

MUSIC NOTES

On January twelfth the Mid-year Concert of the students took place. The program follows:

Romance Sibelius
Nocturne in F Sharp..... Chopin

Miss Calla Stahlmann

Largo Handel
Miss Virginia Morris

Aria from Madame Butterfly..... Puccini
Miss Jessie Palmer

In Autumn MacDowell
Gigue Bach-MacDowell

Polichinelle Rachmaninoff
Miss Elizabeth Crowe

Waltz Song O. Strauss
Misses Betty Orr, Williams, Louise Orr, Norris, Jordan, Maier

Nocturne in F	Schumann
Humoreske	Susie Homer
Moment Musical	Schubert
Dance of the Gnomes.....	Liszt

Miss Homer

Ashes of Roses	Salter
April	Victor Harris

Miss Louise Orr

Romanza and Aria (Der Freischutz).....	von Weber
	Miss Ethel Williams

Organ: Vision	Joseph Rheinberger
Golden Wedding	Gabriel-Marie

Miss Helen Stuckslager

Were My Songs With Wings Provided.....	Hahn
The Nightingale	Salter

Miss Helen Grooms

Humoreske	}	Mildred Weston
Bird Song		
Rose Leaves		
A Funny Little Dance		

Etude in C sharp minor.....	Chopin
Scherzo	Martucci

Miss Mildred Weston

Fairy Song	Schindler
Rose Rhyme	Salter

Miss Palmer

The Glee Club is still practicing the cantata. The concert will be given in March.

On January eighth the American Music Society gave a concert in the chapel.

A second recital by the society is to be given on February fifth.

On Friday morning, January nineteenth, a short program was given by the students in the chapel.

EXCHANGE NOTES

We are glad to welcome a number of new exchanges, which have just made their first appearance this year in the Sorosis Exchange box. These newcomers are quite clever and interesting, and we hope to hear from them often during the year.

"Knick Knacks," Shady Side Academy, is among our new friends. It is an attractively gotten up little paper, which seems to be mainly devoted to athletics and school news.

"The Allegheny Literary Monthly" has a large and excellent literary department, in fact about two-thirds of the magazine is given over to short stories and poems, which are all quite good. The other departments, however, are represented and under "Alumni" is a well written article on Alleghenians in Literature."

"The Owl" has one very interesting story, "The Heaton Spirit."

"The Pharetra" is without doubt one of the best magazines which it is our pleasure to receive. It has a splendid literary department, with a number of other well devised departments. One innovation which seems a trifle new to us, is a section called "Intercollegiate Gleanings." This is devoted to interesting bits of news of other colleges, and is something which adds decidedly to the paper.

We greet our old friend, "The Lesbian Herald," which appears with a number of clever stories. By the way, one of the best departments of the "Herald" is that devoted to material "From the Theme Box." Exchanges, isn't that a good idea?

We wish to acknowledge with thanks, "The Olio" from Marietta College, the "Buchtelite," "The Tartan" and "The Franklin."

Education

"Fifth grade this year, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're in decimals or fractions now, no doubt?"

"No sir, I'm in crochet work and clay modelling, now."
—Ex.

"And he said he was willing to die for me?"

"Not exactly, but that was the impression he was evidently trying to convey."

"How is that?"

"He said he was ready to eat your cooking any time you said the word."—Ex.

"A person is an idiot to bother a lot about his descent."

"Yes, unless he happens to be an aviator up in the air."
—Ex.

Old Lady—"Why should a great strong man like you be found begging?"

Wayfarer—"Dear lady, it is the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a beautiful woman without an introduction."—Ex.

fifty Styles

The New Ones

STOEBENER**==Man with the Shoes==**

27 PENN

EAST END

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Ma—"When did you write Elizabeth last?"

Pa—"Wait till I consult my check book."—Ex.

Instructor—"This is a very poor translation."

Student—"It's the best I could get for the money."—Ex.

He—"A thousand stars are looking down on you."

She—"Is my hat on straight?"—Ex.

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THE SOROSIS

VOL. XVIII

FEBRUARY 1912

NO. 5

THE CALL TO THE TASK

The heavy dew is on the grass,
I hear the cattle low;
Shake off your sleep and come along,
'Tis milking time, heigh-ho!

The sun is peeping o'er the hills,
'Tis late, and we must go;
Pick up your shining milking pail—
'Tis milking time, heigh-ho!

Come through the sparkling pasture field,
And o'er the high stile, so—
Be sure to shut the farther gate—
'Tis milking time, heigh-ho!

The gentle kine wait by the stream,
The stools are in a row;
Come join the chorus of the field,
'Tis milking time, heigh-ho!

MOON-MADNESS

It was a beautiful evening in early summer. The air was balmy and brisk as it always is in Ireland when it blows up fresh from the sea. Surely, the most delightful time of the whole day! At any rate, two young people thought so as they strolled along the silver ribbon of a road which wound in and out through the fields from Kildare to Coolaigh.

Early that morning when the dew was still heavy on the grass and the sun just beginning to come up out of the sea, Terry had taken Johnena to the fair at Kildare. They had sat on the back seat of the old family wagon. To be sure, they had been somewhat crowded, for besides themselves there was Tony's father, Pat Keenan, taking his prize vegetables to Kildare; and there was Terry's mother, Molly Keenan, sure of a fine price, taking her butter and preserves to Kildare; and there were all the little Keenans squirming and squealing in anticipation of the good time to be had when they got to Kildare. But who would mind that! Surely not a brave Irish lad and his sweetheart.

Everything had turned out just as they had expected. Pat had sold his vegetables for an undreamed of price; Molly had disposed of her wares and had received in return enough money to increase materially the little hoard laid away for young Pat, who was to be a priest; and the young Keenans had rioted wildly all day and when night came had had to be gathered up in various sleepy attitudes and stowed away in the old wagon.

Then came the trouble. Old Granny Bannett's son had taken just a little bit too much of "something" and in his joyous mood had driven off in his cart alone totally unmindful of old Granny Bannett or young Tom, his son. The Keenans were the only Coolaigh people left. What could they do? Their wagon was full to overflowing, for the young Keenans asleep took up considerably more room than the young Keenans awake. It was then that Terry offered to

walk and to take his sweetheart with him. It was the only thing he could do. Then, too, though footsore and weary, he was not averse to a walk through the long, sweet-scented Irish twilight with Johnena. And so they started off. They pursued their way in utmost harmony until Terry suggested that they take a short cut through Gray Lady Woods.

"Not through there, Terry," Johnena objected; "not through Gray Lady Woods."

Terry looked at her in astonishment.

"Don't be tellin' me, Johnny, that you take faith in sich stories! Be comin' along this way. 'Tis a fair mile and a half off."

But Johnena still held back.

"It's the full of the moon, Terry. Remember how they tell that Gray Lady seeks blood-drops there for her love-drinks. Don't be takin' me that way."

Terry was beginning to be impatient with her folly.

"And I was thinkin' that you, comin' over from England not so long back and bein' at school with the sisters in Kildare, wouldn't put trust in these tales of old Ireland. Sure an' I'm Irish, yit I don't hold sich fancies. Come along, darlint; I'm not for bein' mean wid ye, but—come along, Johnena."

Reluctantly the girl followed him across the field by the barely discernable path which ran diagonally through it into the woods beyond.

"Hurry up, Terry," she panted; "I'm tired and want to get home."

"Sure we have all the time before us. 'Tis most an hour till moonrise and that ought to see us home. Just think, Johnena," he continued, more gently, "by next fair-time we'll have our own little cart and horse jist for the two of us. Then there'll be no more walkin' for you."

Johnena smiled to herself in the deepening dusk. They walked on in silence. Once in a while she would put her hand to her throat to feel the little silver heart on the blue

ribbon that hung there. Terry had bought it for her at the fair. It was the first bit of jewelry she had ever had.

As they penetrated more deeply into the woods, the underbrush became thicker and thicker, and harder to get through, Johnena became vaguely alarmed.

"Terry," she said, plucking his sleeve, "don't go near the line of burnt trees below Gray Lady's Castle. They say whoever comes between the trees and the castle is bound by a spell. Don't you remember Jacky Gorman and his sweetheart walked there one night and have never spoken to each other since? Gray Lady took away the love from their hearts."

"Jacky Gorman and Nelly did nothin' but quarrel from sun up to sun down, Johnena. If they were after comin' home from a walk not spakin' to aich other, sure it was but natural and no fault of Gray Lady's."

As the way seemed harder and harder to find, Terry became vaguely alarmed. Many a time in daylight had he taken this short cut and was sure of his way, but tonight everything seemed different and unfamiliar. Still he pushed ahead. Once in a while he looked back to see how Johnena was getting along, but he did not offer to speak to her again. Finally they came out into an open space and Terry heard a sob of terror behind him. Looking quickly around he saw that Johnena had sunk down on a stone and was weeping bitterly. A hurried glance about him showed the walls of the old castle close beside them. He was terribly frightened, for far below he could see the line of burned stumps and tall, ghost-like, black trees which marked off Gray Lady's domain.

He wished to turn and comfort Johnena, but he could not move; he tried to call to her, but his voice was gone. He could no longer hear Johnena's sobs which had been so plain but a moment before; only the thud, thud of his heart as it beat heavily against his side came to his straining ears. An owl flew out of the ruins and past his face with a whir. He tried to draw back out of the spell that still held him.

The deep silence of the night enveloped everything. Presently the moon came up. She peeped elfishly at the lovers through the ruined walls of the old castle and seemed to mock Terry as he tried to shape his lips to a prayer. Higher and higher she rose until at last her light shone down over the top of the tower upon Terry's upturned face. He tried to take his eyes from the enchanting silver ball, but the spell still held him.

From far away a noise came to his ears. At first he thought it was the waves breaking on the black rocks below Coolagh, yet he knew this could not be, for the sea was too distant. The noise increased in volume. Then it came to him that it was not a sound! It was a wave of something that he could neither see, nor feel, nor hear, yet that overwhelmed him. He wanted to sink to the ground to hide his face, to cover his ears with his hands, but he could not for the spell still held him.

Then out of the wave came words to him, indistinct at first, then clearer:

"One drop from her lip,
One drop from his heart,
Will bind them together
Or drive them apart."

Something seemed to envelop him and he felt a sharp pain at his heart like the thrust of a dagger. A dim, gray figure flitted past him. Just outside the castle yard it turned to the moon and, with upraised arms, cried:

"Shine, O moon, over them
Thy rays to release them."

Then the Gray Lady disappeared under the ruined archway and the moon was shining full overhead.

Terry felt the weight fall from his limbs and turned

quickly around. Johnena was sitting on the stone, her hand to her lip.

"What's the matter, Johnena," he said, and took a step forward.

Then it came about that he and she were walking through the fields on the Coolaigh side of Gray Lady woods, and in the minds of both was utter forgetfulness of the Gray Lady.

The two lovers walked home in silence, Terry on his side of the road, Johnena on hers. Not a word did they exchange that night or ever again. People all over Ireland call it moon-madness when two lovers are thus bewitched, but the people of Kildare and Coolaigh say that Gray Lady has drained the love from their hearts to make her love-potions.

M. A. B., '14.

A SKETCH

How hard it is to describe the laughter of a crowd! Yet how contagious is that laughing and how interesting to analyze! The play was exceedingly funny and the audience was wearing itself out with ever-increasing mirth. I laughed just hearing and seeing others laugh; some held their sides in agony as they swayed to and fro; some wiped the tears from their eyes; some became almost hysterical. At first there was only a loud, confused conglomeration of sounds of many keys, as the audience with one accord gave way to mirth. It was like a single shout, so simultaneously did the people respond to jokes from the stage! Then as its strength decreased, I could distinguish the shrill "He! he!" of some foolish girl who laughed less in sincerity than in a desire to appear to appreciate a joke. Behind me came the "Ha! ha!" of a lady of about forty. Hers was the healthy, full laugh of one who has a highly developed sense of humor. On one side I heard the suppressed gurgling giggles of a school girl who had been in such a constant state of amusement that she could no longer control herself. A man who seldom gave

vent to his feelings by more than a noiseless shaking of his body sat below me. Occasionally, however, he let go of himself and uttered such a deep, heartfelt, contagious guffaw that even without a joke would have put a mob in laughter. Further away I heard the chuckle of a huge, fat woman. It was a "Hu! hu!" of a breathless wheeze. In another direction came the sound of a small boy's laugh, blended noise of two tones as his voice broke in the midst of a hearty outburst. Then all sound ceased; only the actors spoke, and for a few minutes the audience breathed in peace. Suddenly another roar resounded, and another and another, each redoubled in volume, until at last the curtain rolled down and the play was over.

—Mary Spencer.

BEAU TIBBS—GOLDSMITH

Goldsmith in his "Beau Tibbs, a Character," has given us a most delightful picture. The work cannot be called a story in the strict sense of the word, because there are not enough related and interwoven incidents to form a plot. Goldsmith included it in a book of essays when it was published, and it is an essay in that it has a lesson to teach. Still, it is not formal and hard to read, as many essays are, but, on the contrary, it is entertaining, humorous and light, with just enough action in it to sustain the interest created by the character of Beau Tibbs, and to give an opportunity of displaying the foibles of character in him. The essay in its portrayal of an unusual character and in its gentle satire reminds one of Addison and the Spectator Papers. Perhaps it might best be called a character sketch.

There is a very striking similarity between the beginning of Goldsmith's essay and a Satire of Horace, and I can't help believing that Goldsmith might have been a little influenced by it. Goldsmith studied the classics in college, and although we find that he had great dislike for them, still it is quite possible that he read this particular satire. As Goldsmith

tells his story, he and his friend catch sight of a man known only slightly to them, but whom they wish to avoid; they turn corners, walk faster and faster, but he catches up and attaches himself to their party after most profuse greetings. Thereupon Goldsmith and his friend face the situation and make the best of it. As Horace tells his story, he is walking alone, when a man who bores him greatly comes up and greets him as one of his dearest friends, exactly as Beau Tibbs did, and then absolutely refuses to be shaken off, until Horace comes almost to the end of his powers of endurance, when the bore is taken away by main force.

Beau Tibbs continues in conversation with Goldsmith and his friend, and, as he is ready to leave, ends up with a request for a loan.

Goldsmith meets Beau Tibbs a little later, and the latter insists upon taking him home to see his wife and daughter. Goldsmith is invited to stay for supper, but as he is getting tired of Tibbs, he conveniently remembers a previous engagement and so makes his escape.

In another essay in which this character appears, the author goes with a party of which Beau Tibbs and his wife are members, to Vauxhall Garden, a resort of doubtful reputation, and one which was very popular and much frequented. In the description of what took place here we see the oddities in Beau Tibbs' character more and more.

These sketches satirize the English "beau" of Goldsmith's day, the fop or dandy who claimed to be the leader of fashion, and who was very fond of paying court to ladies. Tibbs made a brave effort to live up to the standard, as we can see by the description of his dress, a buckle (studded with glass), a coat trimmed with tarnished twist, and his silk stockings, once white, but now yellow with age. But in spite of his efforts his poverty shows through; everyone knows just exactly what his circumstances are, yet poor Tibbs does not realize this, but thinks that he is making a fine impression.

Then, too, Goldsmith satirizes people who boast of being friends of rich or well-known personages, in order to impress their listeners with their non-importance. It is a kind of snobbishness that Tibbs indulges in. He is so anxious to impress his new friend Goldsmith that he doesn't even make his bragging consistent, but such a mistake as that does not, apparently embarrass him in the least. He tells with an indifference, that we can plainly see is assumed, how he dined with the Duchess of Piccadilly the day before, and in almost the same breath, he tells how he dined in the country with Lady Grogram. Upon being reminded of his mistake, he answers calmly, "I did dine in town, but I dined in the country, too, for you must know I eat two dinners."

After Tibbs boasted of his fine friends, of course he had to speak to them, but they invariably showed by the way they returned the greeting, that they did not know him at all.

When the author was prevailed upon to go to see Tibbs' wife, and when Tibbs asked the maid where his wife was, he received the embarrassing answer that his wife was next door washing his two shirts. Now for once Mr. Tibbs is confused, but he rises to the occasion and makes an apology for the maid. Here his poverty is disclosed, so we see that his little peculiarities do not deceive anyone, but that they give him a great deal of pleasure.

There are many delicious bits of humor in the play, but they form the satire, and so make it difficult to discuss the humor apart from the satire, but the general effect of the whole essay is to leave one in a good humor, and the recollection of the humorous situations brings a smile to lips long after the book has been laid down. For who can help wanting to smile when he thinks of poor Tibbs' embarrassment over the shirt episode, or when he pictures Tibbs in his extraordinary clothing, taking down notes in his book, or when he imagines Tibbs learning Greek in order to be able to teach it to his small daughter?

—Margaret Minor.

LIZ

Liz was bad, bad clear thro'. So said the little judge who heard the cases from Liz's district; so too said the members of the Ladies' Society for the Uplift of the Poor. Liz herself didn't know. She doubted it. She thought she mightn't have been so bad if she hadn't always been cold and hungry. She didn't know who her mother and father were, or whether she ever had any. That didn't trouble her in the least. She was so busily engaged in keeping her soul from parting company with her slender body that she had no time to bother about a family tree.

Mrs. Muldoon let her sleep in a corner of the cellar, and Liz foraged for food for herself. Sometimes she got a little money, then she feasted royally, other times she ate the little she could pick out of the refuse cans or begged stale bread from the bakery on the corner. She knew no home but the street. She had been raised there and had always been there, all day and almost all night. She had been arrested a score of times. The first time was for stealing. Liz had never thought whether it was right or wrong to steal. She hadn't worried over that at all. She was simply hungry—so she took something to eat, and a zealous officer haled her away to jail. That was the first time—the rest were too numerous to count, sometimes for stealing again, sometimes for quarreling in the street, sometimes for drunkenness, for Liz had found that the lost feeling produced by cold and hunger may be driven away by whisky, so she filled up on the stuff whenever she got the chance.

Once some of the Ladies' Uplift Society got hold of her and talked to her for a vast while concerning her immortal spirit, and left a large bundle of tracts for the edification of her poor starved soul, forgetting entirely to even mention anything in the way of bread or meat for the poor starved body. Liz left the tracts on the floor where the ladies had put them, and when they came again and were angry with

her for not marking, learning and inwardly digesting the precious salvation, she regarded them stupidly, not considering it worth while to explain that she could not read. They went away and said to one another that the poor didn't want to be uplifted and that Liz was bad, oh, very bad indeed.

Liz didn't care. She forgot all about them as soon as they had gone. They had only talked of a beautiful heaven for themselves and a burning hell for Liz. Liz felt that she had all she could do getting along with this world without fussing about the burdens of a life after this. She hoped anyway that there wasn't another life after this. One was enough for her she thought wearily.

It was after the last time that she was in jail that she came back (pray notice that she didn't call it coming home, she just called it coming back) to find that Mrs. Muldoon refused to let her sleep in her accustomed corner in the cellar. It was a raw, wet Saturday in November, a horrible day. The chill hit into one's bones with the most cruel directness. Liz was soaked through. Moreover she was tired and cold and hungry. She hadn't a cent, and all the way back she had been counting on getting a chance to sleep anyway. Now she didn't know what to do. Her brain felt numb and tired. She sat down on the curbstone and began to cry. She didn't cry violently, nor despairingly, but quietly and as if she intended to keep it up for an indefinite period of time. Every now and then she hunched her soaking dress away from her shoulders.

She was still crying when Reed Colison passed. He watched her a moment then said very quietly: "What's the matter?"

He had a beautiful voice, soft, with deep tones in it. Back in his home town he used to sing at all the church sociables. He used to sing "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" and all the ladies would cry when he finished.

Liz, still weeping, explained that she was cold and wanted something to eat. As an afterthought she added that she

had no place to go. Then she looked up at Reed and gave that young man a shock.

For Liz rested her whole stock in trade in one possession—her eyes. She had wonderful eyes. Deep, alluring, pleading, half shadowed lights, depths suggested but not revealed. Eyes that would tempt a man to madness from their depths and then mock him with their paled shallowness. A flush of cupidity grew on Colison's cheek.

"What a model for my picture," he thought, and then, "Lord, what eyes!" He spoke quickly.

"Come up to my rooms," he said, "and I'll give you something to eat and let you get warm." Liz got up wearily.

"All right," she said.

When they got to his rooms, Reed stirred the fire and Liz sat down before it. He cut some bread and meat and made her some tea over a little alcohol lamp. He lounged idly in his chair and watched her while she ate and drank and dried her dripping clothes. At last she rose. She looked at Colison but he did not say a word. He was smiling a little curiously at her. He wondered what she was going to do. She thanked him a trifle stiffly and went to the door. Colison held out his hand and dropped a coin into hers.

"Enough," he said lightly, "to get you a bed somewhere."

Liz regarded the money greedily. Then moved by some inexplicable impulse she cast it on the floor.

"No," she cried, "No," and was out of the door and gone. Colison looked at the money.

"What a little fool," he said, still smiling lightly.

Liz regretted her impulse the moment after it came. She thought angrily as she went down the street in the rain that she was a fool. She told herself so with small consolation. But the next day when Reed came home and found her sitting on the stairs he only laughed. When, however, it happened the next, and the next and the next he began to get angry. His momentary charitable impulse had passed and the thing was getting annoying.

She never spoke to him, she humbly moved out of his way on the stairs, but her eyes followed him clear to his door. This went on for some time. Then he stumbled over her one night as she crouched against his door in the dark. She clung about his knees crying and begging him to let her stay, that she would work and keep his rooms for him, that she would do anything in the world but go away. Colison in an agony of fear lest some one should hear her, got her into his room. He was swearing at her under his breath. He lit the light and then demanded rather haughtily what she wanted.

Liz was quiet now. At his question she began to speak slowly as though considering each word.

"Listen," she said, "I haven't any place to go. I've never had. I've always lived on the street. I've never had a place to belong to. You're the only person that ever gave me a bite to eat willingly. If you let me stay I'll work hard."

She flung back the window curtain. Outside it was blowing a gale straight from the lake. A hint of snow was in the air.

"If I was a dog you'd let me stay."

She faced him again. He hadn't spoken a word. She approached him suddenly and laid her hand on his arm. Her eyes were on his—compelling, persuasive. That queer little look of cupidity came into his face. Then, oddly enough, he laughed.

"Well," he said, "I don't care."

Reed Colison was an artist. He had a pretty knack at drawing—no genius, however. Besides it got him away from his stupid country home. He had a mother and three sisters. The sisters were old and plain, so they adored their handsome young brother. His mother had some money—people called her "tolerably well fixed." Reed got the most of whatever she had. She and the girls pinched and scraped and half-starved to pay Reed's bills. They had succeeded in making him a contemptible, selfish little ass. In this they were far more to blame than he was. Reed was the sort of a

man who makes a convenience of everyone. He made one of Liz. It was very pleasant to have her always at hand to bully or command. She posed for him, cooked his meals, laundered and mended his linen. She made an idol of Colison.

All her life she had never had anything to care about. Now she expended all her overgrown sentimentality on him. She delighted to make herself a rug for him to walk over. She imitated him in his manner of speaking—soft voice, full tones, etc. She learned to sew and made herself some straight little blue gowns. She began to adopt a highly virtuous air, the little wretch, and when a man accosted her one day in the street, she came home with burning cheeks and burst into angry, insulted tears. And this was Liz who awhile ago had delighted in the easy give and take of the streets. She was growing sleek and pretty. When Reed had taken her in she had looked thirty. Now she looked her own age, which was twenty. She had spent a whole day once learning to coil her brown hair after the fashion of one of Colisons favorite prints, and when he remarked it she felt herself amply repaid.

About a year after she and Reed had been living thus, a man called for Colison. She called Colison and went out of the room. She closed the door between the studio and the little cupboard where she cooked, and then flattening herself against the door put her ear close. She couldn't hear anything though, for the men were talking in low tones, but she gathered that they were quarreling about something. Then she heard Reed cry hoarsely, "By heaven, I'll kill you first," and the stranger reply in a slow, disagreeable voice, "Oh, no, you won't." Then she heard the door close.

She stood in the little kitchen shivering, not knowing what to do. In a few minutes she heard the door open and close again, and heard Colison going down the steps. He did not come back that night and Liz waited up for him.

Along in the dawning he came in. Liz looked at his shaking white, scared face and she knew. For a while they sat and stared at one another, Liz thinking, thinking, thinking of some avenue of escape for Colison, and Colison revolving a suddenly suggested plan in his secret mind. Finally Liz started up.

"You must get away," she said hurriedly, "I'll pack a suitcase."

Colison's gaze shifted uneasily. "Never mind that just now," he said, "get me something to eat first." While she made coffee and cut some bread he watched her cunningly.

After he had eaten he arose as though he had ARRIVED at a determination. He took his hat and before she could stop him he was down the stairs and gone.

Half an hour later she heard a heavy tread on the stairs. Liz sat down in her little sewing chair. She snatched up some sewing. It chanced to be a shirt she was making for Colison. "They'll learn nothing from me," she said to herself. The door opened unceremoniously. Liz stood up, dropping her sewing to the floor.

"Gentlemen," she began questioningly—then she stopped.

Behind the men she caught sight of Reed Colison's face. The first officer spoke:

"I arrest you for the murder of Richard George."

He hesitated, he had not expected the dainty little room, nor the modest, dignified figure in blue. He was rather puzzled.

Liz looked over his head straight to Colison's face. There she caught and held his eyes. Through and through she looked and saw beneath at last his quivering, mean little rat soul laid bare. She laughed crazily.

Yes, she said, "yes," and held out her wrists. She shook back her hair.

"Don't you know me?" she asked, "I'm Liz."

The officer looked and smiled.

"Why, so it is, well, you're done for this time—bad clear through, you are."

Liz echoed his last words and laughingly walked firmly past Colison and down the stairs. As she passed from sight Colison heard her still laughing wildly, bitterly, crazily.

—Marjorie Gowans.

A PROPOSAL

Clifford had just moved to the country. He had lived all his ten years with three aunts in the city. He was very much interested in the healthy-minded eight-year-old country lass, Jane. And she thought he was the queerest boy she had ever seen.

When, at the school house, he had offered to take her books she looked at him in amazement and asked:

"Why? I can carry them myself."

"I know," he answered, "but it looks nicer for me to carry them."

Jane was somewhat hurt to think that he would say he looked nicer than she, but she gave him her books.

They reached the little farm house where Jane lived and both sat down on the front door step. Clifford was silent and Jane respected his silence.

Finally he drawled, "I was thinking—"

Jane interrupted him abruptly, "Were you? so was I. I was thinking it was 'most time to help mother with the dishes."

Clifford started again. "I was thinking—" then he stopped. A bright idea had occurred to him. "Say, if you do what I was thinking you wouldn't ever have to help with the dishes again!"

Jane opened her eyes wide with interest—and her mouth with incredulity.

"No, you wouldn't," he resumed, "because, you see, I wouldn't let you. Do you know that poem:

'Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine,
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream?'"

Jane had never heard of the rhyme. She was annoyed because she thought Clifford was wandering from the main subject under discussion, which was: "if you do what I was thinking, you wouldn't ever have to help with the dishes again."

"What were you thinking?" Jane ventured.

"Why, that poem tells you. 'Wilt thou be mine?'" Clifford's grin and blushes were met by no responding coyness on the part of Jane.

An awkward silence. Clifford was striving to put his poetic thoughts into phrasing prosaic enough for the little girl to understand. At last he blurted out,

"I mean—let's you and me get married!"

Jane looked absolutely blank. Then she gasped,

"Why, Clifford Mayor, don't you know that people don't get married till they're grown up?"

"Well, just because you never heard of any but grownup people getting married, is not saying others never did," he half snapped.

Of course she agreed she knew nothing about it.

"You see, we'll elope," Clifford continued. "I guess you don't know what 'elope' means, do you? Well, I'll put on my best suit and you'll put on a pink silk dress—"

"But I haven't got any," she complained.

He paid no attention. "I'll put on my best suit and you'll put on a pink silk dress. Then we'll—then we'll—elope."

"What is 'elope'?"

"Why 'elope' means—well it means 'eloping.'"

"Oh!"

"We'll hire a carriage with white horses—"

"What for?" she asked.

"To elope."

"Oh! I thought we eloped before—after you put on your best suit and I put on a pink silk dress. Do we elope again?"

Clifford having nothing to say to this said nothing. After a while he said, "We will go in the carriage to the minister's and I'll give him five dollars and—"

"You haven't got it," she challenged.

"You keep still." Jane hereafter listened in awed silence, becoming more and more interested.

"I'll give him five dollars to marry us. Then after we're married we'll take a long trip. We will go to the city to see where I used to live, then we'll go to the wild west, and then we'll go to Africa—and—and maybe I'll take you to Paris? When we come home we'll live in a beautiful house—maybe a palace with gold floors and lots of servants and ice cream and cake and candy. We'll give balls every night and then we'll go coasting on the big hill that's too dangerous to coast on." Clifford stopped for want of breath.

Jane jumped up, took him by the hand, pulled him to his feet and started toward the gate.

"Where are you going?" Clifford gasped.

"Why, to elope." She turned around and looked at him in astonishment, "Where do you suppose?"

This was more than Clifford had expected. Down he came to earth from his castles in the air. He was dazed for a moment—only for a moment. Then he said calmly, "But you see we can't elope now—not now, because—because—because you haven't a pink silk dress!"

He turned around, walked rapidly out of the yard and down the street, leaving poor, bewildered little Jane gazing after him.

—Adeline Colebrook, '14.

A SONG

In sadness through the wood I went
The little leaves above me bent

To grieve with me,

To grieve with me.

Beside the sea alone I wept

About the rocks the gray waves crept

To grieve with me,

To grieve with me.

My sorrow to my friend I brought

For his sweet sympathy I sought.

To grieve with me,

To grieve with me.

But mockingly he turned away

And jesting, went his merry way—

Ah, grief to me,

Ah, grief to me!

M. G., '15.



THE SOROSIS

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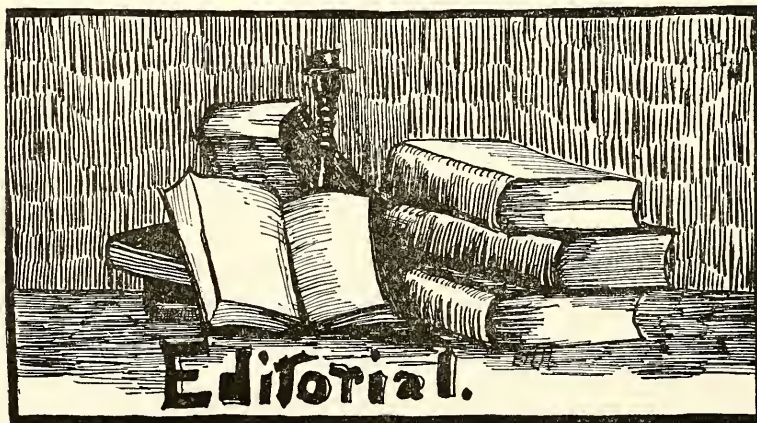
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If there is one thing which this college lacks it is a keen sense of college spirit and loyalty! In no instance whatever is evinced the amount of enthusiasm or response which one should expect. Notices for class meetings, rehearsals, et cetera, are posted, with the result that "the faithful few" attend. Then, when it comes to the "touch down"—if I may so phrase it—those who have shirked all along the way gain

equal credit and praise with the industrious. This is a case where the "fittest survivals" do not get the advantage!

One place where we do not display our college spirit is in chapel attendance. We are put on our honor to go—and after that how can a girl deliberately cut it one day after another without any qualms of conscience? Have our consciences become so hardened that we do not see the two-fold harm in this—failure to meet the trust placed in us, and lack of availing ourselves of the opportunity of spending a few moments in reverence each day?

Another side to the question is speaking well of the college when away from it. We sing that

"We'll praise her name and sing her fame
Abroad thro' all the land—"

but do we? Aren't there times when we think it just a trifle smart to cast little disparaging remarks at the school—and possibly think it does no harm? But remember, these remarks are added to rather than diminished, and are passed on. Finally, there goes abroad a reputation which we do not wish attributed to the school which we attend.

Think this matter over carefully—then resolve to be prompt when meetings are asked for, to attend chapel, and all our duties—and don't let it be any New Year's Resolution—made today and broken tomorrow!

"Here's to Pennsylvania, Alma Mater, dear!

May her name and honor grow from year to year!"

COLLEGE NOTES

The Valentine dinner took place Friday, February tenth. The Faculty and house girls were present. After the dinner the Faculty presented a play, "Strategy," written by Mrs. Whitmer. Miss Kerst was stage manager. The names of the actors and actresses were distorted, so as to represent "the International players."

The Annual Mid-Year Reception was given by the Faculty, Friday evening, February second. The receiving line was in the drawing room. The chief feature of the evening was dancing in the Assembly Hall. Refreshments were served in the dining room.

Friday evening, February sixteenth, eight members of the Dramatic Club presented "Our Mutual Friend." Cast of characters:

John Rokesmith, "Our Mutual Friend".....Rosemma McGrew
 R. Wilfer, "Cherubic Pa".....Margaret Brown
 Mr. Boffin, "The Golden Dustman".....Helen Craig
 George Sampson, "The Friend of the Family".....

Adeline Colebrook

Bella Wilfer, "so mercenary, so wilful, but so pretty.....

Bessie McCaffrey

Mrs. Wilfer, "Majestic Ma".....Grace Wilson

Lavvy, "Old enough to be engaged".....Lucille Baker

Mrs. Boffin, "A dear, a dear, the best of dears".....

Giulietta Plympton

The Sophomores had a wonderful valentine party on February fourteenth in the den. The "spread" was followed by a distribution of valentines. Everybody received one with an appropriate verse attached.

Mr. George P. Early gave a lecture at the College February fourteenth. His subject was "Salt and Advice." It was very original and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

BASKETBALL

The basketball team is practicing hard, preparatory to the game with Westminster College, which will take place in March.

Monday, February twelfth, there was a game with the College Club. The score was 42-27 in favor of the College

Club. Much fine playing was exhibited. The P. C. W. girls who played in the game were:

Centers—Claire Colestock, Lillie Lindsay, Lillian McHenry.

Guards—Helen Blair, Josette Kochersperg.

Forwards—Pauline Burt, Louise Kindl.

Girls of P. C. W. stir up more interest in athletics!

Miss Campbell and Miss Butterfield gave two very interesting talks at a banquet in the Avalon Presbyterian Church, Thursday night, February eighth. Miss Butterfield illustrated her talk by two songs. Miss Stahlmann was her accompanist.

PERSONALS

Miss Evelyn Crandall, of Warren, Pa., visited the College a few days in February.

Mary Gillespie, Helen Rutherford and Noeline Hickson were guests at the Valentine dinner.

The Sorosis extends its deepest sympathy to Miss Esther O'Neill and Miss Helen Grooms in their recent bereavements.

Miss Goldie Weimer, of Latrobe, visited Alice Maier, January 26-28.

One of the most exciting facts of present day history: Ada's black eye and the stories connected therewith.

Mary Heinsling spent a recent week-end in Kittanning with Marguerite Titzell.

German student (translating)—"They hit him in his chains." (They threw him into chains.)

Misses Helen Rutherford, Anne Rutherford and Janet Brownlee, spent February 10-11 in Sewickley with Elizabeth McCague.

Miss Maude Shutt spent the week-end Jan. 26-28, at the home of Miss Louise Orr, in Woodlawn, Pa. Miss Miriam Messner visited Miss Marguerite Jordan, also of Woodlawn, at the same time.

The engagement of Miss Jean Fisher, instructor in music, to Dr. Hollander, of the University of Wisconsin, was announced February 13th, at a tea given by Miss Root in Woodland Hall.

Misses Calla Stahlmann, Louise Orr and Marguerite Jordan, attended a house party at the Alpha Kappa Delta Fraternity House, State College, Feb. 2-5.

Notice—The Sophomores cleaned their den themselves, scrubbed their windows and swept the floor.

A bright Sophomore was recently heard to discourse on "Portia" in Hamlet.

Many girls received reports as Valentines.

Claire Colestock was the guest of Hazel Hickson at her home in Butler, Feb. 10-12.

Miss Pauline Burt spent a week the latter part of January, at Birmingham School, Birmingham, Pa.

ASSOCIATIONS

The Delta Sigma meetings have been discontinued for a short time.

The last meeting of the Omega Society took the form of a Dickens tea. It was an open meeting. Miss Coolidge sent a paper on Dickens' early life which May Hardy read. Mr. Putnam spoke on Dickens as an author. The refreshments were typically English and served in English style.

At a recent meeting of the Omega, Hawthorne's short stories were discussed. Three girls had papers: Eleanor Davis on "The Ambitious Guest," Frances Davies on "The BirthMark," and Margery Stewart on "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment." Miss Keen and Miss Stahlmann were hostesses.

Y. W. C. A.

On February 7th Lillie Lindsay conducted a parable study. February 14th Mrs. McClure, a missionary in India, spoke to the Y. W. C. A. Mrs. McClure did not speak about the ignorant masses in India, but she told most interesting stories about several educated young men and women with whom she had come in contact. Last week Miss Anna Brown, secretary of the Student Volunteers' Movement in America, visited the College.

MUSIC NOTES

Madam Graziani gave a short program in the Chapel February 9th. The first number, "The Cry of Rachel" was especially beautiful.

On February 12th Madam Graziani and Miss Fisher gave a short program before the Colloquium Club.

Mr. Whitmer expects from now on to have the recitals by the students in the Chapel take place every Friday morning. On March 8th Miss Bickel sang in the Chapel. This was of especial interest because Miss Bickel rendered the entire program herself.

On April 11th Miss Sands will give a program of the same sort.

A concert will be given by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs of P. C. W. March 15th, in the Assembly Hall.

Final arrangements are being made for a joint concert by the Musical Clubs of Washington and Jefferson College and P. C. W., April 26th, at P. C. W.

EXCHANGES

The new year brought us many pleasant things, and among them were our January exchanges. These first issues

of 1912 are particularly good, and we hope this same standard of excellence will be maintained throughout the year.

The Grove City Collegian is always a welcome visitor. The number for January contains one or two good stories. One of them, "The Fighting Spirit," is an exposition of courage which underlying timidity requires some extraordinary circumstance to bring it into evidence. By the way, The Collegian has one department which is well worth mentioning; it is called The Verse Maker, and is made up of a number of poems. The best one this month is a translation of Heine's song, "Herz, Mein Herz."

The Mercury from Gettysburg College has a well represented literary department. This seems to be about all there is to the magazine, for we notice only two other departments, a small editorial and an equally small exchange department making up the rest of the magazine.

The literary department of the Washington-Jeffersonian is well gotten up, although it contains only one short story. The department called Other Colleges and devoted to a review of the best things found in other college papers, is very interesting and seems to be present in only a few college papers.

We are always glad to find The Allegheny Literary Monthly in our pile of exchanges. This magazine seems able to keep up a literary department that is almost above criticism. The first story, "Blind Fate," deserves special mention. It is well written and shows more originality and care than is usually found in college publications. The "Sketches" are lively and interesting. The one on Sunday Dinner is very amusing. The other departments are chatty and readable. This month's Book Talk is not only well written but appropriate, also, as one of the criticisms is of a "Lincoln Book of Poems."

The Lesbian Herald appears again with a well-worked-up article upon Coleridge's "Dejection." The author has evidently spent both time and thought upon the essay and the

result shows the effect of both. The first story is quite clever and is indeed well worth thinking over. The other departments are, as usual, well represented.

The Dilworthian is an attractively devised paper with a number of clever cuts. The literary material is not above the average, and one of the stories is suspiciously like one published recently in a popular magazine. Plagiarism is to be avoided everywhere, but most of all in a school paper. We also consider it a little out of place for a prep. school to make criticisms on a college paper such as were recently made.

"The Owl" of Temple University contains a number of good poems. One of these, "The Minstrel," shows an originality and maturity of thought seldom met with in amateur verse.

"The Buchtelite" has a very meagre literary department which would be improved by the introduction of a few well-written stories and essays.

In addition to the above, we wish to acknowledge with thanks the following: The Franklin, The Olio and the Juniata Echo.

The time was long past midnight. "What was that terrific noise upstairs, darling?" exclaimed the nervous young man.

"I think it must have been papa dropping a hint," said she.—Ex.

First Student—"What's the meaning of this bump on your head?"

Second Student—"Oh, that's knowledge."

First Student—"Why, it's a hollow place."

Philip had gone to bring in the new kittens. His mother, hearing a shrill mewing, called out:

"Don't hurt the kittens, Philip!"

From the hall came the reassuring answer:

"Oh, no, I'm carrying them carefully by the stems."

—Ex.

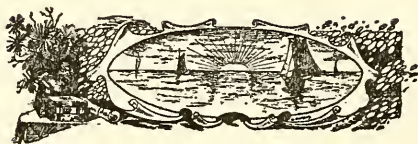
The school was singing, "Oh, yes, I'm going to join the heavenly choir."

Little Lizzie sang, "Oh, yes, I'm going to join my hair with wire."—Ex.

"My dog took first prize at the cat show."

"How was that?"

"He took the cat."



ifty Styles

The New Ones

STOEBENER**==Man with the Shoes==**

27 PENN

EAST END

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"The early bird gets his feet wet."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss, but who wants a bunch of moss?"—Ex.

A stolid German stood watching Niagara Falls in silence. A friend said to him:

"Don't you think that's a wonderful sight?"

"Vot?" asked the German.

"Why, that great body of water pouring over that lofty precipice."

The German looked up blankly and asked: "Vell, vot's to hinder it?"—Ex.

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THE SOROSIS

VOL. XVIII

MARCH 1912

No. 6

THE TRYST

With face aglow and trembling feet
She tripped adown the path so sweet
With rose and fairy marguerite
That curtsied low.

The flowers looked with hurt surprise
To see her unobserving eyes;
With murmurings and little sighs
They gossiped low.

But when she would have hurried past
The thorny rose-bush held her fast.
"Tell me the secret that thou hast,"
It pleaded low.

She whispered, "'Neath the apple tree,
Beside the wall he waits for me."
The rose bush gently set her free
With laughter low.

—Mildred Weston.

THE GUESTS AT ROCKHILL TAVERN

"Whoa!" The host of Rockhill Tavern, slumbering peacefully by the fire, was disturbed. He hurried to the door and

opened it, the cold January wind almost taking him from his feet. Two men were alighting from a sleigh. They wore great fur coats and hats and one carried a bundle of shawls carefully in his arms.

"Quick, my good fellow, and blanket the beast," called one of the men to the young son of the house, who by that time had removed himself from the fire long enough to attend to his duties as hostler.

The guests hurried into the tavern and threw off their coats. From out the bundle of shawls came a tiny golden-haired boy of three, who seated himself on the hearth in front of the fire.

"Dinner, good sir!" called one of the men, and the white-haired old host tottered off to tell his wife and to talk over the good fortune of lodgers in January.

"Well, Master Dick," you'll soon have your bread and milk," said one of the men. Master Dick vouchsafed no reply. He had discovered the cat behind the coal scuttle.

The old host watched the men from behind the dining room door and wondered where and what was their business, and especially about the child. The men sat by the fire, talking in subdued tones and glancing significantly at the child. At length dinner was ready and as they ate they still conversed mysteriously.

"The fire's good enough for me," growled one as they left the table.

Scarcely had the child been carried off to bed by the good hostess and the men settled themselves with their pipes by the fire,—than the sound of sleigh bells and voices was heard outside.

The men by the fire jumped to their feet and one whispered hoarsely, "They've come, I guess."

The door opened and in came two people, an elderly man and a woman. The newcomer eyed the men standing by the fire.

"D I," said the elderly newcomer.

"C K," answered one of the men by the fire.

"Two thousand, I believe the agreement was," said the elderly man holding forth a dark green bag. One of the men by the fire took it eagerly and with his companion donned his hat and coat and went out into the night.

That night a fond mother held her long-lost child closely in her arms, as if fearful of losing him again. Outside the wind howled and raged. The cold was intense. The snow piled up to the roof of Rockhill Tavern.

Weeks later, when the storms and snow had subsided, a happy trio left the little tavern for their city home.

In telling about the terrible storms, the city newspapers remarked about two strangers in a sleigh, found frozen to death, and a bag of two thousand dollars under the seat.

—C. Pauline Burt '14.

A YELLOW DOG

November 27. I often thought, back home, that I'd give a good bit for a week, a month, even a year of profound quiet far away from everyone and everything. Now a brief eight weeks on my mountain top has made me long for the companionship of anything, even a yellow dog. This evening as I sat smoking my pipe on the little porch of my cabin, I felt that I'd sell my soul for a cheering word from a friend; for a hearty slap on the shoulder, a jovial "Well, by George, Hal, you are looking well. That mountain was the only thing for that cough of yours!" I am better, but not "better" enough for New York.

Up in this loneliness I feel as if I must talk to some one, and so I have contracted the womanish habit of keeping a diary. I talk to these pages as if to an old friend.

This is the first time I have gone under. I think it is due to this miserable fog which rose just after supper from

the feeble little brook at the foot of the mountain. The mist started weakly enough but soon assumed gigantic proportions. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, it put forth slender, wraith-like arms and took into its embrace every visible object. First Wacey's cabin went and with it the last link connecting me with the world. Then an arm seized that belt of woods half way up the mountain. For a moment it looked like a still, white lake spread out at my feet. Up, up, up it rose. Soon it overtook the tall pine tree at the edge of my clearing. As the mist crept up the tree I thought of a drowning man throwing up helpless arms above the waves that were swallowing him. The vapor came closer, now to my steps, now wrapping its damp, reeking folds about me. Unable to bear it longer, I sprang up and ran into the cabin and, although I built a roaring fire on the hearth, the gray spectre still followed me.

Somehow my courage has gone tonight. Will tomorrow's sunlight bring it back? I hope so—yet as I sit here with the firelight shining upon me, I have but to look up to see that sticky whiteness pressing close to my windows, and I think that perhaps after all it was useless to come up here seeking to avoid the doom that carried away my father and mother. Perhaps tomorrow—

December 16. It makes me fairly sick to read the awful nonsense which the blues can drag out of a fellow. I am sure I had them bad when I wrote first in this little book of my woes. I thought that would be my first and last appearance in the world of literature. But I'm back in spite of myself.

A week ago I got my yellow dog. He was as forlorn and friendless as myself when I met him down in the little village. He skulked along at my heels and growled threateningly when I turned to look at him. I made a fearful face and he backed away still grumbling. When I went on he followed me again. That's just the way with the world. If I had tried to coax that dog along, he would have turned and fled. He is with me now growling to himself in front of my fire. Two such bad dispositions ought to get on well together.

December 20. Back so soon again! I can imagine the surprise in the face of Miss Diary as she opens her cover and presents a clean page for my "pessimisms."

I have had an adventure! Yesterday somebody called on me. This is the strangest thing that has happened on my mountain top. People in this region shun me fearfully. I overheard a remark in the postoffice the other day which put me in my proper place, a class by myself. Just as I turned away from the window the postmaster remarked to some unseen friend:

"Queer fellow that! Comes clear in here for a paper every morning and sits on his porch reading it the rest of the day. In the dead of winter, too!" How he knew the latter detail, I do not know, for I have never yet seen anyone near enough my shack to learn my occupations.

Well, to go back—I had a caller today. I was sitting before the fire reading the inevitable paper when I became aware of a darkening over one of my windows. I looked up hastily and saw a smut nose pressed tightly against my window pane. A tow-headed urchin, about ten years old to judge from his height, stood outside my window, shading his eyes with his hand and staring fixedly into the one room my cabin possesses. I looked at him for a while. Then, as he did not move, I decided that he wanted something and was afraid to approach me. I motioned him to come around to the door and come in. He evidently did not understand for he continued to search the room with his eyes. I got up and went to the door. When I reached it he was half way down the path, looking back at me defiantly.

"Come here," I called. "What do you want?" He backed still further away and seemed to meditate flight into the brush beyond my clearing. This certainly would not do—to frighten away my first visitor! So I went back into the room and resumed my reading. Five—ten minutes passed. Then I became aware that the shadow was again on the window. I did not look up for some time. When I did there he stood in the same attitude as before. I got up, being care-

ful not to make a motion toward the door, got a big red apple from the cupboard and put it on the table. Then I went to a drawer and dug out an old penknife I had discarded as useless but kept for memory's sake, and put it beside the apple. To these I added an old leather strap with an immense buckle at one end. The eyes at the window had ceased to study the room and had become fixed on the table. I sat down and again took up my paper. Silence. The shadow disappeared from the window. I heard stealthy steps along the porch to the door. The handle rattled a moment uncertainly, then the door swung open.

"Howdy," said a voice.

"Howdy," I replied, not raising my eyes from the paper. Steps advanced a little into the room.

"Well, sir," I said, "what can I do for you?" The urchin stood with his eyes fastened on the table.

"You stole our dog," came the unexpected accusation.

I was indignant.

"I did nothing of the kind," I replied. "He followed me home of his own accord. He is a very cross beast."

Again the answer was unexpected.

"That's what ma said, so we thought we'd lost him."

"Well you did," I answered shortly.

"No, you stole him," he said, returning to the charge.

I saw argument was useless, so I pointed to the corner where the yellow tike lay unusually quiet.

"Why don't you take him?" I questioned.

"I don't want him."

"You don't!" I said, surprised. "Then why did you come here?"

"I came to see if he'd bit you yit. He's bit all of us."

I looked sternly at the youth.

"Why do you let such a dog run the streets? Why—"

"We'd lost him," he responded calmly.

"Well, I'll fix it," I said. "You leave him here and take in exchange those things on the table.

"All?" he asked. His eyes were fixed on them.

"All," I said.

He walked over to the table and seemed to meditate a moment. Finally he wound the strap around his waist, buckled it firmly, grasped the apple and the penknife in one hand and fled, evidently afraid that I would change my mind. The yellow dog came to life suddenly and flew at the closed door barking furiously. The last I saw of my friend he was tearing down the path as if his old enemy were in close pursuit.

It surely is strange how much I can make out of so small a matter. This time a year ago I would have laughed at the idea.

December 24. Who would have thought to have found gratitude in a yellow dog? Yet that is just the quality I have discovered in mine. Tonight he brought me a Christmas present. To be sure it was only a half-dead squirrel found heaven knows where this time of year. Still the sentiment is the same.

About six o'clock I heard the usual signal, a scratch on the door. I opened it; there stood Columbus (I change his name every day and today's means discoverer of worlds unrealized), a feebly-kicking squirrel lying at his feet. I took it in the spirit it was offered.

"Thank you, Columbus," I said, and took up the little creature whose untamed eyes still held the fire of the open places although dimmed with pain. I spent all evening doctoring my Christmas present (whom I have named Pete) and trying to teach Columbus that his part is done and he must not meddle with mine.

January 1. Another new year is upon me. No resolutions this time. Resolutions are for a man. I am not even half a man.

The drifts are piled half way up my window. All my world is an arctic sea which stretches and billows away endlessly below me. No sitting on my porch today. Even that poor amusement is denied me unless I dig a tunnel or cave as I did when a boy. There is nothing to do while this weather lasts. My sole amusement is in the scuffles between Boney (short for Bonaparte, whose role my yellow dog plays today) and Pete, the Christmas present. These two are dear enemies. Their chief delight is war, yet I am sure that, beneath their natural antipathies, there is love. The other day I caught the pup (he was St. Francis that day) sneaking away a biscuit from his own plate and leaving it conveniently near Pete. Pete was being punished by the loss of his dinner for stealing some of my breakfast when I left it for a moment to put a log on the fire. That sort of an enemy is not so bad. Once—What's the use? The past is forever past.

March 3. Two things happened yesterday. My yellow dog died and I received a letter. The most important comes first. My dog died the death of a hero so I cannot regret him. An old enemy from the settlement where he used to live wandered, by some evil chance, up to my clearing. The first thing the alien saw was Pete frisking around on the grass—or what would have been grass if it were summer. The stranger attacked Pete, and Pete's friend the stranger. Between them the antagonist and the rescuer, they killed the squirrel. Then, after a gallant fight, Pete's champion was killed. I could do nothing until it was too late. I buried them both in my clearing. I would like to put up a monument to that brave little pup. If he were a man I could find no more fitting epitaph than "Greater love hath no man than this." But he was only a dog.

Yesterday I received a letter. My lawyer tells me that, somehow or other, the bit of money I had put away is gone. He advises me to stay up here and work rather than endanger my life in the city. What are a few years! I'd rather go down and die among men than linger on up here on my mountain top. I cannot decide. This has been a queer April-sort of

a day, divided between fog and sunshine and misty rain. There is a star which rises first every night and shines brightly long before the others. Tonight if I see the star I will stay. If not—. Life's all chance anyway.

—M. A. Boggs '14.

AN APPRECIATION

Addison is one of the most dignified and attractive figures in the history of English letters. His gifts were not of the highest order, nor was he a scholar in the technical sense of the word, yet he was the Man of Letters of his time. His home was one of little worldly wealth, but much spiritual richness. Addison's father, an Oxford scholar, and an agreeable writer, brought his children up with a liberal education. Addison was sent to Charter House School and later to Oxford. At the latter he gained a reputation for being a close student, being at the same time shy and diffident.

When he left school he was given a pension of three hundred pounds a year by the Whig party to secure his services as a writer. With this money he went abroad and there gained that broad knowledge of life which appears in all its richness in the *Spectator* papers.

These were written in collaboration with Richard Steele, and deal with the follies and vices of the age in a humorous but telling way. The central figure of a large number of these papers, Sir Roger de Coverley, stands out in fiction as a typical gentleman, and as one of the first successful efforts at character drawing in English literature. He is Addison's truest and best creation, and those who read of his oddities and his kind-heartedness cannot but have an affection for him.

In an age generally coarse and bitter, Addison's work stands out as a shining example of cleanness, courtesy, and

good taste. His writings exerted a much wider influence by reason of their gentleness and persuasiveness than if he had followed the dictatorial style that so many reformers have tried so vainly.

The Spectator Papers mark the perfection of the essay form in our literature. They show a recognition of its resources and its limitations, a mastery of its possibilities, and an ability to use its full capacity of conveying serious thought in an easy, though authoritative manner. One of the best examples of the last named quality is found in "The Vision of Mirza."

Addison tells us that the "Vision of Mirza" is a translation from a manuscript which he found in Grand Cairo. As the writer of the manuscript, Mirza by name, was sitting on one of the hills near Bagdad engaged in meditation and prayer, he fell into a contemplation of the Vanity of Human Life. "Surely," said he, "man is but a shadow and life a dream." As he mused he became aware of a Shepherd on a nearby rock, playing upon an instrument a melody of inexpressible sweetness. When the Shepherd had finished, he beckoned to the man to approach and said to him, "Mirza, I have heard thy soliloquies, follow me." He then led Mirza to the highest pinnacle of the rock and bade him cast his eyes eastward. There he beheld a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. Each end of the tide vanished in a thick mist. In the midst of the flood stood a bridge of threescore and ten arches, besides some broken ones at the far end. Over this bridge a multitude of people were continuously passing and each end of the bridge was veiled in a black cloud. Along the bridge were many traps and pitfalls through which people were constantly falling into the tide. Only a few, and those weak and feeble, reached the broken arches and fell at last into the flood. Over the bridge hovered a multitude of birds of prey and several little winged boys. Seeing the bewilderment of Mirza, his companion interpreted the vision for him as follows:

The tide seen between the mists was that part of Eternity called Time. The valley was the vale of Misery, and the bridge, Human Life. The forms hovering over the bridge were Love and the other cares and passions of men.

Mirza surveyed all this with deep melancholy, until finally his companion took compassion on him and bade him cast his eyes on that portion of the valley towards which the tide bore those that fell from the bridge.

As he looked the mist grew transparent and Mirza saw the valley opening into a wide ocean divided into two parts by a rock of adamant. One part was still veiled in mist, but in the other Mirza saw innumerable islands covered with fruits and flowers, and inhabited by beings clothed in glorious garments. "These," said Mirza's companion, "are the mansions of good men after death. Does life appear miserable when it gives thee opportunity of earning such a reward? Think not man, who has such an eternity in store for him, was made in vain." Mirza gazed with delight upon the happy islands, and at last turned to ask what secrets lay hidden on the other side of the rock of adamant. But his companion had vanished and when he turned to contemplate anew the Happy Islands he saw nothing but the long valley of Bagdad with sheep and oxen grazing on its sides.

A SOUND

When the massive door was opened I heard a low, plaintive wail, coming from some far distant corner of the cathedral. I looked about and tried to discover whence it came. Ever the queer little sound continued. It increased in volume; the wail became a tender note of music and I at once recognized the voice of the pipe organ. The tiny note reminded me of a bird far up in air, poised for flight. It was away off in the unknown world. It was the melodious voice of an angel

carrying good news to men, with its faint sweetness, its distinct yet mystical clearness.

The delicate note burst suddenly into a gladsome, joyous song. It filled the cathedral and overwhelmed one with its divine music. The angels had descended from Heaven; they were in our midst. Now we could plainly hear the message they were bringing. The flood gates of melody were loosed; the stream flowed in with the mighty force of an ocean wave. As the tide ebbs and flows, creeping stealthily up the sea-shore and gradually receding, so the stream of song filled the air, only to go as it had come. The broad, strong notes became softer and dissolved into softer, lighter ones. Slowly the mellow tones glided toward the skies. I wished that I might detain the frail bird note as it soared from the organ, but in vain. There was one last sad flutter. It was gone.

—Virginia Morris.

RONDEAU

In the gray dusk I heard you go,
With slow, shy footsteps to and fro;
I heard your garments, rustling, pass,
Like blown wind through the summer grass,
And saw the night with radiance glow.

Beside the swaying lily row
I saw you pause and, bending low,
Your lips across their sweet cups pass
In the gray dusk.

I heard the wind your light gown blow,
I heard a night bird's pleading woe,
And by the roses' crimson moss
I saw you stop, and then, alas,
I saw you turn and softly go,
In the gray dusk!

Marjorie Gowans '15.

THE SOROSIS

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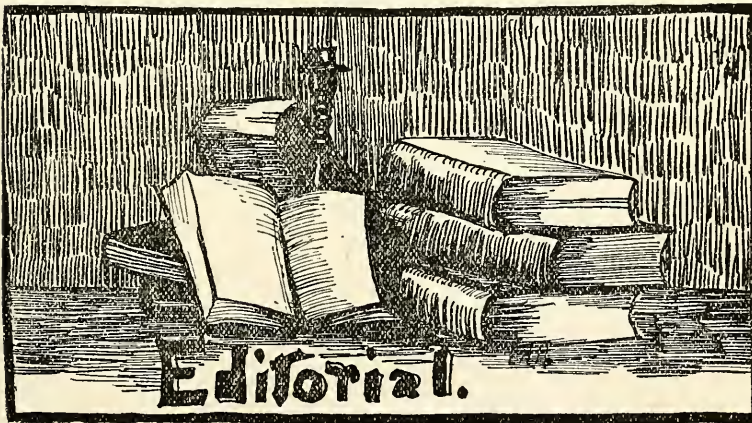
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EDITORIAL

Lent has returned. Frankly, what do you know about Lent except that it is the 40 days before Easter, and is the time when people deprive themselves of candy, or theatre-going, or some such whimsicality?

Originally the word Lent meant Spring; but as the fast preparatory to the festival of Easter falls in the early part of the year, it became confused with the season, and gradually the word Lent was confined to this use.

The length of this fast and the rigor of its observance have varied in times and places. In Irenaeus's time the fast was short but severe; some ate nothing for forty hours, between Good Friday and Easter morn.

The first mention of the Lenten fast is in the fifth canon of the Council of Nicaea, 325, chiefly referred to as a season of preparation for baptism and absolution of penitents. Fasting was also a part of the season, but not rigorously enforced. The period has varied from three to eight weeks, at different times. It generally excluded Sundays, and sometimes Saturdays also.

The chief Lenten food of the earliest days was fish. Herring pies were a great delicacy. Dispensations from fasting were given in case of illness.

Mid-Lent, the fourth Sunday in Lent, was long known as "Mothering Sunday," as it was the custom to allow girls in service a holiday then to visit their mothers. They usually took as a present a small cake called a "simmel," a sort of plum pudding. This custom is still observed in some parts of England.

MUSIC NOTES

The annual concert by the Glee and Mandolin clubs came off Friday evening, March 15. It was a great success and well attended. Miss Keys is manager of the Glee Club and Miss Stahlmann of the Mandolin Club. The program follows:

Part I

1. P. C. W. Girls.....
Glee and Mandolin Clubs
2. (a) Berceuse from Jocelyn.....Godard
(b) Kuyawiak Wieniawski
Mandolin Club
3. (a) Maynight Brahms
(b) Lullaby Brahms
(c) Serenade Strausz
Miss Jessie Palmer
4. Cantata—The Bells of Elfarnie.....Hugh Blair
Glee Club
Soloists—Miss Alice Butterfield and Miss Jessie Palmer

Part II

5. Spanish Dance Winne
Mandolin Club
6. (a) A BirthdayHuntington-Wood
(b) From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water.....Cadman
Miss Ethel Williams
7. De Little Pickaninny's Gone to Sleep.....Johnson
Glee Club
8. 1912 Medley—Arranged by Calla Stahlmann '12
Mandolin Club
9. "Alma Mater"
Glee and Mandolin Clubs

Miss Florence Bickel's recital was postponed from March 7 until March 21.

A students' musical recital was held in chapel Friday morning, March 8, with Miss Humbert at the organ, and Miss Stahlmann at the piano. Miss Grooms sang two short numbers.

ALUMNAE

The engagement has been announced of Miss Lilla A. Greene, 1908, of Amsterdam, N. Y., to Mr. Ralph T. Simmons, of Troy, N. Y.

Mrs Armstrong, of Vandergrift, Pa., made a short visit at the college in March.

PERSONALS

New girls who have entered this semester are Martha Kroenert, Helen Haines and Lucile Oliphant.

The following girls spent the evening in Woodland Hall recently: Laila Clark, Grace Wilson, Jeanne Gray and Margaret Corbett. They were guests of Marguerite Titzell, Esther O'Neill and Claire Colestock at a dinner party.

Eleanor Alston, Calla Stahlmann, Helen Haines, Ruth Blackburn and Marguerite Jordan were hostesses at the tea Wednesday, March 13th.

The Freshmen entertained Miss Lindsay at a very informal spread the beginning of March. All went off well but the ice cream; however, the girls discovered they had an after-dinner speaker of merit.

A learned Freshman recently disclosed the interesting and hitherto unknown fact that the brother of Romulus was Regulus.

The Spanish Armada has become a subject of absorbing interest to the Freshmen.

Miss B. (in history): "What did Alfred the Great do in his reign, Miss Maiden?"

Miss Maiden (thinking): "I don't just remember, but I know it was all right!"

Janet Brownlee recently spent the week-end in Latrobe with Margaret Young, a Dilworth Hall girl.

Elsa Steiner will leave April 18th for California.

Dr. Lindsay, according to his own remark, can hear foot-prints!

Noeline Hickson and Mary Gillespie visited the college recently.

Miss Maude Demmler, of McKeesport, a one-time 1912 girl, was the guest of Elsie Humbert March 15 and 16.

Mrs. Messner of Warren was the guest of her daughter Miriam, in Woodland Hall. She was accompanied by her son, Paul.

Prof. Fletcher, of Jamestown, N. Y., was the guest of his daughter, Louise, and visited a number of classes.

Mrs. Maier, of Latrobe, visited her daughter, Alice, the week-end March 15-17.

Miss Merna Stahlmann of Vandergrift visited her sister, Calla, March 15-16, and attended the concert.

Mrs. Heinsling, of Altoona, spent the week-end March 15-18 in Woodland Hall.

Miss Marjorie Blackburn and Miss Calla Stahlmann attended the W. & J. Junior Prom at Washington, March 22.

COLLEGE NOTES

There have been two lectures on the drama recently at the college. Dr. Allen, from Washington and Jefferson College, gave a very instructive lecture on "The Greek Theatre." The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon views. Mr. Bregg, the dramatic critic, spoke on "Woman's Relation to the theatre." This was an exceedingly interesting talk.

Dr. Chambers, from the University of Pittsburgh, is lecturing to the philosophy class on the science of education. Dr. Chambers will fill Dr. Lindsay's place for a month in this class.

Dr. Gibson will take Dr. Lindsay's place in the Freshman and Sophomore Bible classes for a short time.

Miss Coolidge will return to the college in April vacation for the remainder of the year.

ASSOCIATIONS

Omega

At the Omega meeting, March 7th, Margery Stewart and Eleanor Davis were hostesses. Martha Kim had a paper on Conan Doyle's "Speckled Band," and May Hardy had a paper on Poe's "Pit and the Pendulum."

Y. W. C. A.

Christine Cameron and Florence Keys were leaders at recent meetings. The Junior meeting was March 6th and took the form of a debate, "Resolved, That Foreign Missions are more advisable than Home Missions." The judges decided in favor of the affirmative, but both sides were well sustained. The Sophomore meeting was March 20th. Dr. McCrory, pastor of the Third U. P. Church, gave an address.

Der Deutsche Verein

Janet Brownlee and Anne Rutherford acted as hostesses at the meeting of the German Club March 13th. The game of "Dichtern" was the amusement. Florence Keys had a paper on German mythology.

Delta Sigma

The Delta Sigma has resumed its meetings.

ATHLETICS

The Basketball team enjoyed a trip to Westminster College, at New Wilmington, on March 18th and 19th. The game was called on March 19th with the following line-up:

Centers, Lillie Lindsay, Clare Colestock; forwards, Lillian McHenry, Pauline Burt; guards, Helen Blair, Josette Koehersperg; substitute, Ethel Williams.

The game was a fast one and, although our girls lost by a score of 23-15, they played admirably.

During their visit the girls were entertained at a tea given by Miss Torrey, Dean of Westminster College; and at a reception given by the Seniors and the basketball team. A very enjoyable time was spent by all. Miss Kathan, Miss Lindsay and Betty McCague accompanied the team.

Frequent cheer meetings were held to prepare for the game with Westminster here.

EXCHANGES

The February exchanges have just come in and we are pleased to note that they fulfill in every way the splendid promise held out in the first issues of the new year.

"His Victory," in the "Marietta Olio," a story of a mother's self-sacrifice, is not only quite interesting but is effectively managed as well. The other departments are well taken care of, with the exception of the exchange department, which appears to be given but slight attention.

Although a number of pages are devoted to the literary department of the "Washington-Jeffersonian," it contains but one story, "Gretchen, the King and the Kittens." This is, however, worthy of commendation.

We are always glad to find "The Collegian" (Grove City) among our exchanges. The number and variety of its departments make it most interesting to read.

The "Allegheny Literary Monthly" has, as usual, a well-arranged literary department. Its attractiveness is aided, moreover, by a cleverly proportioned mixture of fiction, essays and poems. This is worth mentioning because so many papers have an over supply of one to the neglect of the others. The book talk this month is of special interest. It is a review of the much-discussed Irish plays, and gives some of their plots in outline.

"The Lesbian Herald" contains two appropriate articles on Charles Dickens; one, a sketch of his life, the other a discussion of one of his best novels, "Bleak Novels."

"The Mercury" makes a very pleasing appearance, although in proportion to its other literary material there seems to be a scarcity of fiction.

The "Phaethra" is one of our most welcome exchanges. The extent of its literary department and the diversity of its subject matter is its most attractive feature.

The absence of editorial and exchange departments and the lack of fiction in the "Juniata Echo" detract from the paper.

The well-supplied literary department of the "High School Journal" is especially good this month.

An Irish girl at play on Sunday, being accosted by the priest, with:

"Good morning, daughter of the evil one," meekly replied, "Good morning, father."

A professor once suspected three members of his class to be addicted to the "translation" habit. One day when

his suspicion had become firmly founded, he startled the class by demanding, "Will the three cavalry men in the rear of the room ride forward and dismount?"

Freshie (at football game)—"Look at them in all that mud! How will they ever get clean?"

Second Freshie—"Huh! What do you suppose our scrub team's for?"

Customer—"These Louis XV heels are too high. Give me a size smaller please, or maybe Louis XIII's would be high enough."

"To him who hath shall be given, you know."

"Yes, the man who has a head gets ahead, I've noticed."

Teacher (to new pupil)—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man?"

My Little Man—"For the same reason as the hen crossed the road. You don't catch me with no puzzles."

"Are you going to send your son to college?"

"What's the use? He has absolutely no interest in athletics."

There is a little matter which some of our subscribers and advertisers have seemingly forgotten. To us this is extremely necessary in our business. We are very modest and do not wish to speak of it.—Ex.

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The New On

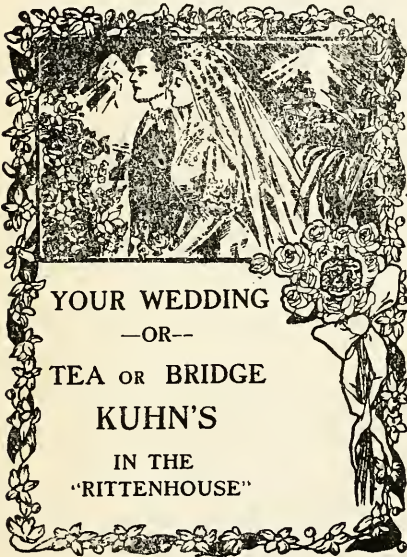
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YOUR WEDDING
—OR—
TEA OR BRIDGE
KUHN'S
IN THE
"RITTENHOUSE"

"If the pen is mightier than the sword,
what can withstand the printing press?"

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THE SOROSIS

VOL. XVIII

APRIL 1912

No. 7

A YEAR.

So soon. A year perhaps, not more!
It may be all a dream, and I shall wake ere long,
And sigh or laugh for pure relief,
To see the sunlight gleam or hear the bluebird's song.

For spring is here. All through the night
I lay awake and wondered what the dawn would bring.
I dared not hope. I only prayed to understand.
For love to me, held everything.

One year I have; one little year,
To live, to laugh, to gather roses while I may;
To listen to your music, rapt,
For I can only kneel and worship while you play.

I must not tell you yet awhile,
For all your soul is centred on one end, divine.
A melody of woven dreams,
Of beauty, passing words. Unto our love, a shrine.

You wish it for a song of joy,
And bright with realized hopes, which we should know some
day.

You say I have inspired all.
How glad I am! For even death must keep me near you
there. That cannot pass away.

One rose I found at sunset-time
The very first of spring. I'll lay it in your hand.
Upon each petal rests a prayer.
And it is wet with tears; but will you understand?

—Frances Alden Cameron.

THE WEDDING OF THE TREES.

It was a beautiful green grove, sloping gently down into a small ravine, and through this ran a pretty trickling stream, arched over by bushes and small trees. Shrubs, brambles, and viburnum with its bright red leaves, formed a tiny thicket and the ground was covered with soft moss and stone-crop. The sun shone, making long slender shadows dance upon the sloping hillside, and the blue skies were clear without a trace of clouds. Silence was over all, but for the twitter of the birds, and afar off stretched the fields, green, russet and brown.

A beautiful view indeed, but far more impressive was the scene there taking place. For this was the wedding day of the pine with the gentle birch, in their native grove. A handsome couple they were, the pine, tall, straight and handsome; the birch, slender and graceful in every motion. She was attended by her friend the silver maple, with maidenhair and peach as her bridesmaids, while the pine had as his best man, sugar maple, who could not forbear many glances at the bridesmaids and especially at his cousin, silver maple. Little osage-orange came before the bride, scattering her flowers, and tiny scrub-oak acted as page.

But now the birds began their sweet chorus and the wedding procession took their places before Reverend Oak. A soft hush arose and the black oak presented his daughter to the pine. For a moment even the birds kept silent; only the sad mother, weeping willow, wept on. Then you could hear the strong voice of the pine making the replies of the ceremony, and the gentle murmur of the birch. But when the minister pronounced, "I make thee tree and wife" the birds burst forth into joyous song. The sun which had for a moment been behind a cloud shone with renewed radiance and even the mother's sorrow was subdued. Then the guests overwhelmed the young couple with their congratulations; the elms, the lindens, the spruces, the balsams, and even the apples, a far distant connection of the pine. But the bride and groom turned to the grandmother beech, and

she blessed them. Dear, stately old lady robed in soft gray!

Then came the honeymoon, a joyous season. It seemed that every creature was in sympathy with the newly-wedded pair. Even one of a group of school girls who were having a picnic in the grove, remarked, "When the breezes come, it seems as if that birch were holding out its arms to the pine, and when the wind really blows, why look, their arms are around each other." And the pine only murmured, as his arms became the more closely entwined, "How blind ye mortals be."

But the love of this pair did not end with the honeymoon. Winter approached and the leaves of the birch began to fall. "Oh, I am growing old," she moaned. "I have lost my beauty, while you are straight and strong and handsome as ever." But he chided her for her lack of faith in him; he declared that, although winter came, summer would always remain in their hearts, and she was comforted.

But one day all this peace and joy was rudely shattered. A woodman came into the little grove and ruthless was his work. Some few trees were spared. The feeble and tottering, who would soon fall from sheer old age in the wintry blasts; but the most of our friends, including the two lovers, were cut down. And now the beautiful valley was laid bare, the trees, its chief beauty, sacrificed to the greed of man. And to complete this havoc a lumber mill was set up almost directly opposite the site of the old beech. The little osage-orange, left unharmed only because she could offer no hopes of valuable lumber, wept long and uselessly for her friends.

But such love as that of the pine for the gentle birch could not be broken, nor could they be kept apart for ever. Not many years after the separation the birch found that she was being made into a canoe. "Very well," she thought, "I can be happy no more. I may at least be useful, and perhaps I may bring happiness to some one else." But when she awoke as a canoe it was to find her seats and woodwork made of pine, and that the pine of her former mate, whom she had last seen standing so erect and firm in the grove. How can I tell of their happiness over this reunion, of their

long talks, the relation of their suffering during the separation, broken only by whispered words of sympathy, the one from the other?

But they resolved to forget these sufferings. Their joy in the present was sufficient, to be together continually, to live a life of willing service, to glide over the gentle waters. Sometimes they carried a stalwart man who lifted his feeble mother into the canoe and paddled her slowly along the shore. Then the canoe thought of the old beech and seemed to move in very sympathy. Sometimes the son and daughter of this man took their places in the canoe and paddled swiftly far out over the lake; often the lad would pretend to overthrow the canoe and provoked sudden cries of anxiety from his sister, which soon gave way to shouts of merry laughter.

But at other times the boy seemed to have lost his mischievous spirit. There was another girl whom the canoe came to know and when she occupied the seat opposite him the boy seemed to prefer to glide slowly o'er the waters, or on moonlight nights to drift idly wheresoever they were carried. "How I like that girl," said the birch after one such night. "And how she reminds me of the silver maple, poor dear, so tall and slender, and with that quiet dignity."

One night the boy had come joyously for the canoe, so that it had known by his very whistle that what was expected of it that night was to adjust its mood to the moonlight and the gentle sighing of the water. But after they had paddled quietly for some time and the canoe was at some distance from the shore, it noticed the voices of its occupants becoming shrill and angry; and then a silence arose. The birch and the pine regarded each other anxiously and they took counsel together. Finally "please take me back home and do not come near me again," they heard a sharp voice say, how unlike that of the gentle silver maple! "Do I dare," quickly interrogated the pine. "If you love me," replied the birch. Immediately the canoe tipped, then flopped over entirely. The girl uttered a cry for help, forgetting her anger in fear, but, "Hush," said a firm voice, "I can take you in." And she was borne safely to the shore.

"Well," said the pine, as the boy and girl had emerged from the water, dripping but happily unconscious of their appearance, "they have gone on and left us floating in the water. I wonder if they have forgotten who cleared up their quarrel for them." "I guess," said the pine softly, "they've forgotten they ever had a quarrel."

JANET L. BROWNLEE.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

There was once a princess. She was like many princesses that you have read about, I know, in being very beautiful and so tender-hearted that she would not harm even an insect or a groveling worm.

Princess Winifred lived in the most beautiful palace imaginable, all of polished marble, and situated on a noble hill. The slopes about it were covered with green, green grass, and shaded by lofty trees that stretched out their strong arms to shield the palace of the princess from the winds.

No unpleasant weeds ever grew thereabouts, and fortunately, insects and worms were very scarce also. For the gardeners loved the princess so dearly that they toiled early and late in her service, keeping the plantain and the nettles well out of sight, and the attendants were the deadly enemies of all vermin. They were so zealous that no bright faced dandelion ever showed its crown of dark green leaves above the ground, and butterflies were unheard of.

Princess Winifred seldom went outside the palace grounds, for they were of wide extent, and contained within their boundaries miniature woodlands and lakes, hills and cool valleys, where she might have every variety of amusement. Inside, as well as out, all was arranged to make her happy. A part of her happiness was to make her subjects happy, so she often worked for them, making gowns for such of her maiden subjects as seemed to be in need. For she liked to give gifts that were her very own in the giving. The fair walls of her palace often echoed with the joyous laughter of the children who were freely bidden to come there and play.

Many of her subjects came to her every day to tell her, as she walked through her pleasant gardens with them, how much they loved her. For from babyhood, even until now, she had ruled her people by loving looks and deeds of kindness. The faces of the peasantry grew to reflect the glad countenance of their lady, even while they were becoming careworn in voluntary service of her.

As I said, not often did she go outside the palace lands, but one day, while galloping over the hills on her small white mare Echo, she saw sunny fields stretching away in the distance, even outside the guarded gates. So she went thither to explore them.

Thatched cottages nestled beneath the shelter of friendly hillsides, bowered with scarlet matrimony vines or climbing roses. Princess Winifred had cottages such as these within her gates, but she was curious to know which of her subjects lived in the nearest one.

She rode up to the low gate, and noticed in the cottage garden the first difference between her own home and that of her subjects who lived outside the walls. The cabbages that grew there seemed blighted and the onion tops drooped.

The princess fearlessly addressed the old man bending over a row of beets, whose tops seemed to be covered with black blotches. The old man looked up from his labor and was greatly astonished to see the princess. He bowed profoundly. "Heaven save your Highness," he said.

She recognized in him an old gardener who had worn himself out in her service, and whom she had lately pensioned.

"Why, Wenzel," she said, smiling, "are you well and happy? I am glad to have seen you at home. But tell me why you bend so painfully over your garden plants!"

"Your Highness must know that the worms are very bad, and I must pick them off and destroy them each day."

"But do you not think it wrong to destroy life?" she asked him, with a shudder.

"May it please your royal Highness," the ancient gardener replied with astonishment, "when I was in your most gracious

employ, I worked day and night keeping your garden flowers and plants free from every eating blight."

"O, I didn't know," the princess replied in a breathless way. "I will send someone to help you tomorrow," she added with her eyes on the injured vegetation over which the aged peasant stooped laboriously.

She returned his grateful looks and thanks with a smile more thoughtful than usual, and rode pensively on past the little house, letting Echo take her own way. They wandered through a rolling meadow that looked strange to the princess, for the clover was choked by towering nettles, and overhung with the hateful dodder which stifles the life of all plants.

Soon she reached a hedge, along which she rode to discover a break therein through which she might pass. At last she espied a set of bars, whereon leaned a man, who gazed steadily into the meadow.

"Sir," inquired the princess when she came near, "why do you gaze gloomily into the field?"

The man looked up and made profound obeisance. "Ah, royal lady," he replied, "the weeds have choked my grass until it is useless to cut it."

"Why, I was thinking as I passed through, how pretty the field looked."

"But cattle will not eat bright weeds and my cattle will starve. I have been working all the summer on your Highness' grounds, and have had no time to cultivate my little plot."

Princess Winifred was sorrowful. "I never thought of that," she said. "But come, I will buy the hay, weeds and all, and you can purchase better. Bring yours to me when it is cut. Now open the bars for me." The man's face lighted up as he lowered the bars for her to pass.

She shortly came to a wodland walk, where wild flowers clustered in sheltered places. The way led to an open glade, and there the grass grew green and thick like that which carpeted her forest garden, except that here and there gleamed bright golden blossoms on the sward.

This pleased the princess mightily, and she thought, "A more beautiful spot I never saw." She alighted and, thrusting her

arm through Echo's rein, made her follow through the glade. The princess stooped and pulled a golden-blossomed plant from the sod by the roots, though with some difficulty, and thrust it into her wallet. Then re-mounting, she went slowly out of the wood.

At the meadow hedge the peasant waited to open the bars. Thanking him, she urged her horse into a gallop. She passed with a wave of greeting the ancient gardener who labored in his cottage yard, and reached, ere long, the well kept fields of the royal estate.

She went among the men who bent to the scythe as they mowed the ripe grass. "Is Wilhelm with you?" she asked.

They pointed to where the head peasant worked in a distant corner of the field, and one of them, with a "By your leave, royal Highness," yodelled to him. He came toward her over the heavy windrows.

On his approach, the princess said, "I have bought the hay of Peasant John. What shall we do with it?"

"I advise you to burn it, your Highness," Wilhelm said, looking dismayed, "for it will sow your meadows with weeds if we bring it in."

"Ah, yes," she assented, rather crestfallen, "I suppose it will."

She rode on, and came to her own small garden behind the stately palace where she sometimes worked on cloudy mornings. There she found the chief gardener, setting out some bulbs which should stay in the ground all the winter, and bloom the next spring before the snows were all gone. She tied the horse outside and went in.

The garden was a lovely place, surrounded by a very high hedge of roses, which now was laden with scarlet hips almost as large as apples and just as good to eat. Here grew beds of poppies that looked as though a whole drove of rainbow butterflies had alighted there. The climbing nasturtium made a transient thatch for a dainty bower, and over the gay blossoms hovered flocks of humming birds, so tame that they did not fly away at the princess' approach. Winsome pansy faces returned her smiling glances, and the mignonette and pink breathed out perfume for her.

The gardener awaited her coming beside a row of tall hollyhocks, and they bowed just as he did, upon her approach.

"Paul," she addressed him, "I have brought a new flower, which I found growing in a woodland glade. Please plant it for me beside the bower."

She held the plant in her hand toward him. He raised his palms in protest.

"O, your Highness," said he, "'tis only a weed, and many's the day I have spent, breaking my back over the like of it. It's a dandelion, and nothing else."

"I'm sure such a pretty thing is worthy of a place in the princess' garden," she insisted, "so plant it here in the corner, Paul, and let me enjoy its beauty next year."

So the weedy hay was stored in a corner of the princess' barns, and the bright weed found a place in the garden of the princess, and these two products of an afternoon of straying were forgotten.

One morning when the spring had come again, Princess Winifred granted audience to her gardener and her farmer. "Your Highness," began Wilhelm, "the fields along the road from the great gate to the storehouse are sown with weeds, which have begun to spring. What shall I do?"

"Let them grow this year," she replied, thoughtlessly. "I would have variety from the dead level of perfection around me. Now, Paul," she continued, as she settled herself more comfortably on her divan.

"The yellow flower has carried the curse of insects with it," he said gravely, "and your garden will soon be infested with pests that will destroy the life of all the plants."

"Like Wenzel's garden," she murmured, looking up with troubled brows. "Alas," cried she, "why do you trouble me with this sad tale? Can you not rid me of the creatures? But do not kill them," she added as she thought of what her words might mean to the man.

The two men passed silently from her presence with bowed heads. How could there be a harvest when weeds ran riot in the fields? How to rid the garden of the insect pests and not destroy them? It was not all pleasure to serve even so sweet

a mistress as their princess. In former years they had been able to pull every weed and to kill every insect in their separate domains, and the princess had heard nothing of it.

Some days later, the princess went into her garden, and found Paul busily engaged in pulling slugs and beetles from the vegetation and putting them into a bag. She sat down to watch him, but the gnats made it very uncomfortable by singing in her ears. The bag being full, Paul tied up its mouth and got another. The princess grew tired of the monotonous motion and looked around her. The roses, which were in the bud, were torn and disfigured, and black bugs crawled over their mutilated stalks. The sight sickened her, and she turned back to watch Paul at his work.

"What shall you do with them?" she asked involuntarily.

"May it please your Highness," he replied, "I take them in a cart at evening and dump them all over the wall into Wenzel's little potato plantation. But I am afraid many of them come back, for they seem to like your garden best. The other gardeners are busy at the insects in the vegetable garden. O, Highness, we have no more time to plant or cultivate, but only to harvest vermin."

The princess heaved a deep sigh, and then noticing that the beetles were becoming unpleasantly familiar, she rose to go.

Next morning a wood tick was found firmly fastened to the royal hand of the princess, and her attendant was an unpleasantly long time in removing the noxious thing. "Don't kill it," faintly said the princess, tender-heartedness still prevailing.

Just then a spider ran up the fair white wall of her chamber and hid behind a painting.

Princess Winifred sank on the floor in a faint.

When she came to her senses, she called for the little white mare. "I shall go riding," she announced.

She rode straight to the stile where last she had seen the peasant John, regarding his unprofitable meadow. Indeed there was a man leaning over the stile even then! But he was regarding the princess.

She, grief-stricken and hopeless as she was with the thought

of her weed and insect ridden domain, thought she had never before seen such handsome black eyes.

The young man doffed his hat. "What troubles you, Princess?" he asked in a voice suiting her mood. "Maybe I can help you."

Then out came the whole miserable story of her mistake without a thought on the princess' part as to whether she should tell it to a stranger or no. The young man seemed to understand it all.

"Let me try to rid you of these troubles," begged he. And she was very glad to agree. "May I ride back with you?" he then inquired. "My house is nearby in a certain glade," he explained with a twinkle in his eye.

The princess did not see the fox grass or the yarrow that lined the road along which they were returning. The young man told such pleasing tales all the way.

He was so much with the princess during the next days that she wondered a little when he had time to solve the problem of the weeds and insects. She did not object, however, so long as he pleased her. He told such charming stories, played enchantingly, songs that were strangely sweet to her. She saw no more spiders, and where she walked with him along the sunlit ways, there were no weeds to vex her sight. She carefully shunned the once loved, now hated garden.

"Come," he said one morning, when her troubles had been a week forgotten, "let us ride." And they went out into the early sunshine.

They had come to the woodland glade before the dew was off the grass. The golden flowers were blooming as before. There were insects but they all had golden wings, and their humming sounded like a song. They two dismounted, and walked into the center of its open space. "The world is very beautiful in spite of weeds and insects," said the princess with a smile that the man stooped low to see.

"O, my Princess," the man replied, "the world is very beautiful with you in the midst of it." He paused. She looked up to ask the reason, and needed no answer.

"I love you," he said simply, just as though she were not a princess. "I would marry you," he went on.

"I will be your wife," she said; looking at him with a radiant face. "Through you I have learned to disregard the small things that vexed my life before and seemed so large to me, for I have found a great thing—love, and it fills my life with joy."

They had so many things to say to each other that we could never wait to hear them all. But at last they rode back together to the palace, blissfully happy, and forgetful of the fact that weeds and insects were ever put into the world to vex it. And when they came to the familiar roadway, along which the weeds had formerly crowded so thickly, lo, not a weed was in sight, and the grass that had been stifled before, was beginning to feel the hope of a new lease of life.

When they came to the little garden of the princess, the man took her by the hand and led her in. Every bud that was unfolding was fair and spotless, and no trace of eating insect or caterpillar was present. Only in the withering flowers were seen the marks of their former presence.

The princess saw these welcoming changes with ever-increasing wonder.

"Can you explain these things?" she said, turning to him who stood by her side.

"My Princess, forgive me if what I have done displeases you," he answered. "My country lies not far away, and I sent for many of my servants, who came at evening and worked to kill those audacious weeds. Ever since they came, some of them have received the loads which your gardeners have deposited on good old Wenzel's land, and have destroyed them in a fire. This fire has attracted others that may have escaped. And now all are destroyed, I think, or at least the few that have eluded our negligence, will go away for very terror."

"Poor Wenzel," said the princess, sadly. "How unkind and thoughtless of him, a human creature, I have been, thinking to be kind to all God's creatures."

"O, Princess, I see you are not angry." Princess Winifred held out her hand to him.

"No, my Prince," she answered, as they walked through

the reviving garden. "But grateful for the life-lesson you have taught me. You have shown me the 'adjusted balance, while I have been trying to make an ideal land in a world that is not ideal."

FLORENCE R. KEYS.

FIN'S WIFE.

In the beginning of the third century A. D., there lived in Ireland a huge brawny fellow named Fin, his good wife Oonagh, and their infant son. Their cot nestled in a green and bosky glade midway between rocky mountains where the storm winds raged. On the north side rose the hill, Cullamore, straight and gaunt "like a huge broch," the people said, "where the good folk live." The gentler hill, Arcomin, stretched on the south side.

One morning bright and early, Fin rose, eager to be off to his work building the Great Causeway. Oonagh was not yet up and Fin became quite impatient. When he had eaten the breakfast she had at last prepared for him, he left in such a hurry that he forgot to say goodbye. "Don't ye be after forgettin' to carry the water for my bakin,'" Oonagh calls after him, but Fin was beyond hearing distance.

The baby was not yet awake, so Mrs. Fin set about her household duties. She put clean rushes on the floor and scrubbed the table and bench. She swept the hearth clean and piled brushwood on the fire. She scoured out the huge kettle. She cleaned the spit. When she had ground her meal, she was ready to make griddle-cakes. But Fin had brought no water.

The well was some distance from the house and she did not like leaving the child alone, especially since she had heard tell of good folk who were haunting the neighborhood. However, she took up her pails and went out. The child was playing in its cradle beside the bright fire. As Oonagh leaned over the well she heard strange noises in the thicket. On the way back from the well she was surprised to see some old elves in blue petticoats cross her path, although it was mid-day. She hurried

home. The cradle was empty and the child gone. She sat down by the cradle bewailing, and awaited Fin's home coming.

Fin was in a towering rage when he had heard the story and was for going out immediately in search of the child.

"Is that all they have to do," he blustered, "to be after stalin' an honest man's child? It's showin' them a thing or two, I am."

"You mustn't go out tonight," says his wife. "The good folks might cast a spell over you."

But Fin would not listen and he tramped out making the very ground shake under him. It was a stormy night. The rain came pelting down wherever there was a clearing. But it wasn't that that chilled the doughty heart of Fin. He was always stumbling up against some stump or stumbling down into some big hole—but it wasn't that either. The wild birds astray were seeking each other with shrill cries—but it wasn't that either. But when suddenly Fin came face to face in his path with Conn O'Neary who, every one knew, had been hanged the year before, he decided he would wait till the morning, and turned home.

He opened the door, went in, sat down by the fire and said nothing.

"Didn't ye find any sign of him?" says Mrs. Fin finally. "It's just like a woman, ye are," says Fin, "ye lost the child and now you expect me to find it." "Well, if ye can't find him I'll try," says Mrs. Fin. Fin sneered.

"It's your fault, it is—to be after lavin' a child alone, without thinkin' o' the danger." "Musha, my good man," says Oonagh, "I'm not to blame. If ye'd be after bringin' the water of a marnin' I wouldn't have to go for it." Fin was silent awhile. Then he tried a new direction for his scolding.

"It's a fine country this is," says he as he stamped up and down the cottage, "a quiet, dacent man can't live in pace for the good-for-nothing fairies. They don't meet a man in honest fight (Fin looked down at his huge muscular arms) but sneak around in their crooked way. But I'll be after showin' them. I'm the strongest fellow in Erin. Oonagh tried to calm Fin and at last he went to bed to rest for his task of the next day

In the morning Fin set out over bog and pasture till he came to the rocky hill Cullamore. The rock rose straight up, bare and brown. In its surface were many little crevices. "Don't ever put your head into one of these," said the people, "or it'll be the worse for you. It's into one that little Bridget disappeared seven years ago and never came back."

Fin struck the hill such a blow with his club that huge rocks fell away. "It's a bringin' me my child ye are, vagabonds," he shouted. His thundering voice reverberated through the valley but the hill rose straight and stiff. "Do you hear me, do you know who I am?" he cried. He stamped around, pulled up young saplings, hurled rocks at the hill and bellowed with rage. It was no use. At last he abandoned his efforts and sulked home. If he had made matters no worse he had made them no better. "Cheer up, my man," says his wife, "I will try my luck."

Fin laughed and went away to his work.

Then Mrs. Fin took her wool-carders and spinning-wheel and went out. She sat down on the hill-side. She turned her wheel, wound and wove singing softly:

"All through Erin and Alba too
Not a cloth compares with you
Gayer far than a petticoat blue
Scarlet cloth, red cloth
Fit for a queen—

After a while the old elves began to peep out of the crevices in the rocks. One of them came nearer the spinner than the rest and Oonagh, pretending not to see her, rose and draped the cloth over her shoulder looking down at it proudly. The elf drew nearer. Finally she ventured to ask. "Will you sell your cloth?" Oonagh looked up as if in surprise and then she says, says she. "No, I want it myself, I am going to be the finest dressed woman in all Ireland." Then she fell to admiring the cloth again. The old hag looked at it greedily. Finally Oonagh said, "I'll be after teachin' you how to make some like it if you want me to." "How long will it take?" asked the elf. "Oh hours and hours," replied Oonagh. The hag's face fell. "I'd like to learn," says she, "but you see we have a little boy in

there and he has to be fed and cared for and I can't leave him so long." "Oh, you poor creature," says Oonagh, "I had a little boy once but he took so much of my time that I could not spin; so one day I left him alone in the house and, joy and happiness, some one stole him." Then she stopped to admire the scarlet cloth. "Musha," says the elf, "didn't you really want him?" "I should say not," says Oonagh, and she began to spin again. The hag rushed back into the hill and came out carrying the baby. She thrust it into Mrs. Fin's arms and ran away shrieking, "There's your child and may the Druid make him such a bother that it's no time for spinning you'll be having." The good wife picked up her son and her spinning-wheel and went home. "Ach," she says to Fin that evening, "what good is all your strength? You don't equal me. Truth, it's ashamed of you I am."

But never a word answered Fin.

Adeline Colebrook.

THE FIRST GAME OF BASE BALL.

The Devil was the first "coach;" he coached Eve to "take first." Adam "stole second." When Isaac met Rebecca at the well she was walking with "a pitcher." Samuel "struck out" many times when he beat the Philistines. Cain made a "base hit" when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The Prodigal Son made a "home run." Moses "shut out" the Egyptians at the Red Sea. The game was "called" when the flood came, on account of wet grounds, and Noah had all the "rain checks."

M. K.

THE SOROSIS

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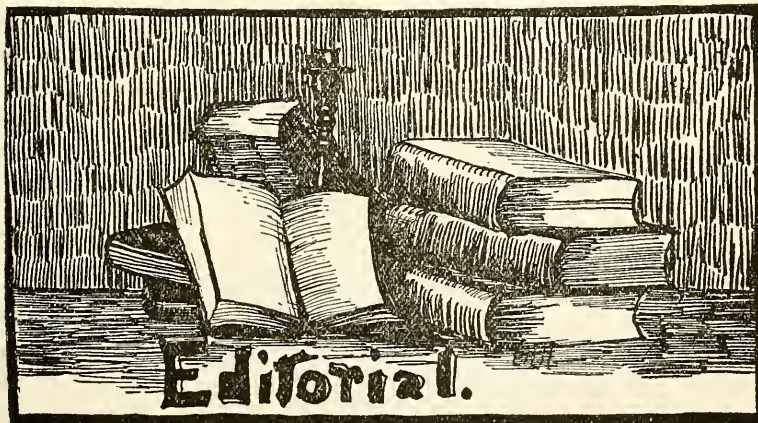
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EDITORIAL.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is often heard. How easy that sounds, but it is not always so easily done! Charles Johnston, in his new book, "Why the World Laughs" gives us some of the reasons for the world's laughter. He has

studied mirth from all view-points and its causes in all nations. He does this in a humorous way and his own remarks are quite as laughable as the instances he relates. He tells of the mirth of the Chinese, Persians, Turks, Greeks, French and English—yes, even the English, for they really do get a joke once in a while, even if it is somewhat late! He says it is wonderful how easily one can laugh in any language. One is reminded of the anecdote of the small lad who ran to his mother and said, "Mother, I thought you said Mr. G—didn't know any English at all." "No, he doesn't, my son; he is quite German." "Well," replied the son, "just now the boys were snowballing out on the street and he laughed right out loud in English as plain as anyone!"

Johnson says, "Boccaccio's stories are funny in their way, and are as broad as they are long, very much broader at times." He says of the Irishman, "Irish humor consists in the fact that it is simply the shortest and best possible way of saying something, attained by a genius for feeling and thinking two things at once." He makes a distinction between wit and humor. He says, "Humor consists in laughing with the man, wit in laughing at him; and wit is self-conscious and egotistical, while humor is natural and humane." Each one seems to come in very handily at times, though, does it not?"

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Thursday, April 18th, Dr. Payton of England lectured at the college on his work in the New Hebrides, where for many years he was a missionary and physician. His talk was most interesting and his manner of delivery delightful. We learned a great deal about the life, manners and degree of civilization of the natives of the Hebrides and also about the great work that the gospel is doing there.

Mr. Martin has been lecturing on politics of the present day in several towns of western Pennsylvania. Following is a clipping from a local newspaper:

Prof. W. H. Martin, formerly of the Wilkesburg High

School and now associated with the Pennsylvania College for Women, has been appearing recently on the lecture platform using as a subject, "What are We Coming To?" It is said that his description of political conditions in Pennsylvania is a classic, while his discussion of politics from the psychological viewpoint is as original as it is unique. Mr. Martin lectured last Thursday evening before the Brotherhood of the Bellefield Presbyterian church and the week before in the M. E. church, Slippery Rock, Pa., concerning which the correspondent to the Butler Eagle remarks thus: "Those of our people who did not hear Prof. W. H. Martin lecture in the M. E. church, Friday evening, missed one of the best that has been given in this place for years. The subject "What are We Coming To?" can in no way or adequate manner indicate what he says. He pays tribute where tribute is due, but is caustic and critical on those things which are shams instead of the genuine. His resume of Pennsylvania politics is one of the sharpest, keenest satires that has ever been given public. Prof. Martin is witty as well as wise and his illustrations are pointed and plain. The lecture was a learned and refined exposition of present conditions."

Woodland Hall gave a dinner April 12th for the House president, Hazel Hickson.

Woodland Hall Seniors entertained the day Seniors at dinner Friday, April 19th. Covers were laid for 24. The color scheme was yellow and green.

Everybody is surely glad to have Miss Coolidge back for the rest of the year.

The Freshman party was April 26th. It took the form of a "kountry fair." The girls all wore their "kountry togs" and had a good old "kountry" merrymaking.

The ornithology class is taking field trips at 7 o'clock these mornings.

PERSONALS.

Miss Root's mother surprised her by a visit during April.

Mr. Putman, after chapel exercises which he had conducted, were over: "Class excused."

A logic teacher must necessarily be brilliant but should he be required to know, "Why didn't Moses take a bumble-bee into the ark?"

The Junior den gave a "welcome-back" party for Helen Blair and Lucy Layman when they became day-girls once more.

Calla Stahlmann spent part of the Easter vacation in La-trobe as guest of Alice Maier.

Ruth Blackburn, Hazel Ritts and Alice Maier visited Nancy Collins in Scottdale lately.

And each of the Sophomores had to tell what size shoe she wore before the whole class in gym.

FRENCH GEMS.

Madame: "Well, just twist the chalk."

Translations: "The hour of glory has arriven. The captain was killed to death." "They paid the chicken 20 cents."

Miss Janet Brownlee is hereby requested to pay more attention during roll call. Two recent breaks of hers were:

In Ornithology, Miss Holcomb calling roll, "Miss Brownlee." Miss Brownlee, "Come in."

In Chaucer Mr. Putman calling Miss Brown who was absent. "Miss Brown—Miss Brown?"

Miss Brownlee suddenly waking up, "Oh, I'm here."

Madame Graziani informed Mildred Weston she might be a great singer if it weren't for her voice.

The Sophomores amuse themselves all day in the den trying on each other's hats.

The marriage of Amelia Horst, a former P. C. W. girl, to Morgan Miller, took place Wednesday evening, April 10th, at the bride's home.

MUSIC NOTES.

The series of Thursday afternoon recitals for 1912, is as follows:

March 21st—Miss Florence Bickel and Miss Susie I. Homer.

April 11th—Miss Martha Sands and Miss Elizabeth Crowe.

April 18th—Students of Piano and Voice.

April 25th—Students of Piano and Voice.

May 2nd—Recital of Original Works by Students in Composition.

May 9th—Students of Piano and Voice.

These are given in the drawing rooms at four-thirty o'clock.

The concert to be given by the musical clubs of W. & J and P. C. W. was postponed from April 26 to May 3.

ASSOCIATIONS.

Y. W. C. A.

April 10th the Y. W. C. A. was led by Claire Colestock. The meeting on Thursday, April 18th, was in charge of the Freshman class. Mr. Stevenson, assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, addressed the Association. Elizabeth Daltzell, the Freshman president, was leader.

OMEGA.

Francis Davies and Martha Kim were hostesses on March 18th. Margaret Minor had a paper on Bjornson's "Dust" and Daisy Sharp on Merimee's "Venus of Ille."

At the meeting April 18th Maupassant was discussed. Mary Keen and Beulah Pierce had papers on "A Piece of String" and "A Coward." Lucy Layman gave a brief history of Maupassant's life. Miss Atkinson and Miss Hardy were hostesses.

DELTA SIGMA.

The Society gave a shower for Miss Mabel Crowe, one of the members last year, on Thursday, March 28th, in Dr. Lindsay's home. April 24th a theatre party took the place of the regular meeting.

DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN

Claire Colestock and Florence Kingsbacher were hostesses at the last meeting. Mary Keen read a German paper. Mrs. Kupferburg and Miss Scherer, from Germany, were present. They were guests of Betty McCague at the College.

At the next meeting of the Student Government Association the officers for next year will be elected.

Our greetings to the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings on this the Fiftieth Anniversary of its organization is that of the kindly feelings and best wishes of one life long friend to another.

Our College and this institution have lived through the same difficulties, enjoyed the same years of success and our wish is that the future may show continued advancement for both.

EXCHANGES.

"An Experiment in Sociology" in the Owl is both interesting and lively. "How Patsy Came to See the Circus," is nicely written, but the plot is very obvious and resembles greatly the general run of stories written for school papers.

The Washington-Jeffersonian is good as usual. We notice that the W. & J. paper does not lack the customary spring poem. In addition to the poem, "Spring," appear several other well written poems.

The Allegheny Literary Monthly appears this month with a well written article on "Frederick Remington" and a clever short story, "A Broken Pledge." Its exchange department seems rather partial, as it devotes three-fourths of its space to a discussion of the material appearing in one magazine only. The book review is interesting as usual, dealing this month with G. B. Shaw and Arnold Bennett.

"Two Ways of Winning," (The Collegian) is the usual, hackneyed story of stolen examination questions with the regulation conclusion of the wrongfully accused boy being found innocent and the guilty one being found out. The moral is obvious, but otherwise the story is well written.

The literary department of the High School Journal is very good. The material of the poem, "The Two Conclaves," seems to us to be a trifle too voluminous for a school paper; it appears rather unwieldy and awkward to handle, as well. The other departments are up to the Journal's usual standard of excellence.

"The Courage of Patsy," in the Pharetra possesses that most essential merit of having a "different" ending. It is certainly refreshing to meet with a story in a school magazine that doesn't follow the ordinary beaten track of "examination, football, prize and prank" story, and whose conclusion can't be accurately guessed when the first three lines are read.

"Thursday, at Four O'clock," is a lively little story that is readable and interesting.

"Who was the first man, Johnny?"

"George Washington," Johnny replied.

"Have you forgotten Adam?" asked the teacher, gently.

"Ah," said Johnny, with a sneer, "if you count foreigners!"
—Ex.

Effie—"Do you think papa will go to Heaven?"

Sunday School Teacher—"Oh, yes indeed, Effie."

Effie—"Well, if he doesn't have his own way there he won't stay long."—Ex.

Bank President—"What's the matter?"

Bank Vice President—"I was just thinking. I sat next to our cashier in church yesterday, and I don't like the way he sings, 'Will they miss me when I'm gone?' "—Ex.

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked the wanderer at the gate.

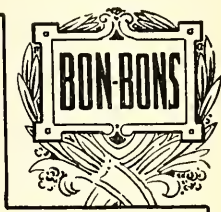
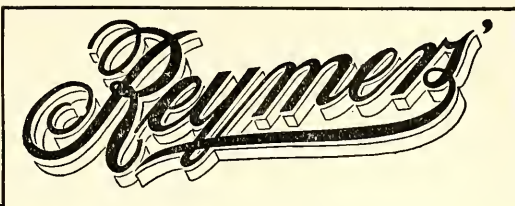
"Poor old sailor?" echoed the lady at the tub.

"Yes'm. I followed the water for sixteen years."

"Well," said the woman, critically, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it."

Then she resumed her labors.—Ex.

THE SOROSIS



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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE SOROSIS

VOL. XVIII

May-June, 1912

No. 8

LOVE.

I found a forest vista as I walked,
And at its farther end love seemed to stand
And beckon; but his face was turned away.
I could not follow just a beckoning hand.

So I turned back, and love pursued me not,
Nor did we meet until amid a throng
I heard him call me in the giddy dance,
But dared I trust the summons of a song?

At crowded streets he fluttered swiftly by
A taunting laugh still urged me to pursue;
But he was gone—I could not check a sigh,
For as he passed my longing for him grew.

And once he held rich jewels out to me—
I knew him, though his face was still concealed,
And though I met him in a foreign land,
Where hidden beauties vied with those revealed,

Still I was wary. Would love always stay,
Or, suddenly departing, take the riches, too,
And leave me poor and desolate again?
I feared to trust his gifts until I knew.

I met Love where my daily duties pressed.
He came and took my hand ere I had seen
His well-known figure, for I plied my task,
And sundry obstacles arose between.

I turned, and lo, his face was fair to see.
His lips were curving in a gentle smile;
And I could trust those eyes, and knew
'Twas he for whom I'd longed a weary while.

—F. R. Keys.

THEIR GALA DAY.

When John came down to breakfast that morning, he was aware that Rose had something on her mind. She sugared her coffee at least three times. She salted her rolled oats and buttered her egg. John observed all these alarming symptoms from behind his newspaper.

Finally he could stand it no longer and asked, "What's wrong this morning, Rose?"

"O, nothing, but a little headache," she answered evasively.

They finished their breakfast in silence. John looked at his watch, swallowed his coffee hurriedly and remarked:

"Want anything from town today?"

"No," answered Rose.

John gathered up his paper, took his hat and, kissing Rose, departed hurriedly.

Rose stood at the door and watched until he disappeared around the corner. Then she turned to the living room and throwing herself down on the couch, wept. To think that John could have forgotten this was their first anniversary. They had planned long before that they would have a real gala day on their anniversary. They would go out to lunch, then to the matinee and finally to dinner. They hadn't gone out so much since they were married, because society was rather expensive and they needed the extra money for John's new business. But they were going to forget about business this one time and have everything they wanted just for one day. But John had forgotten. The more she thought about it, the more she hated John for forgetting. She brooded over it all day until her head ached wildly.

About five the telephone bell rang. It was John. "I have a man here in the office to consult before I can get home. I'll run out and get a lunch, so don't wait dinner. I'll try to get out about eight. Good bye."

Rose hung up the telephone receiver. That was almost the last straw. She sat down to read, but the words swam before her eyes. The maid called dinner. She waved her aside, saying, "Nothing tonight, Marie. My head aches furiously."

It was rather a sorrowful little wife that John found curled up on the couch on his return home. He himself was happy. He had taken time to run around to the jeweler's and get a most wonderful little pearl necklace for Rose. Tomorrow, June tenth, was their anniversary and he had carefully planned their gala day. He had tickets for the matinee in the afternoon and for the opera in the evening.

Rose greeted him with, "O, John, how could you forget?"

"Forget what, my dear?" asked John thinking of the necklace in his pocket.

"That it was just a year today, June tenth——" sobbed Rose.

"But today isn't——" John checked himself and smiled a little as his glance fell on a last year's calendar lying on his desk. The tenth of June was encircled with a red ring. Rose had probably wanted a calendar and had found this little one put away in his desk to save as a remembrance of his bachelor days.

"Never mind, dear. Of course I was a brute to forget our first anniversary. But you'll forgive me, I know. Let's begin all over again and we'll have a real gala day tomorrow."

—Pauline Burt, '14.

A WHITE ROSE.

Tell you a story? Why, that's all I've done since I came back is to put the children to bed with stories and amuse the rest of you, while they're asleep. But I have saved one for this especial occasion, a "really, truly" romantic one, as Ilse would say; so if somebody 'll throw me a big cushion off that divan in the corner I'll begin.

It seems so natural to see you girls all tumbled up in a pile on the floor and Beth's Jap slippers, and incense burning in the fireplace. Wasn't college great, though! Why, girls, I could almost get reminiscent again—but I won't. So just be patient and let me think.

A long time ago, about two years it must have been,

we were playing Fan-Fan in some of the larger towns out west. One whole week had been a big success, but after that there were to follow a number of one-night stands, and I had a sort of premonition that something was bound to go wrong.

We started off one rainy February morning in a pouring rainstorm. By the time we had reached the station it had commenced to snow, with that sort of graceful persistency which makes you feel it has come to stay. By now we had reached the prairie-lands and the snowflakes had become a regular blizzard. In addition, it was freezing cold. We were due at Coyote Corner at five o'clock. At half-past two the snow had reached the car windows and the train gradually came to an abrupt pause. We thought at the time that perhaps they had slowed down merely to review the situation. It was funny, now that I can view the situation with a comical eye, to see them all fuming and tearing their hair, because we shouldn't get to Coyote Corner in time for dinner. You see it wasn't exactly a buffet train that we were on, and none of us had anything in our suitcases but crackers and bonbons.

At three o'clock the conductor announced that we should be detained there for three or four hours at least. They had to bring a snowplow from somewhere to get us started. The train couldn't budge an inch and they were afraid of a collision or something, though only two trains a day run on that line and on separate tracks besides.

Presently the star began to lose her self-control and scolded us all roundly. Frosini, the Spanish tenor, went into a spasm of wrath over his sore throat and belated dinner. The rest of us didn't dare open our mouths. I had some crochet in my suitcase and presently curled up in a corner of my seat and tried to while away an hour or so, but my hands were so cold I couldn't even hold the needle. It began to grow dark.

About five o'clock they told us that the train could not go on before morning. It had stopped snowing, but great drifts lay across the tracks for dozens of miles ahead. I could have cried, I was so cold and tired and hungry. Presently Mr. David, our young manager, strolled down to my seat and

opened up a rather desultory conversation. He produced a package of cigarettes and a box of chewing gum, both of which I rather naturally declined. In turn, I offered my package of chocolates, which unfortunately he did not refuse. He was worried over some business affairs, which presently he confided to me. He was to produce a rather novel operetta in the fall, which required the particular talent of a certain young woman. Her voice and personality were peculiarly suited to the role, which nevertheless she had declined to undertake. Mr. David had offered her a salary that seemed almost fabulous to me, but at the last town where we had been playing she had telegraphed a final and absolute refusal. So poor Mr. David was at his wit's end. I could think of nothing to say or do beyond suggesting more chocolates whenever the conversation lagged.

Presently an idea came to my companion and he jumped up like a boy, flinging all his cares to the winds.

"Oh, Miss Margaret—let's go for a walk and get something hot to eat. I'm nearly starved."

I stared at the man as though he had suddenly gone mad; then all at once I commenced to laugh at the idea of a hot supper awaiting us on some distant snowbank.

It was very dark outside, but only a short distance beyond both of us could discern dimly a light, shining from a cottage window. It appeared to be on the summit of a very low hill.

"Do you mean for us to wade through all that snow and climb that hill? Why it would smother us, it's so deep." Nevertheless I wished most terribly that we could go. Even while I argued against it, I was drawing on my overshoes and gloves.

"Why it isn't deep over there; the snow has drifted beneath the tracks. I can carry you, if there's any danger of your smothering. I daresay there's ham and eggs going on over there and hot coffee besides. Can't you just smell the coffee? Maybe there's pie, too. Why you're actually smiling, Miss Margaret. Come out quietly, we'll slip out the rear end of the car. Nobody's watching us anyway. Mademoiselle Lucia is too busy scolding Frosini; they're quarreling again. Fact is, everybody's quarreling but us. Just follow me,

softly if you please, your highness. Step there, and here and here. Why this snow is great, isn't it? Makes one feel like a kid again."

So we laughed and argued and floundered and stumbled on. The snow reached my ankles, then my knees and once I tripped and almost disappeared in a rather deep hole. Then we reached the hill slope and the drifts were left behind. On the summit stood a tiny farmhouse, surrounded by a circle of brush and pine trees. The track and train were almost invisible from here. Beyond, a shaft of golden lamplight streamed hospitably across the snow.

"Do you s'pose they'd go on without us?" I asked once in a while (rather timidly, for my hands and feet were almost numbed with the cold).

"Why, no, you poor child. They said there was no possibility of our being dug out for twelve hours at least. Now be your most charming self as we storm the castle gate. This is a great lark, all right. Believe me, I do smell baked beans and pumpkin pie. Here we are at the door. Where—oh where is my trusty sword? Let me knock, Miss Margaret."

He gave a couple of light blows which sounded like an immense drum. But just at that moment we heard a woman's voice, and stood back awed at the marvellous melody of sounds which flowed from her lips. The song was "Ben Bolt," and never before or since have I heard it sung with such wistful, compelling beauty. Her voice was as clear, and rich and beautiful as the chime of a golden bell.

Mr. David actually seized my arm in his amazed surprise.

"That is marvellous," he cried; "I never imagined a woman could sing like that. Why, her whole heart is in the words. Let's investigate this Jenny Lind of the wilderness. I'll knock again, for we simply must get in and find out who she is!"

A moment later the door was thrown wide open. In the aperture, silhouetted against the lamp-lit room beyond, stood a rather young man, pleasant to look upon, yet clad in simple working clothes. Mr. David at once explained the situation and implored his hospitality for supper. We were invited

in at once. No lord of high estate could have given us a more sincere and kindly greeting.

I was quite overcome by the simple, frank dignity of his voice and manner. We were at once ushered into the living room of the house, where a young woman sat, rocking a baby to sleep in her arms. She rose up when we entered and I saw at a glance that she was beautiful, wondrously beautiful, with the bearing of a young queen. The baby was as pretty as one of Grenze's dream children, and both made quite an impression on my aesthetic nature, let me tell you, before we had had even a word of conversation. After our host and Mr. Davids had given a satisfactory explanation of our rather informal call, she invited us to make ourselves completely at home while she prepared supper. A most appetizing odor was gradually diffusing itself through the room and presently we all laughed over Mr. Davids' premonition of baked beans and pumpkin pie. Then she gave me the baby to hold and I sang to it all the silly little melodies which composed my part in Fan-Fan. Suddenly there was another knock at the door and Mr. David and Ben Campbell, our host, rose together to open it.

Imagine our surprise when in walked Mademoiselle Lucia and Signor Trosini spattered with snow and wheezing and sputtering with the cold.

"Well," the latter exclaimed rather wrathfully, "What is the meaning of all this? The idea of your leaving us behind to catch our deaths and——"

Mr. David threw back his head and laughed heartily. Presently the situation struck me also in a humorous light. I rose up, laughing, and showed the baby to Lucia, trying to jolly her back into a good humor. Our pretty hostess came hurrying back from the kitchen and in her naive manner welcomed the new arrivals as cordially as she had welcomed us.

Presently we all sat down to a simple yet bountiful supper, which was devoured, even down to the last crumb of pie. I never saw such prodigious appetites in all my life.

Signor Trosini stared openly at Mrs. Campbell throughout the entire meal and Mr. David studied her face covertly and reflectively from time to time.

After dinner they persuaded her to sing for us again. This time she chose several old-fashioned melodies beloved in our forefathers' day, such as "The Last Rose" and "Annie Laurie." Last of all, she sang "Home Sweet Home." That was beautiful; but I was horribly homesick afterwards.

When she had finished, there was complete silence for a moment; then Frosini arose and, crossing the room to her side, exclaimed, "I can find no words to describe your voice save that it is divine. It is the soul of music; I stand before you reverent and awed."

Alice Campbell looked up at him with dazed eyes, her gaze as clear and frank and unworldly as those of a young child. Presently she laughed.

"Ah—do not make fun of me," she said softly, turning quite pink. Then Lucia came forward.

"Ah, Mees Cam'ell. T'at ist superbe. I marvel, I adore! T'ere is so grande one future before you, n 'est ee pas?" She bent and kissed our little hostess upon both cheeks. The latter's eyes sought her husband's in a bewildered sort of fashion. Presently he came and stood beside her, with the baby sleeping against his shoulder.

"Alice, sing for them that baby-song I like so well. I am going to lay the boy in his cradle and after you have finished we can make some hot coffee and have it sent down to those people in the train."

Then Mrs. Campbell sang again the lullaby to which we had listened earlier in the evening.

When she had finished we all chatted merrily together for a while and our host and hostess entertained us with quaint anecdotes and descriptions of their Arcadian life in the wilderness. Neither one of them was educated from a worldly point of view, but they were kindly and sincere, endowed with a strong affection for each other and quite contented with the free, wholesome life to which they were accustomed.

Mr. David meanwhile had been closely observing Mrs. Campbell the entire evening. He said very little, but I felt intuitively what was going on in his mind.

Signor Frosini's black eyes were bold with open admira-

tion. There was something almost hypnotic in his gaze, a nameless something which I shrank from whenever he looked at me. I despised him for looking at Alice Campbell in that way. Will she understand? I wondered, feeling very grown-up and sophisticated in the ways of the world.

At ten o'clock a messenger came up from the train to tell us that the passengers were all safely provided for, were very grateful to Mrs. Campbell for her kind act of generosity, and that the train would presumably leave quite early in the morning. Did the members of Mr. David's company wish to return to their car that evening?

We all rose instantly, preparing to gather up our wraps and depart. But Mrs. Campbell was very insistent that we remain as her guests until morning. After a few moments' hesitation we all agreed to stay, with the exception of Lucia, who could not get along without the services of her maid. Mr. Campbell volunteered to accompany her down to the car.

After their departure Trosini induced me to join him in an old-fashioned game of chess. We sat near the window, leaving our hostess and Mr. David in conversation before the fire. Scraps of their conversation floated to me once in a while, but it remained for Frosini to explain matters more clearly. The game proceeded rather slowly and previously arranged, that David might talk with Mrs. Campbell and that possibly Frosini might win my assistance in the cause.

"David says that she was created for the part * * * magnificent figure, charm, naivete, all that sort of thing. She's too simple, that's her trouble; lacks temperament. Wish I could jolly her up a bit. She's wasted out here in the wilderness. A sort of white rose, she reminds me of; but we cannot use white roses in New York, not unless they're rather promising. Do you think she would sing *Camelia*? It's a sort of *Salome* part, you know. We might have a great time training her to do *Salome* trills."

"I'm afraid you would," I answered quietly. "A woman who sang baby-songs as Mrs. Campbell sang tonight could not do *Salome* afterwards. The two don't fit together, somehow."

When Mr. Campbell entered, his wife ran to meet him with flushed cheeks and eyes that shone like twin stars.

"Oh, Ben," she cried excitedly. "Come over here and sit down by the fire, quick, while I tell you something perfectly wonderful. Don't say a word until we're all through. Now, Mr. David, will you tell him everything that you have told me?"

Ben Campbell stared perplexedly at his little wife, his mouth serious as ever, but a humorous twinkle dancing in his eyes. "Well, fire away," he said briefly, drawing his wife down on the settee beside him. Then Mr. David leaned forward in his chair and gave quite an earnest explanation of his wonderful plan. Frosini and I left our game and went over to the fire to listen to what he said.

"And oh, Ben," said Alice Campbell softly, when there came a pause in the conversation. "Think of what it would mean for us to have money and be able to travel and do things like other people do! And know things like books and pictures and about people. Why, Ben, I guess you could have an automobile like the one we saw in the newspaper that time. 'N' I could have a silk dress, maybe, and a pretty carriage, and we could give the boy an education, like you and I never had. Think of that, Ben!"

A sort of strained look came suddenly over Ben Campbell's face. He stared into the fire silently for a long while. Then he said quietly, "It's your happiness I want, my girl. It's only what's best for you and the boy. These gentlemen are very kind and generous in their offers to you. But they are lowering my self-respect when they urge me to permit my wife to support her husband."

At that moment I could have shaken that man's hand and felt almost honored. I glanced from him to Frosini and when I saw the expression on his face I could hardly grab my skirts far enough away from the contaminating touch of his shoes.

Well, to make a long story short, we sat there and discussed the Problem (capitalized, please notice) because it was a mighty problem, tragedy, comedy, everything combined, until 'way late in the night. Finally they decided that Mr. David should be notified in the morning, or by telegram the following evening, of Mrs. Campbell's decision. Frosini told her that in after

years she would look back on that evening as the most fatefully happy she had ever known. His black eyes fascinated the woman more than she realized, but all the while she kept her husband's hand folded about hers, and frequently she watched his face with intense wistfulness upon her own.

At length I grew desperately excited about the whole affair. I could not get to sleep for hours after I had said goodnight to the others and had climbed into an enormous four-poster bed, in a room which reminded me of Puritan days.

It seemed so romantic and interesting to be taking part in such a decisive event. I thought out wonderful ideas about Mrs. Campbell's future career. She was so very beautiful that even blase New York must recognize her as a new and refreshing type of genius and charm. In all probability she would become very famous, and before long there would be wonderful jewels, undreamed-of luxuries, everything that her woman's heart could desire. Meanwhile, could the White Rose, as Frosini had called her, retain the fragrance that had allured us so in the wilderness? Would it still hold that delicacy of charm, that exquisite purity when dragged through the dust and mire of city streets, or the doubtful influences of her profession.

All at once I confessed that I was not desirous of having her come to New York. Perhaps it was because I knew Frosini would be there—Frosini who could show her so very clearly and easily the glittering side of New York life.

Meanwhile there was Ben Campbell, honest, faithful, sturdy Ben, who worshiped even the rough boards on which his wife's small feet had trod. What was to be done with him? Could he fit into the new life which his wife had chosen with the prairie-call of his forefathers in his heart. Then, too, there was the boy to be considered. Would there be a place for him in the glittering whirl of a prima donna's career?

Would there be no further remembrance of his girl-mother than the sweet, faint memory of being rocked to sleep in her arms when he was very tiny and the whole world was a clover-sweet mystery, as yet unsolved?

Would it not have been much better for Alice and Ben and the boy if their guests had never come to the little farm house, bringing with them the unsolved Problem?

Could the future bring them greater happiness than that which in their simple way they were experiencing now?

Presently I heard the kitchen clock striking three. Then I slept for a while, but broke with a quick start of relief from the terrible dream memories that had been haunting my brain. They were certain vivid recollections of four bitter years of disillusionment and heartaches. I knew better than many other girls of my age the realization of "I told you so"; the loneliness that sends a girl sobbing to sleep in a room fragrant with roses which have marked the world's approval of her art. Like hundreds of other girls I had been warned, but had laughed and worked and gone my way. From the bottom of my heart, tho, girls, I envied every one of you back home and, happy and content with your husbands and babies. Now you understand what it all meant to me, those four years. Do you wonder that I lay awake and thought about Mrs. Campbell's future.

Well, at five o'clock, there was a soft rap at the door and she came timidly into the room to call me for breakfast. They have their meals at unearthly hours out there. I looked up rather searchingly, and saw the black shadows under her eyes, and I felt intuitively that, like myself, she hadn't slept very well. Well, I just put my arms about her shoulders, looked frankly down into her brave, serious eyes and—told her what I thought of the whole affair. You see I hadn't said very much the night before. I told her all about myself and what the past few years had meant to me. I gave her a true recital of the joys and woes of a prima donna's life. I told her that Lucia, with all her jewels and luxuries and genius and glory would surrender every one of them gladly to win back the girlhood love which she had carelessly flung away. Finally I told her what you girls already know about John Atherton and myself. And I rounded up by calling her a little fool if she didn't realize that she was at present one of the happiest and most blessed of women.

Well, bless her heart, that little lady was game all right. She just tightened the cling of her arms about my throat and laughed and cried for pure relief and happiness.

Then she ran singing back into the kitchen, and I heard her calling Ben with that note in her voice a woman has for

but one man in the whole world. Five minutes later he was whistling about the house like a boy released from school.

—Frances Alden Cameron.

THE FAIRIES.

Do you know the sky fairies
Who live up above?
They care for hurt birdlings
With infinite love.
They heal them and then set them free.
When they finish their work
And are ready for play,
They jump on the clouds
And go sailing away;
I know this is true
For a fairy one day
Sent a robin to sing it to me.

Do you know the sea fairies
Who live 'neath the waves?
They feed the small fishes
And care for the graves
Of the sailormen buried at sea.
When they finish their work
And are ready for play,
They jump on the breakers
And ride far away;
I know this is true
For a fairy one day
Sent a sea-shell to croon it to me.

—Mildred Weston.

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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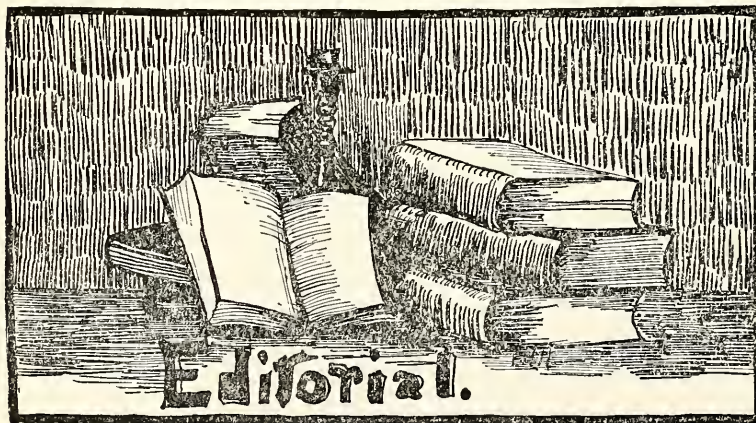
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EDITORIAL.

Again the parting knell is sounding, telling of another class ready to go forth to the mercies of the cold and cruel world! And of another staff which will have to bear the brunt of editing the school paper. In the words of the old farmer—"Friends,

we have worked hard," but we do not regret it, and only hope that the incoming staff will meet with as much success and responsiveness as we have had.

We who are Seniors take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude and appreciation for what we have learned and received in the past four years of our life. It has been a pleasure to have been here and we sincerely hope that the reminders we leave behind us will be as pleasant as the ones we carry away with us. We also hope that our future careers will be creditable to our "Alma Mater" and that she may never be ashamed of us.

We extend all good wishes to the new staff and wish them success and pleasure in their work.

ALUMNAE.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Crowe, '11, will take place at the bride's home June 27.

Invitations for the wedding of Miss Evelyn Crandall to George M. Gadsby, for June 19, have been issued. Miss Crandall is a graduate of the music department of P. C. W.

Mrs. R. G. Armstrong, of Vandergrift Heights, attended the tea given by the Misses Coolidge and Brownlee on May 28.

Miss Ethel Tassey, '10, expects to teach at the Vandergrift High School the coming year.

COLLEGE NOTES.

May Day.

The annual May Day festival was held May eighteenth. It was a perfect day and the program was most effective. The legend, "Virful du Cor" (the peak of yearning), was represented. The chief characters were Jonel, a shepherd, Martha Young; Irina, a fair one, Bessie McCaffrey; an old shepherd,

Rosemma McGrew; the mountain woman, the spirit of yearning, Grace Wilson.

“Virful du Cor” is a Roumanian legend. Part I represented the Roumanian May Day and consisted in the crowning of the queen, Miss Esther O’Neil; the May-pole danees, and the dance of the Roumanian peasants. At the end of the peasant dance Jonel stepped up and chose Irina as the best dancer in the group. Irina laughed at his words of love. Then Jonel said he would do anything for her. But Irina replied, “Thou canst not bide on yonder mountain top without thy sheep till spring!” Irina said he loved his sheep more than her.

Jonel determined to prove his love. Part II opened with him asleep on the mountain top. The clouds circled around him and begged him to forget the valley and come to live with them. The girls who represented clouds were dressed in gray and had large white veils in their hands. The clouds grew darker (changed their white veils for black) and lightning (Miss Mildred Nicholls) flashed. Then the rainbow girls came and later the stars. Jonel remained on the mountain top all winter. At length spring (Miss Harriet Haskell) came bringing the flowers and the tree nymphs; then water spirites were heard dancing among the trees. Jonel knew it was spring and rose to blow his shepherd’s horn, but fell down dead.

On Tuesday, May 28 Miss Coolidge and Miss Brownlee gave a tea in honor of Miss Skilton and Madame de Vallay. All the present and past students of Miss Skilton and Madame de Vallay were guests. The Seniors and Juniors of Woodland Hall were aids.

On Friday, May 24, the Sophomores were entertained by Miss Root at Woodland Hall. The same day Miss Lindsay gave a party for the Freshmen.

Senior Affairs.

Mary Gray entertained the Seniors at a “500” party.

Daisy Sharp, Eleanor Davis and Francis Davies gave a luncheon for the class at McCreery’s, May 4.

On June 1 the Seniors were initiated into the Decade Club III of the Alumnae.

On May 30 the Sophomores gave a theatre party for the Seniors at the Alvin. The play was "Madame Butterfly."

The class luncheon was held Tuesday before commencement at McCreery's.

On Wednesday Dr. Lindsay gave a dinner for the Seniors at his home.

Junior Affairs.

The officers of the Junior class—Lucy Layman, Christine Cameron, Florence Keys and Laila Clark—entertained the class at Laila Clark's home. Red and white tissue paper was provided with which the guests modeled hats. Jeanne Gray won the prize for the prettiest and Claire Colestock for the most peculiar.

Mrs. Early, of Murray Hill avenue, gave a very prettily appointed tea for the Juniors.

Miss Butterfield, the honorary member, gave a luncheon on the campus for the class Monday, May 27. Mr. Godfrey was present and entertained the girls with funny stories.

The last Friday of school the Juniors gave a picnic for the Freshmen.

The annual lecture of the Alumnae Association was by Dr. Paul Pearson, of Swarthmore College, May 15. He gave readings from the works of Eugene Field.

Dr. Hodge, of Clark University, gave a very interesting talk on "Flies" in Assembly Hall, May 22.

A most enjoyable affair was given May 22 in the form of a MacDowell program. Miss Coolidge was the speaker. Miss Fisher gave a number of MacDowell's works at the piano and Madame Graziani sang three MacDowell songs.

The undergraduates of Woodland Hall gave a dance for the Seniors in Woodland Hall, Friday evening, May 31.

ASSOCIATIONS.

Y. W. C. A.

At the last meeting the officers for next year were elected. They are as follows: Claire Colestock, president; Marguerite Lambie, vice president; Olga Losa, secretary, and Margaret Brown, treasurer.

Helen Blair and Claire Colestock were chosen to be the P. C. W. delegates at the annual Y. W. C. A. convention at Eagle's Mere.

Omega.

Janet Brownlee and Marguerite Lambie were initiated at the last meeting.

Delta Sigma.

The officers for next year are: Helen Blair, president; Christine Cameron, vice president; Grace Wilson, treasurer.

Claire Colestock, Jeanne Gray, Phoebe Knight and Marguerite Mac Burney were initiated.

Der Deutsche Verein.

On Wednesday, May 22, the following girls were initiated: Lorna Burleigh, Mary Estep, Marjorie Gowans and Adeline Colebrook.

Janet Brownlee will be president next year.

PERSONALS.

At a party given to the Juniors by Miss Laila Clark the engagement of Marguerite Lambie, '13, was announced to Mr. Robert McQuilkin, of Philadelphia.

Miss Elizabeth Crowe's engagement to Mr. Harry Shultz has been announced. The engagement will terminate in a June wedding, the same day as that of Mabel Crowe, '11.

Miss B.—“What was the Salic law?” History Class in Unison—“No woman nor descendant of a woman could hold the throne of France.

Mr. and Mrs. Maier, of Latrobe, were the guests of their daughter, Alice, on Decoration Day. They were accompanied by their son, Louis.

There was a great number of guests at Woodland Hall over May Day—Mrs. O'Neill and son, Carson, of Altoona; Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Townsend of Apollo; Miss Merna Stahlmann, of Vandergrift; Mrs. Maier, of Latrobe.

Dr. and Mrs. Stahlmann, of Vandergrift, attended the W. & J.-P. C. W. concert May 3.

MUSIC NOTES.

The joint concert by the musical clubs of Washington & Jefferson Callege and P. C. W. was a great success—musically, socially and financially. The boys were entertained at dinner in Woodland Hall and a short dance was given after the program. A unique feature was the combined clubs in singing the “Alma Maters” of both schools.

The annual commencement concert by the advanced music students was given May 24. The program follows:

Program.

Organ: Nocturne.....Russell King Miller
Miss Elsie Humbert.

- Hear Ye Israel (Elijah)-----Mendelssohn
 Miss Helen Grooms (Miss Humbert at the Organ).
 Scherzino (Opus 26)-----Schumann
 Chorus and Dance of Elves-----Dubois
 Novellette, No. 5-----Schumann
 Miss Calla Stahlmann.
 There's a Voice (Barber of Seville)-----Rossini
 Miss Jessie Palmer.
 Twilight -----Susie Homer
 Sunrise -----Whitmer
 Polonaise -----MacDowell
 Miss Susie Iona Homer.
 Songs: May Morning-----Denza
 The Lass with the Delicate Air-----Arne
 The Lark Now Leaves Its Watery Nest-----Parker
 Miss Ethel Williams.
 Organ: Slavonic Cradle Song (Arr. by Rogers)-----Neruda
 Fanfare -----Dubois
 Miss Ionia Smith.
 Idyl of Murmuring Waters-----Brockway
 Gigue -----Lulli (1633-1687)
 Allegro }
 Adagio } from Suite in G minor-----Mildred Weston
 Novellette in B minor-----Rimsky-Korsakoff
 Miss Mildred Weston.
 Aria from "Il Re Pastore"-----Mozart
 Miss Martha Sands.
 (Violin obligato by Miss Bender.)
 Waltz in A flat-----Chopin
 Concert Etude in F sharp-----MacDowell
 Miss Elizabeth Crowe.
 Sayonara -----Cadman
 Misses Mary Walton and Louise Orr.
 Organ: Prelude et Cantilene-----Rousseau
 March in E flat-----Faulkes
 Miss Helen Stuckslager.

Summer -----Chaminade
Miss Elizabeth Orr.

A concert was given by the Mandolin Club at the Soho Settlement House Thursday evening, May 23.

Exchanges.

We regret that with the closing of the school term we must say farewell to the exchanges we have received this year. We have enjoyed every number that came to us and have received many profitable hints from them. We hope the pleasant acquaintanceship may be renewed next year.

The Fortunate Isle in the Washington-Jefferson is well worked out.

The Dilworthian is well gotten up and presents a very attractive appearance.

The *Lesbian Herald* has several attractive articles. "The Phantom" is very good, as is also the resume of life during the French Revolution.

The *Mercury's* literary department is good this month, though there is a preponderance of non-fiction in the material. The exchanges are well taken care of.

The *Allegheny Literary Monthly* has a number of well-written articles. The one on "Academic Insignia" is of especial interest. The "Book Talk" is on Benson.

The Juniata Echo contains an interesting little story this month, called "The Perfect Melody." *The Echo* seems to have dispensed entirely with an exchange department.

The *Journal* has a number of clever cuts, an illustrated story and well-executed cover, done in black and white. These, with the large literary department, make the paper most attractive.

Some people would be mean enough to pawn the Golden Rule.—Ex.

If marriage is a failure, why is the average widow so persistent?—Ex.

There is a volunteer fire department at Vassar composed of the girls.—Ex.

I lost a fine umbrella today.

How's that?

I found the owner.—Ex.

Some men come to college to learn,
Some to get an education;
And others because it's the only way
To get into the University Club.

—Ex.

There are 480 colleges and universities in the United States having a total enrollment of 320,000 students.

Teacher—"Use indigo in a sentence."

Pupil—"The baby is indigo cart."—Ex.

"Do you keep coffee in the bean?"

"Upstairs, madam, this is the ground floor."—Ex.

She (playing piano)—"How do you like this refrain?"

He—"Very much. The more you refrain, the better."—Ex.

Mary has a little dog,

It is a noble pup,

It stands upon its front legs

If you hold the hind ones up.

—Ex.



Vol. XIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1912

No. 1

AT THE END OF SUMMER.

Oh! I wish that I might go
Where the golden lilies blow;
In among the weeds and sedge,
At the quiet water's edge.

There I'd take my little boat,
And away I'd softly float,
Past the mellow meadow land,
Stretching wide on either hand.

Past the orchard, past the lane,
Past the fields of wind-blown grain;
Underneath the river wall,
Where the wet vines droop and fall.

Past the villages and towns,
Past the frowning murky mill
Where the river sluggish grows,
Choked and loathsome as it flows.

Then at last straight out to sea,
Where the white sails, dancing free,
Dip behind the line that lies
Where the ocean meets the skies.

Marjorie Gowans, '15.

“ANTI.”

I could almost wish that mine had been the happy task, tonight, of toasting the President of our Alumnae Association, for in no one else have I ever encountered such a marvelous combination of temerity and tact. What rash courage must have been hers when she wrote that first note asking me to speak to you tonight! Then, even as I pondered upon that which seemed most impossible, a second communication, almost as a postscript to the first, reached me, saying, “We take it for granted you accept, and, of course, we will not expect you to say anything either serious or convincing.”

While I could not feel particularly flattered, her seeming eagerness was pleasing, and even excited a mild curiosity; but, when I talked with her the following week, and remembered a recent experience in Sabbath school, light came to me—and with it great understanding. At Sabbath school one of the officers requested me to teach a class of which the regular teacher was absent. I had not prepared the lesson with the idea of presenting it to others, so I suggested that he try to find someone better fitted for the task. Looking at me in some astonishment, he exclaimed, “Of course I asked everyone I could think of before I came to you.” Naturally, being the last straw, I couldn’t let him drown.

I am quite sure, too, of our President’s sincerity in saying she would not expect me to say anything convincing, for in suggesting that I speak affirmatively on the Suffrage question she did not once ask me my own opinion upon the subject, or whether or not I had any.

As yet, I have not been convinced that universal woman’s suffrage would be the best thing—but then, neither do I approve of universal male suffrage, and I cannot help but feel that had I been present at the framing, or even the amending, of the National Constitution, it might have been vastly improved. It seems a pity that Martha Washington, Dolly Madison, or some other of the wives of the members of that Constitutional Committee, should not have “happened in” at the critical moment.

But, while unconvinced as to the real advisability of uni-

versal women's suffrage, there is no other thing that arouses within me such violent animosity, or belligerency of spirit, as to hear someone try to argue, or even casually intimate, that women should not vote—either because of some intellectual inferiority or domestic environment. It is not the arguments in favor of suffrage that appeal to me—it is the utter inanity of the arguments against it that illumine the subject; and, lest you be misled by that little word “Anti,” given as my subject, let me hasten to assure you that it in no way means anti-suffrage, but anti anti-suffrage.

Suffrage for women can never be discussed at any length, anywhere, with anyone, without the bringing forward of that “faded and worn, tattered and torn” argument in regard to domesticity being the right and natural sphere of woman. I presume she should look forward to life spent as a fireside companion as supreme bliss, but did you ever think that most of the arguments advanced along this line apply equally well to cats?

When Petruchio accused Hortensio's wife with having made her husband afraid of her, she gave us a world-wide truth when she replied, “He who is giddy thinks the world turns round.” The well cared for matron, whose limits of mentality are reached in the perfect management of her own household, and whose brilliancy is shown in her being able to think her husband has no higher ambition than the execution of her every desire, can exclaim, “There is no need for women to vote—let them influence their husbands, train their sons, and thus work their will upon the ballot.” Ideal thought! But the first step to emancipation, then, must be to get a husband, and, from experience I'll testify, “'tis easier said than done.” Jacob's years of servitude for the wife of his choice seem but a flitting moment compared with the weary, anxious hours some of us have been compelled to spend in entrapping a husband.

This reminds me of an incident that occurred down in Ohio last summer. A band of gypsies had encamped near the little town, and, daily, beggars went from door to door. One morning one of the women entered a store near the door of which stood a friend of mine. The gypsy woman told a

most pathetic hard luck story which centered about the possession of a paralyzed husband. Martha listened until the woman had finished, and then exclaimed, "How much better off you are than I, for I have never been able to catch even a paralyzed one!"

One is able more clearly to appreciate the horrors of a wreck if present one's self, and numbers scattered over a vast territory do not have the same significance as if confined to a limited area. So from the great number of intellectual women scattered over our United States, I took the most intellectual, the best trained, as well as the most attractive body, and I found that while some of us have succeeded, yet 47 7-86 of our Alumnae have not yet taken this first step toward political influence. It doesn't seem quite just, does it, that these women, with trained minds and high principles should be deprived of a voice in the making of the laws to which they must yield support and obedience, just because they have found some good reason for not attaching themselves to a masculine mouthpiece?

Then, according to this much used argument, the aspirant to political power must have many sons. The law says these sons must be twenty-one years of age before they cast their first vote—the same law says we should be twenty-one before we marry. Isn't that a cheerful outlook? First, twenty-one years at least spent in making ourselves attractive, training our minds and intellects, so that we may be the intellectual equal of anyone—even though it be a man—all in order to catch a husband, then, since he might not always vote just as we say, we start in on another twenty-one years or more training the political views of our sons in order that, ultimately, we may influence the political history of our country. Small wonder if some grow so weary towards the last that they forget the great and splendid benefits they are to derive through the ballot box!

Our uneducated immigrant spends far less time and effort and has more consideration shown him in his struggle to become an American citizen!

That was a biting bit of sarcasm that appeared in a recent issue of the "Literary Digest": "In Philadelphia, a judge having pronounced a man brought before him a most

undesirable citizen, reduced him to the same plane of citizenship as that occupied by Jane Addams, Florence Kelly"—and Miss Coolidge!

There are so many—and I find among them a number of men whose idea—no, whose ideal—of home, is a place where they can eat a great deal and stay as little as possible, who greatly fear that political interests would tend to lessen a woman's ability in the more feminine arts. On the contrary, woman would be far more apt to carry her womanly arts into the contest with markedly good results. In confirmation of this, permit me to quote from one of our recent dailies: "On Wednesday morning, May 29, there will be a cake sale in the Equal Franchise Federation headquarters, 7101 Jenkins Arcade, for the benefit of the Ohio campaign fund."

Compare that method of raising a campaign fund with the one of assessing the poor, underpaid employee of which we hear so much today!

It was more than fifty years ago, says the Youth's Companion, that Horace Greely, in arguing the question of suffrage with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, made the statement that the ballot and the bullet go together. "If you wish to vote," said he, "are you ready to fight?" "Certainly, sir," was the reply, "I am ready to fight just as you have fought—with my pen."

It seems a bit inconsistent, when one considers the appalling illiteracy of a great mass of the male voters, to hear a man argue, as did a brilliant lawyer recently, in a conversation with Mrs. Robert S. McKee. "It would be all right," he said, "if only the educated and brilliant women went to the polls, but there could be no benefit in giving the vote to the uneducated woman who does not understand public questions. Imagine your cook's voting and attempting to solve the great issues of today." "As it happens," was the response, "he does."

The opponents of women suffrage are seemingly most fearful lest in our endeavor to understand public issues and vote intelligently, we all fall victims of "brain fag." Do they stop to consider that nine-tenths of the women who are

today supporting themselves—and, perhaps, not only themselves, but one, two or three others—are earning, or at least are being paid, from one-third to one-half less money than the man doing the same work, and that, not only so, but with this handicap they make a better appearance and save more money? Do they stop to consider that where in almost every business there are many departments each presided over by one trained for that particular branch of service, in the home—the ordinary household—of which a mere woman is the head, one person, that woman, must be a financier, a purchasing agent, a legal advisor, an employment agency, an auditor—she must constitute President, Secretary and Treasurer, Executive Board and Social Committee, and quite a few of us are compelled to manage our own associated charities and maintain a private order of improvement of our own poor. Do all these things require no business ability, and do these things call for no expenditure of brain power? I am of the opinion that women who can accomplish these things can vote quite as understandingly as the ordinary business man—and not succumb to nervous prostration either.

Then there is our friend who always considers our valuable time. How could women find the time to vote? I wonder how we do find time to visit the bank, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, to keep in touch with the public schools, to do our part toward public charities, to maintain an interest in civic conditions, to do the multitude of things we must do if we have the welfare of our families and homes at heart. Does it then take so long to vote? Does the business man close his office, or postpone any really important or advantageous engagement in order to cast his ballot? I believe that, given the opportunity, we might find the time.

But, Oh! who, then, will take care of the children? Another appalling argument. Since we do not have to go to the national capitol to cast our ballot, and our time of absence from home needs be but limited, why couldn't we have another cake sale and employ a sufficient number of nurse girls to look after the children of each precinct while the mothers went to vote? It wouldn't cost any more; no, not as much, as the present day politicians spend upon carriages

and automobiles to haul to the polls the aged, the decrepit, and, too often, the imbecilic voter. Of course, upon our return, we would send the nurse girls to the polls!

Perhaps we women would be perfectly content to assume the clinging vine and sturdy oak attitude so emulated in song and story, had only the oaks remained sturdy. But so many have failed to maintain their upright carriage, so many have developed bent and gnarled branches, and some beneath a pleasing exterior hide a decayed and worm eaten center, showing they would prove but poor support and protection to the clinging vine, and before the buffeting winds of some mighty storm the oak is liable to fall, bearing with it to the earth the tender vine. Is it any wonder, then, the vine wishes to sink her roots deep into the earth, drawing forth the best possible sustenance to change her clinging tendrils into strong branches, to prove herself strong enough to stand alone if need be—even more, to be able to infuse some new life into the decaying oak?

To be perfectly frank, however, I believe the chief, and perhaps the only real reason that many men object to our entrance into their political life, is that they dread having us fully realize what a miserable failure they have made of the power, possibilities and opportunities that have been theirs. They know full well that these failures will appear no less when measured by the higher ideals and loftier principles and the steadfast, unwavering purposes of the feminine politician. They really do not consider us so inferior, nor so incapable, for conditions in that respect do not differ much from those in 400 B. C., when Aristophanes wrote:

“They are always abusing the women
As a terrible plague to the men;
They say we’re the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again.
Of wars and quarrels and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may;
And pray, then, why do you marry us
If we’re all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,

And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking Heaven
That your Plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting,
"Where is my Plague today?"
If a Plague looks out of a window,
Up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides, they all keep staring
Until she looks out again."

Jane DeVore Porter.

CIRCUS DAY.

It began with the posters which you saw flaunting their lurid charms on the billboard across from school.

There was one in particular where a gay, fairy-like child blew kisses from the back of a prancing white horse, which charmed you from the very start. You glanced from the picture down to your sensible blue dress and your stubby little shoes, and sighed deeply at their dusty commonplaceness. Then you read her name, inscribed in brilliant red characters overhead—"Mademoiselle Florita." What an adorable name! If she were part of the circus that was coming the following week then you surely must go, somehow. It would cost you fifty cents, and in your "chiny-bank" as Irish Lizzie called it, rattled three silver dimes. Still where there's a will there's generally a way, and while you rescued L'il Brother from the perilous edge of his baby carriage, you made up your mind regarding the way.

Irish Lizzie was going with her "young man," whom you considered wonderfully generous and kind. She spent the sultry spring evenings preceding the event sewing innumerable ruffles and lace upon the dazzling pink creation which she was to wear to the circus. You held up a scrap of the material for mother's inspection.

"Could I have a dress like this sometime, it's so lovely!" you pleaded, watching the girlish fun creeping into her eyes. "I could wear it. oh! lots of times, you know, mother, and right now I need a new dress for the circus. Everybody dresses up for the circus, Lizzie says, and Daddy has promised to take us if we are very good."

"How good?" queried mother gently. "O week-before-Christmas good," you laughed back, fingering the rosy silk. "Could I have a dress like that, mother, dear, if I'd mind L'il Brother every afternoon for a whole month?"

But mother was quite obdurate sometimes, you learned, and the most she could promise you was a new hair ribbon for your best white dress.

So you wheeled L'il Brother to sleep in his carriage every day when school was dismissed, and every night when you shook the "chiny-bank" a new member added its merry "clink-clink" to the song which the dimes sang.

And Irish Lizzie ironed your white dress so perfectly, that when you looked down on the snowy heap of crispy ruffles and the rosy grandeur of your new ribbons, you felt quite resigned to the loss of a new gown.

The day of the circus dawned at last. Very early in the morning you rose up softly and crept across the room to the window sill. Overhead the birds were chattering gaily in the tree-tops; the sunlight played hide and seek with the long shadows on the grass. Down the shady avenue rumbled the last of the circus vans, and turned in the direction of a deserted field. You felt a sudden, joyous thrill of anticipation and immediately roused the sleeping twins with wonderful tales of the glories which their childish eyes were to witness that day.

Breakfast was of course a mere form to be dispensed with as soon as possible. You rushed away to school by the longest way, which, needless to relate, led past the circus field. There you were joined by many other starry-eyed companions, quite as breathless as yourself. They had actually seen Mademoiselle Florita clinging to her mother's hand as she left the wagons for the dressing tent. She had smiled at them too, in a shy, sweet manner and seemed so tiny and frail and tired, that

Cicely said she just longed to run and ask her to come out and really play with them for a little while.

"She's the champion rider of the world," you quoted proudly as if the little Mademoiselle were a personal friend, "and Daddy is going to take us to see her this afternoon."

At once you became the center of attraction to your less favored companions.

"You are really going?" they exclaimed enviously, "My! but I wish I were too!" "Well, but you see I earned my ticket all myself," you explained generously. "But Daddy says we have all been good, and we didn't see a single one ever before, and you have, lots of times. So I'm going, I'm going; and I'm so happy I could sing for joy!"

Finally the hours crawled by until noon time, and from the school steps you saw the gorgeous parade marching by; you heard the entrancing music with its Piper of Hamelin lure; you saw the saucy painted clowns waving their impish hands to a row of frowning professors; and the riders, clad in gilded raiment such as princes wore. Oh! it was wonderful! It was like an enchanting frontispiece to a new and long anticipated story.

At one o'clock you all departed; Father, the twins in their fresh little blue uniforms, and lastly a fluffy skirted little lady who was yourself. Under the wide brim of your sailor hat, you stared out into a world rosy with the glow of romance.

The distant music came slyly forth to greet you, haunting with the throb of tom tom and the monotonous wail of the calliope; the fragrant moist odor of the tan bark ring; the rumble of Roman chariots, the wierd shrieks and uncanny roars of strange, foreign animals, the glitter and tinsel and laughter, all seemed like the chaotic fragments of a fantastic dream. But you loved it all. The twins laughed and shouted with merriment, cramming down peanuts and rosy popcorn. You sat very quietly, staring hard with awed and fascinated eyes. Then Florita came into the ring, and all the other glittering lights vanished before the tiny radiance of this one little star. She was a fascinating little creature, if the truth be told. Quite, quite young, merely a child in years and fully

as beautiful, you thought, as the poster you had so ardently admired. You were glad, however, when her act was finished, and you could rest back in your chair and draw a long breath again.

You felt sorry for her because her eyes were so very tired at times, and once she slipped and bruised her thin little arm against the iron bound stake beside the ring. But when they applauded, you were glad when she laughed back the shadow from her face and then you envied her beautiful dress and the marvelous position of "first rider of the land."

The trained animals bored you and you trembled for the fate of your pussy cats when the twins should begin to practice upon them next day. Then came the races which were gloriously run, and with a final blare of trumpets and crashing of a dozen drums, it all ended. You rose with the crowd which was surging toward the entrances and clinging to Father's coat with one hand, you dragged one of the twins who clamored loudly for pink lemonade, out into the cheerful light of day once more.

Dreamily you lingered over your supper that night, then excused yourself very softly and went to the verandah where it was possible to catch will-o'-the-wisp strains of circus music. The shadows lengthened across the fragrant garden; overhead the birds sang sleepily to their tired nestlings. Upstairs at the nursery window L'il Brother was being rocked to sleep, and the twins were telling grandmother wonderful though somewhat confused accounts of what they had seen that day.

Irish Lizzie, a rosy vision of new gown, new hat and joy-lit eyes departed with her very proud "young man" in the direction of the circus lot. You felt that your heart lay in that direction, too.

Then came Father's step at the door, and Father's hand resting caressingly on your tumbled hair as he said, "Have you forgotten, daughter mine? Run and get your sailor hat. It's prayer meeting night, you know."

Frances Cameron, '12.

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

The Staff

Florence R. Keys, '13.....	Editor-in-Chief
Florence Kingsbacher, '13.....	Business Manager
Adeline Colebrook, '14.....	Literary Editor
Marjorie Gowans, '15.....	College Notes

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This year the Sorosis comes to the girls of P. C. W. a month earlier than has been customary in recent years. The September issue brings to each loyal daughter of our Alma Mater a welcome to the familiar classrooms. To those who have hitherto been strangers here, we give a hearty greeting. Soon you will love our college as much as her most faithful Alumna loves her; you will work to keep up her high standard as earnestly as any busy Senior is working now. Then you will wonder how the college ever existed without you—for you will seem so necessary in the scheme of things.

And do you know, the best way to attain this blessed state of mind—and this is for old, as well as new students—is to begin at once to shoulder the responsibility which belongs to each college girl. “It is the student that makes the college.” Most of us have heard that so often that it has become an adage. Yet how true it is that every individual is an important factor in making school machinery run well.

The sooner the work is undertaken the easier it will seem, and the more real pleasure can be derived from it. Lessons must be studied—that is the first responsibility—and classes faithfully attended. Our main aim must be kept in mind.

After that come the interests which we call the “outside things.” The Y. W. C. A., the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, the Dramatic Society, der Deutsche Verein, the Athletic Association and every other college organization needs the support of the students. These depend on the girls for their very being. We want them all to live and flourish, for without them college would not deserve the name. Let each girl embrace, outside of recitation, the recreations she most enjoys, and be a worker for them. Then they will surely be successful.

The Sorosis will, if it has the interest and aid of its readers in the matters of subscriptions and contributions, give to them in return the news of the college, and plenty of bright literary material. That is its share in making this a successful year for P. C. W.

This first number has been especially given over to the Alumnae. Herein you will find articles, news and notes written by your old friends. Let the Sorosis give you a revived interest in your Alma Mater, if you need it. This is the month when one feels inclined to look back over happy times. Remember your college days and let the Sorosis help you to keep in touch with those who take your place.

This number of the Sorosis is one in which the girls have helped in a most generous way. It shows, we think, the re-

sult of co-operation. Never before have the editors been able to gather such a number of live news items. We rely on the students to keep up the work so admirably begun.

Short Story Contest!

Next month the particulars of the annual Short Story Contest will be announced. Girls, get your creative genius to working and be ready to contribute a story.

Commencement Week.

Senior Week of the Class of 1912 was a very busy and most enjoyable one. As the last copy of the Sorosis went to press too early for many particulars, they will not be out of place in our opening number this fall. The first event of Commencement was the Music Recital of the advanced students, which was well attended, and greatly enjoyed.

On Tuesday before Commencement the class luncheon was given at McCreery's. The decorations were in the class colors and there was an abundance of gaiety and wit, making the entire affair very delightful upon the occasion itself and to call back again in memory. Eleanor Davis gave the History, and Frances Cameron the Prophecy. Florence Bickel was giver of keepsakes, and Lillie Lindsay presented each girl with a significant and appropriate flower. The same evening Miss Coolidge was hostess at a dinner for the Woodland Hall Seniors.

Doctor and Miss Lindsay gave a rose dinner party for the class of 1912 at their home on Woodland Road the evening of June 5. One of the most pleasing features was that it was given out of doors.

Decade Club III., entertained the class of 1912 on June 1 at the home of May McCullough in Wilkinsburg.

Friday afternoon, June 7, twenty-one weary actresses donned their best garments and most bewitching smiles and were formally initiated into the ranks of Alumnae.

The President, Miss Mary Bruce, welcomed them with a very apt and cordial address, and after a most pleasant afternoon, the Alumnae and their guests adjourned to the "Banquet Hall," where a most wonderful feast was spread. After dinner there were a number of toasts appropriate to the occasion, delivered in a most delightful manner, and indeed the entire evening was characterized by a flow of wit and friendly mirth. The "Alma Mater" was sung as a closing number.

Saturday evening was the Senior Play. Surely Will Shakespeare had our Woodland in view when he planned his "Midsummer Night's Dream." It was a very cool, delightful evening and the air was fragrant with June roses, and mystic with the suggestion of fairy folk somewhere.

And presently they appeared, laughing and dancing, and singing their elfin music, then flitting softly back into the shadows again. They were all there, those old friends of ours, from funny old Bottom and the kingly Theseus down to saucy Puck tip-tilted on a toadstool at your very feet.

Sunday morning the Baccalaureate Service was held in the customary place, the Third Presbyterian Church. Dr. Lindsay gave the address and talked to his girls in such a practical, helpful manner that to each one it seemed a personal message.

Monday night, June 10, was Commencement. The address was given by Dr. Paul Pearson, of Swarthmore College. Dr. Pearson has a very magnetic personality and the art of interpreting his subject with much clearness and sympathetic appeal. His talk was highly instructive as well as amusing. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on twenty-one students, and certificates in Social Service were presented to eight, while two received certificates from the department of Music. The exercises were held outside this year, and this proved a very pleasant change. The campus was strung with Japanese lanterns and the effect was quaint and beautiful. A reception for the graduates was held in the Berry Hall drawing room following the exercises.

The white-robed girls with flower laden arms and smiling lips, their bright eyes a trifle misty at the thought of partings to follow soon; the proud, wistful eyed mothers, hovering near,

their tired, needle-prieked fingers encased in unfamiliar white gloves; the proud, uncomfortable papas perspiring, yet smiling, in detested dress suits, donned at daughter's request; the little brothers and sisters, awed and sleepy perhaps, yet overjoyed at the thought of "refreshments" (to follow) soon. Are these not all true pictures of Commencement Night?

Then the perfume of roses heavy on the air, the far-off tinkling of music, the laughter and farewells. Presently the sound of voices echoing back softly through the closing gates, a few rose petals drifting across the threshold, the lanterns flaring up and fading one by one, and Commencement, anticipated through four long years of fun and earnest toil, is finished at last.

1912.

The Class of 1912 has spent a pleasant, if not a wildly exciting, summer. In order to recuperate from the strain of graduation some of the girls took a cottage at Rye Beach on Lake Erie, and kept house for two weeks. The experience gained in cooking were long-to-be-remembered. The party included Mrs. James C. Gray as chaperon and Florence Bickel, Elvira Estep, Mary Gray, May Hardy, Hazel Hickson, Lillie Lindsay, Mary Lindsay and Martha Sands.

Edith Chaddock spent the summer at Valley Camp. Eleanor Davis has been in Canada all summer. Mary Gray visited relatives in Cleveland, Ohio. May Hardy spent two weeks at Bemus Point, Chautauqua. Hazel Hickson entertained a jolly house party the week of the Butler Fair. Among the guests were Florence Bickel, Elvira Estep, Mary Gray and May Hardy. Hazel left Butler the last of August for a motor trip to Muncie, Indiana, and expects to spend the Fall there.

Martha Kim, Daisy Sharp and Frances Davies had a delightful two weeks together at the Assembly Grounds, Chautauqua. Martha Sands spent most of the summer in Poland, Ohio, with her sister, Mrs. Herbert Ferry, a P. C. W. girl of '01.

Quite a few of the 1912 class will teach next year. Frances Davies is to be in the Homestead schools; Elvira Estep in the Beltzhoover; Francis Cameron in Wilkinsburg; Helen Grooms and Lillie Lindsay are both in Crafton; Martha Kim has been substituting for her sister during the latter's illness. Lillian McHenry will teach in the East Washington, Pa., High School, and Maude Shutt will begin her teaching career as principal of the High School of Forrest, Illinois.

Daisy Sharp leaves the last of September for Columbia University, New York, where she will study for the degree of Master of Arts. Calla Stahlmann will study for the same degree at P. C. W.

Martha Sands and Florence Bickel both expect to continue their vocal studies the coming year.

Mary Gray is taking the Children's Librarian Course at Carnegie Institute.

Mary Keen is teaching in Dunbar Township High School.

Esther O'Neill, Cosette Spence and Beulah Pierce will be at home this winter.

The 1912 Alumnae Reunion.

The annual meeting in June of the Alumnae Association proved to be a most interesting one. Following the reading of the minutes, enthusiasm and applause welcomed the Class of 1912, one of the largest in the history of the college.

Then came the pleasing address of the president on her work in Social Service, and all were happy to receive the message of love and best wishes from Miss Pellatreau.

The Association having raised a sum of money in April by giving an "afternoon" with Kitty Cheatham at Carnegie Hall, decided to use that sum as a nucleus to form a permanent fund, excepting fifty dollars (\$50) of it to be expended for a few necessities for the Dormitory.

After the meeting of the organization was adjourned, one hundred and thirty of the Alumnae were entertained at a beautifully arranged dinner.

Miss Mary Bruce was toastmistress and Miss Eva Cohen

welcomed the Class of 1912, Miss Mary R. Hardy giving the response.

Following were the toasts: "Old China," Miss Eleanor Fitzgibbon; "Tradition," Miss Irma J. Diescher; "Anti," Mrs. George Porter; "Our College," Dr. Henry D. Lindsay.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Miss Lilla Greene, '08, was married in June to Mr. Ralph Simmons.

Miss Edna McKee, '04, spent the summer at Camp Aloha with Miss Kathan.

Mr. Charles Spencer, husband of Mrs. Mary Acheson Spencer, '83, has recently died.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carpenter Dearborn, '04, will move with her family to New York City, to make her home there.

Miss Alice Stockton, formerly secretary of the college, now a resident of New York City, will teach English this year in a large private school.

Miss May McCullough, '11, gained twenty pounds in Massachusetts this summer. There will undoubtedly be a pilgrimage from Pittsburgh to the Bay State next year.

Mabel Crowe, '11, was married during the summer to Louis Baird, of Cleveland, Ohio. Her sister, Elizabeth, who for several years has been a special student of the college, was married at the same time to Harry Schultz, of Pittsburgh.

Miss Evelyn Crandall, a graduate of the music department of P. C. W., was married on June 19th to George M. Gadsby, of Pittsburgh. Mrs. Gadsby visited the college with her mother on September 24, and took dinner in Woodland Hall.

Miss Laura Green, recently of the College Faculty, was a student in the graduate school of Columbia University this summer. The names of Miss Anne Houston, Miss Elizabeth McCreery and Miss Luella P. Meloy were also noted in the directory of summer students.

COLLEGE NOTES

On September 19th Miss Coolidge gave a tea to the Faculty in honor of its new members. The tea took place in the Dean's parlor, and was enjoyed by everyone, not only as the first social event of the season, but as a very pleasant occasion, in which new and old teachers were united into a company of friends.

Coming Events.

- October 4—Concert, Mr. Mayhew and Mrs. Koelker.
October 11—"Going Home Week."
October 18—Not scheduled.
October 25—A program by Miss Kerst.
November 1—Hallowe'en Party.
November 8—"Going Home Week."
November 22—Dilworth Hall Dramatics.
Further entertainments are not scheduled.

The College courses for this year are larger in number. All the usual courses are running. The two science departments are full of work, with advanced courses in both Physics and Chemistry. There are several new courses in Physical Training, and an advanced course in Social Service is being given. Spanish is offered for the first time. The work in Education is increased so that girls who so desire may study the subject for two years before graduation. This arrangement is made for those especially who look forward to teaching. A new seminary course in English is being given.

There are four courses in the college now in good running order, which lead to a certificate. These courses, which require, respectively, two years of work, are Social Service, Physical Training, Expression and Music.

Miss Coolidge will give her Browning course this year, and there will also be a class in Current Events, taught by Miss White.

The organization of school associations took place during the second week; that of the Dramatic Association on Tuesday, when Laila Clark was chosen President, Lucy Layman Vice President, and Helen Craig Treasurer, and of the Athletic Association and the Y. W. C. A. on Wednesday.

The Y. W. C. A. Conference at Eagle's Mere was attended by Claire Colestock and Helen Blair. They brought back reports of the splendid times they enjoyed, and many new ideas, which are to be used in making the Y. W. C. A. a "strong tower."

The organization of classes took place on Wednesday morning.

The Senior officers for the coming year are: Lucy Layman, President; Christine Cameron, Vice President; Betty McCague, Secretary; Grace Wilson, Treasurer.

Junior officers are: Mary Savage, President; Marguerite Mac Burney, Vice President; Margery Stewart, Secretary; Ethel Williams, Treasurer.

In the Sophomore Class Olga Losa was elected President; Mary Estep, Vice President; and Virginia Morris, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Freshmen elected Alice Laidlow President; Alice Greer, Vice President; Melba Martin, Secretary; and Florence Wilson, Treasurer.

Class reporters were elected for the Sorosis for the year 1912-13 as follows: Senior Reporter, Helen Blair; Junior Reporter, Pauline Burt; Sophomore Reporter, Lorna Burleigh; Freshman Reporter, Dorothy Errett.

The resident students are glad to welcome Miss Meloy and Miss Black as members of the Woodland Hall household this year.

Woodland Hall Student Government Board consists of Martha Young, President; Anne Rutherford, Vice President; Olga Losa, Secretary; Elsie Weihe and Janet Brownlee.

The Omega Society held its first meeting on Thursday, September 26. Plans were discussed for the year and "The Modern Novel" chosen as a subject for study. No regular program was carried out.

The Seniors entertained at an Autumn Party on Friday, September 27. The first part of the evening was spent in dancing. Then picnic refreshments were served in baskets from the stage, which presented a very "woody" appearance. Then picnic games were played. The Freshmen played "Farmer in the Dell"; the Sophomores, "Drop the Handkerchief"; the Juniors, being graceful, amused themselves at "Statues," while the teachers solemnly indulged in "Quaker Meeting." Everyone had a splendid time at this novel and jolly affair.

The First Entertainment.

Friday evening, September 20, the Young Women's Christian Association gave a party in honor of the new girls who have joined our ranks this Fall. During the first part of the evening a "Hijinks" performance was given in which all the old girls took part. Perhaps the cleverest of these stunts was a faculty take-off appreciated by faculty and students alike. Helen Blair made a perfect Miss Meloy and Martha Young almost convulsed the audience by representing Miss Kerst in her well-known Baby-piece.

Christine Cameron took the part of a typical college girl in the usual experiences of the four years of college life, and after considering the various professions a woman can follow decided on "Mere Man."

During an intermission everyone was asked to join one of two classes, the "Suffragettes" or the "Clinging Vines," and each side engaged in a contest. The Suffragettes were given a list of questions, each to be answered by words ending in "age." The Clinging Vines filled in the blanks in a very touching little love story with names of members of the vegetable kingdom. Two prizes were given to each side for the best papers.

After refreshments were served, that touching drama, "The Sniggles Family," was given by a number of the old girls. Martha Young, as Mrs. Sniggles, presented her family of model children, including a hay fever victim, a love-sick maiden, a beautiful, a dramatic and a graceful girl.

When the evening was over we all felt better acquainted, and very favorably inclined toward P. C. W.'s Young Women's Christian Association.

New Friends for the College.

We are glad to welcome to the college a number of new instructors. The coming year promises to be an interesting and enjoyable one for all. The seniors this year cannot be censured so very much for over-crowded schedules because everyone feels that she cannot afford to miss her first and last opportunity to come in contact with the new members of the faculty.

Mrs. Koelker, who will teach instrumental music, promises to make life interesting for the music students. Mrs. Koelker has studied abroad for five years. One year she spent at Leipsic Conservatory and was a pupil for two years of Leopold Godowsky at Berlin and was also a pupil of Theodore Leschetizky at Vienna, who was teacher of Paderewski. Mrs. Koelker has been teaching in connection with concert work and was formerly director of music at St. Mary's Hall at Fari-bault, Minnesota.

Mr. Mayhew began his work here in connection with the Mayday Festival, so that we are already acquainted with him.

Madame de Vivie, our new German instructor, taught formerly with Mrs. Hollander and Miss Butterfield at Bradford Academy. She was a pupil of A. Lorenzoni, educator of the Medici in Florence. She has the Sorbonne certificate for French, has also studied in Florence, Italy, and has lived, studied and taught in Russia. Madame de Vivie has had a most unusual and interesting life. Although a native of Switzerland, she has lived in Brazil and Venezuela and was in the midst of a rebellion under Castro's government in South America. We hope that at some near future date Madame can be persuaded to tell us more about her life in foreign countries.

Miss Black, who will teach French and Spanish, is a graduate of the University of Paris and has lived for three years in Spain. She, too, will have many interesting anecdotes about her life in Spain to amuse, instruct and entertain us. Miss Black has taught at Smith College and at Drake University at Des Moines, Iowa, where she also studied and took a degree of bachelor of arts. She took an M. A. at Columbia last year.

Miss White, a graduate of Cornell University, who has been teaching history in the high school of Columbia, Georgia, will teach History and Bible in the college. It is rumored, too, that Miss White is fond of athletics, but in view of the fact that this is a secret we shall say no more about it, but we feel that the future will teach us more.

Miss Brown, a graduate of Vassar and of Sargent School for Physical Education, will be in charge of the physical training in Dilworth Hall and the college. During the past summer Miss Brown was "athletic counsellor" at Camp Counsellor, a girl's camp in Hancock, New Hampshire, under the direction of Sargent Training School. She tells many novel tales of long "hikes," mountain climbs and other exciting adventures of a wild and uncivilized camp life. Already the girls are getting enthusiastic about the athletic side of college life and with Miss Brown at the helm we predict some exciting contests for the future.

Old Friends.

Madame de Vallay is anticipating a tour round the world in the near future.

Miss Becker is completing her work at Chicago University for a degree of doctor of philosophy.

Miss Kathan spent an active summer at Camp Aloha in Vermont. She will be at home this winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Hollander have completed their wedding trip and are now at home in Madison, Wisconsin.

Miss Skilton is now in the White Mountains and later will go to Cambridge, Mass. Miss Skilton expects to go South for the winter.

Madame Graziani will teach voice culture in Belmont College at Nashville, Tennessee. On the way South she spent several days at the college and left good wishes for all.

What They Did in the Summer.

Miss Root had a "glorious" time camping.

Mr. Mayhew says he caught a fish at Worcester, Massachusetts.

Miss Kerst spent the summer in a motor boat on the Mississippi.

Mr. and Mrs. Putnam refrigerated by Lake Erie's whimpering wavelets.

Mr. Martin made a visit to Saint Louis in the course of the vacation season.

Miss Lindsay grew fat and rosy attending house parties and visiting friends.

Doctor Lindsay was in the South for several weeks, and spent the rest of the summer in short business trips.

Miss Butterfield and Miss Campbell, judging from appearances, spent some time wielding a tennis racquet.

The Whitmers spent their summer in the metropolis. Mr. Whitmer gave a musical at his home in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Miss McFarland in order to sympathize more with her charges in Woodland Hall took a course at Columbia University.

Miss Meloy found it very difficult to be a suffragette at Columbia. Miss Meloy was the only woman in a class of thirty men.

Miss Coolidge spent part of her time getting in order a stiff course for the seniors and juniors. She took a course in Education at the University of Pittsburgh.

Senior Notes.

A paraphrase of the above stanza would be greatly appreciated by Grace Wilson.

The Sorosis wishes to extend its heart-felt sympathy to Esther Rosenbloom in her recent bereavement.

After Miss Gray's recitation in the first Ethics class a button flew off her dress. Was it such a struggle, Jeanne?

If any aspiring milliner wishes a few novel ideas for trimming her fall hat, she would do well to consult with Mildred Weston.

Once more Hymen has entered the ranks of the Class of 1913 and enticed one of its studious members. The victim this time was Marguerite Lambie, who was married to Robert McQuilken, Jr., on September 10 at "The Heath." "The Sorosis" extends the best of wishes to the happy pair.

Oh, to be Oscarly-too-too
Just to be nothing quite thru-thru;
To languidly loll
And to prate "a la foll,"
That's to be Oscarly-too-too.

Whereabouts of Some of the Seniors During the Summer.

Chautauqua, as usual, received Betty McCague for the whole summer.

Jeanne Gray visited relatives in Cleveland during the month of August.

Sylvia Wayne summered at Ridgeview Park. Glorious time, you may be sure.

Margaret Minor reports a fine summer visiting friends in Uniontown, Wayesburg and the "north side."

Emma Geiselhart enjoyed a fine lake trip to Duluth and return. She advises us all to take it if we want an exciting time.

Lucy Layman spent five weeks camping in northern Michigan. She feels rather disappointed that she only gained three pounds.

It is needless to say how thoroughly Faye Atkinson enjoyed her summer when you know that she spent it in her former home town, Castana, Iowa.

Helen Craig says it would take a whole page to tell where she's been. However, she wears a diamond on her left hand, so we feel she had a profitable summer!

We are all greatly delighted to hear that Christine Cameron revisited her former home in North Tonawanda. She is now advocating a book entitled "Love in a Small Town." It sounds serious, n'est ce pas?

Lake Erie had several of 1913 girls at cottages along its shore. Laila Clark, near Ashtabula; Christine Cameron, Grace Wilson and Helen Blair visiting Margaret Corbett, an old classmate, at Willow Beach, near Conneaut.

Junior Items.

Mary Savage spent her vacation in Ligonier.

Pauline Burt spent the summer on a farm in Western Missouri.

Adeline Colebrook spent her vacation on the Cheat River, West Va.

Helen Sander visited in Detroit during the latter part of the summer.

Mildred McWilliams spent the summer in Cleveland, Ohio, and Erie, Pa.

Gertrude Goeddel spent several weeks this summer in Atlantic City.

Bess McCoffery spent the summer in Elbridge and Gloversville, N. Y.

Giulietta Plympton visited relatives in Hartford, Ohio, during August.

Marjory Boggs was the guest of relatives in Tamaqua, Pa., during August.

Jess Palmer and Cornelia Gillespie will not return to school this year.

Hazel Rider entertained her roommate, Eleanor Alston, during the summer.

Margery Stewart was the guest of relatives in Johnstown during the summer.

Ethel Williams was the guest of her roommate, Nancy Collins, a few weeks during the summer.

Phoebe Knight had a delightful time on her hilltop, sallying forth at intervals to pay visits to her friends.

Margaret Brown spent a few days at New Wilmington during August, attending the Missionary Conference.

Josette Kochersperg, of Jamestown, N. Y., will not return to school this year. She will spend the winter in Florida.

Janet Brownlee and Anne Rutherford, of Washington, Pa., tutored students in high school subjects during the summer.

The marriage of Ada Maiden, of Homestead, and Samuel MacClure, a prominent lawyer of Pittsburgh, will take place early in November.

Marguerite McBurney is able to return to school this year and reports that her ankle, which was badly sprained before the close of school, has regained its usual strength.

We welcome most heartily to our class a new student, Miss Juanita Husband, of Mount Pleasant, Pa. Miss Husband comes to us from Vassar and was an '09 Dilworth Hall girl.

Sophomore News.

Elizabeth Dalzell is now a student at Adrian College.

Marjorie Gowans caused consternation by being a week late in returning. But she turned up safe at last.

Janet Campbell, who has been touring the British Isles for the past three months, is one of the late arrivals.

Eleanor Alston is detained at home on account of the illness of her father, but expects to be back the first of the second semester.

The members of the Sophomore Class were very sorry to hear of the death of the fathers of two of their classmates, Mary Spencer and Louise Hugus. Neither of the girls has returned.

New College Students.

A list of those who enter the college this year to take up regular courses, with their addresses, and the preparatory schools from which they come, are as follows:

FRESHMEN

Frances Boale, Woodland Hall, Leechburg High School.

Rosemarie Geary, 314 Franklin Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Wilkinsburg High School.

Grace Woodrow, 932 Aiken Avenue, Pittsburgh, Central High School.

Rebekah Crouse, 209 Linden Avenue, Pittsburgh, Aspinwall High School.

Edna Gaw, 859 Reedsdale Avenue, North Side, Pittsburgh, Allegheny High School.

Gertrude Frame, 6809 Kelly Avenue, Pittsburgh, Central High School.

Florence Wilson, Woodland Hall, Allegheny High School.

Jean Riggs, Woodland Hall, Wellsville High School.

Margaret Lee, 1147 South Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Wilkinsburg High School.

Amelia Slater, 1116 Center Street, Wilkinsburg, Wilkinsburg High School.

Marie Obendorf, 249 Amber Street, Pittsburgh, Central High School.

Alice Greer, Woodland Hall, Washington Seminary.

Kathryn Robb, 907 Rebecca Street, Wilkinsburg, Wilkinsburg High School.

Helen Thompson, 323 Aiken Avenue, Pittsburgh, Dilworth Hall.

Helen Steele, 6745 Thomas Boulevard, Pittsburgh, Dilworth Hall.

Dorothy Errett, Carnegie, Dilworth Hall.

Ruth Keller, 1342 Kenneth Avenue, New Kensington, New Kensington High School.

Seba South, Woodland Hall, Sewickley High School.

Leora Lewis, 6610 Woodwell Street, South Hills, Central High School.

Lillian Weihe, Woodland Hall, Connellsville High School.

Albert Bannerot, 1706 Mansion Avenue, North Side, Allegheny High School.

Ethel Bair, 128 Maple Avenue, Edgewood Park, Washington Seminary.

Melba Martin, 5450 Stanton Avenue, Pittsburgh, Central High School.

Martha Gibbons, Woodland Hall, Butler High School.

Alice Laidlaw, 214 W. Swissvale Avenue, Edgewood Park, Maryland College.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Juanita Husband, Woodland Hall, Vassar College.

PHYSICAL TRAINING CERTIFICATE.

Mary Foster, 54 Belvidere Avenue, Crafton, Dilworth Hall.

SOCIAL SERVICE CERTIFICATE.

Adella Stewart, 98 Trenton Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Wilkinsburg High School.

MUSIC CERTIFICATE.

Martha Bamford, Woodland Hall, Robinson Township High School.

Edna Borland, Woodland Hall, Washington Seminary.

Ruth Miller, Woodland Hall, Fairmont High School.

PERSONALS.

Oh, you vaccination!

Does M. E. N. spell Brown?

Use the Weston screw driver to open your olive bottles.
It's great!

Dr. Lindsay—Would a good man be a good man if he were good or not?

The sympathy of the Sorosis is extended to Miss Mary Foster in the loss of her father.

Anne's mouth isn't large, oh, no! But how did that dentist get both his fists in at once?

Overheard in chapel one morning: "Have you met Mrs. Koelker?" "No, is she a Freshman?"

It's hard to get accustomed to our new titles. The Sophs are still heard calling themselves Freshies.

Miss Ionia Smith did not return at the beginning of the school year, because of illness in her family.

This is the way the Juniors express themselves: "If I'd only thought of that, I'd have thought it too."

On Monday afternoon, September 23, Miss Kerst gave a cosy little tea in her room for faculty members.

Dr. F.: "Where shall I put this vaccination?"

Janet: "Oh, just in the same place as before, please."

Miss Meloy (concerning scar on her arm)—Yes, that scar is from my baptism when I was a baby. No, I mean christening.

The first birthday party in Woodland Hall was given for Miriam Messner. The table was decorated, very appropriately, with letters.

Miss Gretchen Smalley, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, a student at the Pittsburgh Kindergarten College, is a resident of Woodland Hall.

Betty is still wondering whether it was a compliment to be called Claire's second-hand man. If so, what would it be to be her first?

Miss Gertrude Van Osten and her mother, accompanied by Miss Janet Brownlee, Principal of Dilworth Hall, spent the summer abroad.

The nurse who came to care for our vaccinations was a very busy woman all day Monday and there is no doubt that her presence was justified.

Unfortunately the excuse of a vaccination for going home was good for only one Saturday. What would Miss Coolidge have done if it had been otherwise?

Why was the minister so willing to accompany Miss Meloy to dinner?

Because she looks well fed, you know.

It was rather hard on the dignity even of a Junior to be told she looked like a Mellin's Food baby, especially when a new girl was the one to impart the information.

Surely the Freshie who solemnly inquired for permission to call up her parents on the telephone must be a cautious child. Or was it because she had never seen a pay 'phone before?

Why can't we have a faculty-student basket ball game? We understand there is quite a lot of qualified material among the new members of the faculty and this, in addition to the "old" stars, ought to make an all-star team.

The mother of Miss Laura C. Green for some years a teacher in the college, died on September 22. The students who had been under Miss Green's instruction joined with the faculty in sending a message of sympathy to her.

A left-over story from one of our old faculty has a characteristic sound. Madame when asked if her German friend could speak English replied: "Well, you might not understand him but he knows what he's talking about."

Miss White believes in adapting lesson topics to suit the occasion so the Seniors were assigned the Book of Job for

a sympathetic study. Then in Junior History she made this remark: "In different people things take in different ways."

A dollar, a dollar,
A hygienic scholar,
What makes you look so sad?
Did you hear the decree
"Vaccinated we must be"?
And a dollar it costs my dad.

The Seniors are making brilliant remarks these days. Our classmate from Greene County was heard informing her friends, "Girls, I haven't been out of Greene County since I left it." And this same young lady, when examining the schedule the first day, exclaimed, "Oh, say, English C is Junior History, isn't it?"

Love's Request.

George, do not come tonight,
I would not cause thee pain, but oh!
I must command thee, darling, go,
And when the moon's pale light
Doth shimmer through the waving trees,
And in the softly dancing breeze
The nightingale throbs his refrain
Come not again, forgive the pain,
George, do not come tonight.

Nay, must I tell thee why?
And dost thou doubt this loyal heart?
'Tis better, George, that we should part,
For, O my darling, I
Discover by the pain 'tis making,
That horrid vaccination's taking;
Yet, if you'll promise, on your knees,
You will not tease me for a squeeze,
Tonight, George—you may come.

—Eugene Field.

The Main Topic of Conversation.

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

A jab and the thing is done;
And thus with the vaccine needle bright
They branded us one by one.

Ah, well for the ones immune
(Would that so were we all)
Ah, woe for the ones who wait
A huddled herd in the hall.

And the stately doctor waits
In the room of mystery;
We each emerge with a stiffened arm,
Or a limp as the case may be.

Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!
They are "taking" painfully;
But the thing that pains us most of all,
Is the doctor's stately fee.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Whitmer announces the addition of two members to the music faculty.

Mr. Charles Mayhew, the solo baritone and director of the chorus choir at Bellefield Presbyterian Church, is the new teacher of vocal music. Mr. Mayhew is a pupil of Ivan Moraski, of Boston.

The new assistant in piano is Mrs. Ida Stark Koelker. Mrs. Koelker was a pupil of Weilmayer in the Leipsic Conservatory. She had two years of personal work under the famous Leschetizky of Vienna. She teaches the Leschetizky method.

Mrs. Koelker and Mr. Mayhew will give a recital at the College, October 4th. Other recitals are being given by them in the vicinity. One of these is that given at McCreery's for the Outlook Alliance on October 3 at 2:45.

Mrs. Koelker, Miss Butterfield and Mr. Mayhew will be the soloists. Mrs. Mayhew will accompany.

A little program was given in the hour following dinner on Tuesday, September 24, by Mrs. Koelker and Miss Kerst.

AUTUMN CONCERT.

Pennsylvania College for Women, Woodland Road, Pittsburgh,
Friday Evening, October 4th, 1912, 8:15 O'clock.

Mrs. Ida Stark Koelker, Pianist; Mr. Charles Edward Mayhew, Baritone; Mrs. Charles Mayhew, at the piano.

PROGRAM

Variations in C minor.....Beethoven
Mrs. Koelker.

Bois epais Lully

Le Chasseur, Danois Berlioz

Lied Maritime d'Indy

Mr. Mayhew.

Nocturne, Opus 27, No. 2.....Chopin

Scherzo, B minorChopin

Mrs. Koelker.

Song of Pan (from the Cantata "Mer Hahn en neue Ober-
keet") Bach

Tears of LoveBeethoven

To an Aeolian Harp.....Brahms

Tan-da-ra-dey Henschel

Mr. Mayhew.

Liebestraum, No. 3.....Liszt

Toccata Leschetiszky

Mrs. Koelker.

My Lytell Pretty OneOld English (1550)

I'm Weaving Sweet VioletsParry

Youth Allitsen

Menie MacDowell

To Helen Loeffler

Song of the Wicked Friar.....Whitmer

Mr. Mayhew.

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STOEBENER

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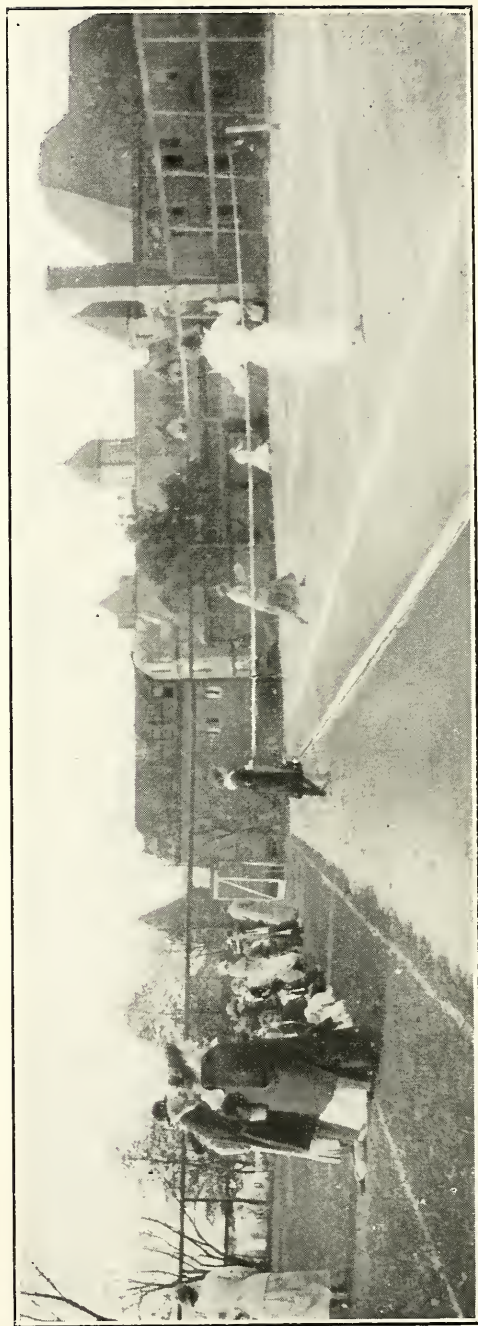
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TENNIS FINALS.



Volume XIX.

OCTOBER, 1912

Number 2

CHESTNUT-TIME.

Come out with me, come out with me,
On this autumn afternoon;
We'll search the wood for the squirrels' food—
The nut in its brown cocoon.

From the top of the tree to the wind-swept lea
The cold gusts blow them all;
Jack Frost gives a crack to each bristly back,
And down to the earth they fall.

O, chestnut-time in our northern clime
Is the gladdest time we know,
When you and I seek the woods, and hie
To the place where the chestnuts grow.

AN APPRECIATION OF "MARIE-CLAIRE."

If you have ever read "Marie-Claire," I am sure you wondered immediately "Who was Marguerite Audoux, its author, and what kind of a life was hers?" Her life, her early life, you already know, for Marie-Claire is Marguerite Audoux. For the remainder, we know that the author was a sempstress of Paris, a conscientious but not especially skillful sempstress. Through a fortunate accident she was thrown in touch with the young author, Charles Louis

Philippe, and having singular charm of personality, although naturally of a retiring disposition, she became a great favorite among the group of young and brilliant men of whom Philippe was the center. She one day mentioned the fact that she was indulging an old longing of hers by writing a little book at night, and read a few pages of Marie-Claire aloud to them. These writers were charmed with the simple story, urged her to complete it as soon as possible, and arranged for the publication of the book, paving a way for it by sympathetic reviews.

So it was that "Marie-Claire" was published; a book which startled and delighted all Europe and was awarded the prize of two hundred pounds by the *Vie Heureuse* for the best book of the year. But Marguerite Audoux has not changed her manner of living since she has become an author of note; now, ten years later, she is still a modest, retiring, but charming, little woman, preparing a second book for publication.

Let us first sketch briefly the course of events in "Marie-Claire." The book begins with the death of Marie-Claire's mother, when she leaves her two daughters to the care of a drunken father. In this first chapter we see one of the chief characteristics of the book—it is a book wholly of narration and without description. The mother died—but what kind of a mother she was, her character, her appearance and life; all is left to the imagination of the reader. Perhaps it is from this that the book derives its greatest charm.

When the father, after one of his protracted absences, fails to return, Marie-Claire is sent to a religious orphanage. Here we laugh over the antics of Ismerie, her playmate; weep with Colette when, after nine days of prayer and fasting, the Virgin still fails to make her walk without her crutch; and we sympathize deeply with poor Sister Marie-Aimee in her unfortunate love affair. We are made to see the hopelessness and dreariness of the life of these sisters and the repression of the children in their care.

And now, at the age of fourteen, much against the protests of Sister Marie-Aimee, Marie-Claire is sent to the country

by the Mother Superior to become a "dirty shepherdess" and to "clean the stables." And yet Marie-Claire does not find her work so unendurable, although consumed with longing for dear Sister Marie-Aimee. But when her master, Silvain, dies, another master and mistress come to Villevielle. If it were not for the brother, Henry Deslois, Marie-Claire could not have borne the authority of Madame Alphonse. Deslois, a man much older than Marie-Claire, was still of her age in imagination and in the joy of life. "On Sunday," he said, "I, too, am seventeen years old." Then they took long walks and had confidential talks together. But one day Madame Deslois, having heard of this clandestine friendship, rudely insulted Marie-Claire and drove away her daughter's maid. Deslois, bidding her not to hate him, said that he could no longer be her friend.

Then, heart-broken, with nothing in life to which she may look forward, Marie-Claire returns to the orphanage, seeking Sister Marie-Aimee. But the Sister is not there. However, work is given the girl in the kitchen, and in the meantime she forms a close friendship with a young and talented nun, Sister Desiree des Anges. But the wrath of the Mother Superior is again aroused against Marie-Claire when, on the arrival of Sister Marie-Aimee upon a pilgrimage, the girl displays her great joy. So, when the sister had departed for her great work of nursing the lepers, and upon the death of Desiree des Anges, her last friend, Marie-Claire is driven from the monastery. Her sister again comes into the story, but only to send Marie-Claire away again when she learns that she is penniless.

In the railway station, Marie-Claire's helpless condition aroused the sympathy of a young man, who bought a ticket to the city for her. "The train whistled once, as though to warn me, and as it moved off it whistled a second time, a long whistle like a scream."

So ends Marie-Claire, chronicles of the life of a thoughtful, imaginative country girl; for it is not, strictly speaking, a novel. It makes no pretense to that; but it has won the hearts of all, and inspires all who read it, because of its

simplicity, the purity of its language and thought and the personality, not only of Marie-Claire, but of the author, which shines through its pages. And, when we consider, we can think of no other characteristic which causes the greatness of the work, and arouses higher feelings in us, but the artless simplicity and purity of it. It has been called a "divine accident," and yet it is not that. Though you may say it is a book which anyone could have written, a mere setting down of facts, yet it is a book such as "anybody" never has written and never will unless he has the soul of Marie-Claire, unhindered by popular education and views.

FAIRY RINGS

Have you ever noticed when looking over a lawn little patches of a darker hue than the rest? If you look closer you will see that they are plots of very soft, fine grass, unlike ordinary grass with its thicker blades. These little plots are fairy rings, in which the fairies dance at night. But the fairies did not always have such delightful dancing floors; indeed, they were dearly bought.

A long time ago, when the fairy world was ruled by one queen fairy, a good deal of distress was felt among the fairies on account of poor dancing floors. The chief and almost the sole occupation of fairies is dancing, so you can see how the question of good or bad dancing floors was really vital. The grass that overspread the world was the ordinary kind; it hurt the fairies' tender feet. Only one was fortunate enough to have a lawn of fairy grass, and that was the queen of the fairies. She had brought the grass seed from some far-off unknown island. This cruel queen would not help her subjects in their distress, so there was nothing to do but to resort to strategem.

A council of all the fairy kingdom was called. The ants, the grasshoppers and the butterflies volunteered to steal some of the magic grass seed from the queen. The ants, you know, are the fairies' horses; the grasshoppers their automobiles,

and the butterflies their aeroplanes. They all set out on the same day. The butterflies and grasshoppers arrived first, and after some difficulty, slid into the barn and stole some seed. Then they started out at a break-neck speed for home, but they went so fast that the seed, which was in little sacks tied on their backs, fell off. They were afraid to return for more. The ants arrived at the queen fairy's barn a few days later. They, too, secured the seed, and started on the way home. Then the keepers discovered that the grain supply was rapidly diminishing, and sent out detectives to find the thieves. The ants heard the wings of the dragonflies who bore the fairy detectives whirring behind them. They hastened their pace and arrived at the first fairy house and delivered the seed to the elf who lived there, when the detectives overtook them and hurried them back to the queen. She was very angry, and for punishment cursed the ants, saying:

"On whatever land ye shall try to build houses, from that land the grass shall immediately disappear."

That is why the ground around ant hills is always barren and sandy.

As for the seed, it was distributed by the elf who received it among all the fairy kingdom, and each tribe planted a little patch for a dancing floor. Wherever the fairies have wandered they have carried the seed with them. You may be sure if you have any patches of fairy grass in your yard that the fairies dance there at night.

Adeline A. Colebrook '14.

A LETTER FROM THE Y. W. C. A. CONFERENCE.

"The Forest Inn," Eaglesmere Park, Pa.,

July 4, 1912.

Dearest Beckie:

What are you thinking of me for not writing you sooner? But somehow I feel that you will forgive me, for I know you would have done just the same under the same condi-

tions. Oh! Beckie, this has been such an ideal ten days! And how many, many times I have longed for you, and every other girl in P. C. W., to be here and enjoy it, too. Just think, Beckie,—about four hundred girls from seventy-four colleges, and every one intent on the same purpose. And the leaders! All of them the finest types of Christians you could find in a lifetime, and one of the things I like best about them all is their “approachableness.” You feel that they are “at your service,” to help you in any way they can. Then, too, the speakers; although you don’t get to know them as well, you can see they are vitally interested in you. And such splendid speakers as they have at these summer conferences—people of national, and some even of world-wide fame.

And now, while I’m using superlatives, I must speak of the climate up here on the mountain top. Clear, invigorating air; clear, blue sky; clear, pure water,—clear everything, including my mind, for be it known to you, Beckie dear, that my religious views, which became somewhat befuddled through the hearing of various doctrines last year, have been straightened out finely. But to continue about the country hereabouts. The lake is about one and one-half miles long and one mile across, and is ordinarily very smooth, which makes it nice for amateur oarsmen like myself to row on. The trees and bushes—mostly rhododendron and mountain laurel—lean down over the water all around the lake and make it perfectly fascinating. Last Sabbath evening we had vespers down on the shore. I shall never forget that scene. The sun just ready to go down behind the single ridge of mountain tops which surround the lake, brought out every feature of the large hotels which crown the hills, making them look like castles; the hills themselves, shading from light green at the top to very dark by the water’s edge; and then the water reflecting the shadows of all. Small wonder that we sang the vesper hymns with such feeling!

We have such glorious times in and on the water in the afternoon. There is a fine bathing beach, which naturally we all enjoyed. Then the other day we had aquatic sports—boat

racers, canoe races, tilting contests, swimming races, diving, etc.—by the various college representatives. Other afternoons were devoted to baseball games, tennis tournaments, and “hikes.” I have had two memorable “hikes,” one an eight-mile one on which sixty-eight girls went. Can’t you imagine the fun! Ordinarily I am ready to rest when I return from an eight-mile “tramp,” but would you believe it, I was not a bit tired, but immediately went in bathing when we got back. The atmosphere is bewitching, I think.

Speaking of the bathing beach makes me think of what the girls from Carlisle Indian School did. There are several of them here at conference, and you may be sure they interest everyone. One night they built a fire down on the bathing beach and, dressed in their native costume, they proceeded to give a “song and dance” for the hotel maids, whom you may guess were very much interested.

Oh, Beckie dear, I can’t tell you how much it means to meet all these college girls, and to get their ideas of things. You have to experience it for yourself, and I certainly hope you will be able to do so next summer.

I realize in looking over this letter that I have neglected to give you the general daily program. Judge for yourself if I have much time for letter writing! 6:45 A. M., chapel bell rings for rising; 7:30 A. M., breakfast (for grace at meals we sing a verse of a well-known hymn and it is certainly impressive); 8:30, Bible classes; 9:30, choir rehearsal; 10:00, mission study classes; 11:00, technical councils; 11:40, morning services; 12:30, dinner; 2:00-3:00, quiet hour; 3:00-6:00, recreation; 6:00, supper; after supper till 7:45, various called meetings, choir practice, etc.; 7:45, evening services; after evening services, delegation meetings till 9:30, at which small groups of girls meet and talk over the meetings of the day; 10:00, you must be in your rooms.

New, Beckie dear, it won’t be long till I see you and then I’ll talk to you so much about my experiences here that you will have to call “Stop.” And just then I had to stop myself, for a girl from across the hall dropped in for a good-night chat and now it’s just about ten o’clock and I have still

to read some Bible references for tomorrow's classes, so I must say good-night. With heaps of love,

Yours in haste, but still yours,

Helen Blair, '13.

THE VOICE OF THE WOODS.

The voice of the woods is calling, calling;
The withering leaves are falling, falling;
Through the leaden gray of this dreary day,
With the bright sunlight and you away,
The voice keeps calling.

All else is hushed with the hush of prayer,
A solemn stillness everywhere.
The giant trees stand gaunt and bare,
No bars of radiant light slant through,
For the sun is gone. And you!

On you the leaves are falling, falling;
For you the voice is calling, calling.

Mildred Weston, '13.

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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Sisters! In our college much emphasis is laid on the family element in our relations with one another. You remember that in our motto we, the students of this institution, are referred to as "daughters." Let us make the family spirit the keynote of our life together. No human being can remember too often or too constantly that she stands

related to every other mortal. But here in our little community, where our interests are so much united, it should be the easiest place, and the most natural, in which to feel our sisterhood and to act upon it. To help someone else whenever it is possible, is just to give assistance to your sister. To be kind in speaking to, and careful in speaking of, another; careful to avoid criticism and fault-finding—is truly being loyal to a member of one's own family. And what could be more natural than that?

Our college mother, too, claims a large share of our loyalty. She is worthy of all that can be given. Besides, speaking with pride and affection of her college is a recommendation for any girl to the one who hears her.

As a "Sister," the Sorosis should have the affection of P. C. W.'s daughters. She also wishes to be a good sister, and needs your help.

The Presidential Campaign is one of unusual importance. Although the students of a woman's college cannot take an active part as yet in the selection of the nation's ruler, it is a thing of great interest to us all. Every modern woman should be well informed on political questions, so that she may take an intelligent part in the discussions of live issues of today. There has never been a period in the world's history when all countries were so much alive. Let us be a part of this moving, stirring, living world. Let us at least know enough of the presidential campaign to talk intelligently about it.

Short Story Contest.

A prize of \$5.00 is offered by the Omega Society for the best short story by any college student of P. C. W., submitted to the Editor of the Sorosis before December 10, 1912.

Let every college girl compete!

ALUMNAE.

[Items for this department are earnestly solicited.]

Edna Reitz, '11, is now teaching in Monessen.

Miss Gladwin Coburn is now one of Crafton's teaching force.

Mary Keen, '12, spent Sunday, the 13th of October, at Woodland Hall.

Miss Leila Estep is teaching in Pittsburgh Central High School this year.

The daughter of Mrs. William Stevenson, '94, is very ill with appendicitis.

Lillian McHenry, '12, visited her friends at P. C. W. on October 4th, 5th and 6th.

Decade Club III. held its first meeting for this year at the home of Edith Medley, '11.

Rachel McQuiston, '11, left on September 27th for National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Maryland, where she will teach Latin.

Eleanor Davis, Florence Bickel, Mary Gray, Martha Sands and Daisy Sharp, of the class of 1912, have all paid visits to their Alma Mater this fall.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At a recent meeting of the Woodland Hall girls, Mildred Weston was elected house reporter for the Sorosis.

Miss Meloy chaperoned a number of Woodland Hall girls on a visit to the Heinz factories the morning of the 19th of October.

Several of the students have taken advantage of the sale of tickets for the course of University Extension lectures.

Pauline Burt is now the assistant business manager of the Sorosis, while Marjorie Boggs has been chosen to act as Junior reporter.

Miss Mary W. Brownson visited the college over Sunday the first week in October. She returned later in the month, and is now in charge of the Freshman Bible classes, in the absence of Dr. Lindsay.

The college girls are indebted to Miss Campbell for the helpful talk given them on the proper use of the library. Miss Campbell explained most carefully the card-index system and the arrangement of the books.

Miss Coolidge spent the week of October 6th away from the college. She attended the 75th anniversary of Mt. Holyoke College, and visited her home in Fitchburg, Mass. Her mother, who has spent the autumn in the East, returned with her.

Miss Richardson, field secretary of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., spent several days at college getting in touch with our Association. Miss Richardson made an address at the regular weekly meeting and held conferences with the various chairmen.

Miss Vanda E. Kerst, teacher of Expression in the college, gave a program on Friday, October 25th, which was very pleasing. She read two short plays, "The Wings," by Josephine Preston Peabody, and "The Twig of Thorn," an Irish folk lore play, by Marie Josephine Warren.

The finals of the autumn tennis tournament between P. C. W. and Dilworth Hall resulted in victory for the college, Pauline Burt and Louise Kindl carrying off the honors. These girls were each presented by Dr. Lindsay with a white sweater bearing P. C. W.'s monogram, on Tuesday morning, October 2nd, after the chapel exercises.

The Colloquium Club held a meeting in the Berry Hall drawing rooms the afternoon of October 14th. Rabbi Coffee made an address, after which Miss Lovejoy, the president of the club, and Miss Brownlee acted as hostesses at a tea in Miss Coolidge's room. Miss Coolidge and Miss Root poured, and several Senior girls assisted in serving.

On Wednesday, October 23rd, the lecture period was given to Miss Richardson, of the Y. W. C. A.

The lecture hour was transferred from Wednesday until Thursday, the week of October 28th, to accommodate Dr. Riddle, the only living member of the English committee that revised the Bible, who spoke to the college then.

All the Presbyterian girls in the college were invited to join with other Presbyterian college girls in the city in meeting Mrs. Potter, representative of the Mission Board in Philadelphia, at McCreery's, on October 21st. This was well attended by our girls. Mrs. Potter was also the speaker at Vespers Sunday evening, and her talk was very inspiring to all.

Wednesday morning, October 16th, Miss Coolidge gave a talk in the library. Her talk was in the nature of a report from the 75th anniversary celebration of Mount Holyoke College, where Miss Coolidge was P. C. W.'s representative. The report was very interesting. The anniversary exercises consisted of addresses, music, a festival procession, and a president's reception.

The class in Social Service I. has begun the year very well and already has four visits to its credit. The first of these was to the office of the Associated Charities. The Heinz factories were visited on the second trip, and on the third Miss Meloy conducted the class to the Industrial Home for Working Men on Duquesne Way. On October 23rd a visit was paid to McCreery's.

The second Wednesday of school Miss Coolidge gave a short address in chapel. She mentioned several matters which

she thought might be improved by a little care on the part of the girls. One of these was the care of the dens; another was care of the walls in the corridors, which in the past have been defaced by pencil marks; another was the disposal of waste paper in the proper place for it, that is, the waste baskets, and not in corners of the halls or behind the radiators. These may seem small matters, but they are important because it is just such things that add to or detract from the general appearance of our college.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

The Mandolin Club has not organized yet. Miss Butterfield announces that they hope to get to work soon.

Delta Sigma had a tea for the new faculty members and for the new girls on Friday, October 25th, at Miss Lindsay's house from 3:30 to 5:30.

The Dramatic Association has had two meetings. The plans are under way for presenting a play, the first of a group to be given by the association. The name of the play will not now be made public, but a cast is being chosen.

The Glee Club has had several meetings this year and are singing in the choir every other week. Mr. Mayhew is very enthusiastic about the work we are going to undertake. Practice hour is on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30. Several outside concerts, as well as the usual ones at the college, will be arranged for later.

The Deutsche Verein held its first meeting on the 8th of October. Janet Brownlee, the president for the coming year, was in the chair, and Madame de Vivie was present. The hostesses were Claire Colestock, Anne Rutherford, Florence Keys and Janet Brownlee, and they are to be congratulated on having given the club a delightful afternoon. The Verein has not adopted any set program for the year, but will

spend the time upon German games, songs and conversations. Special programs will be arranged from time to time.

The Omega Society is well started on its year's work, having held its first regular meeting the second week of school. The plan, this year, is to study novels by modern writers. The subject has been found to be an exceptionally interesting one, and the papers and discussions are wide-awake indeed. The first book studied was the famous "Marie-Claire," which was a fortunate choice, for it is in itself a new field of literature. There will be, as usual, an open meeting of the society later in the year. The Short Story Contest, with the accompanying prize, will again be conducted through the medium of the Sorosis. Omega has admitted four girls to membership this season. These are Anne Rutherford, Helen Blair, Marjorie Boggs and Betty McCague. The initiation of these girls took place on October 24th.

The Y. W. C. A. is making extensive plans for their year's work, one of the most interesting features being the study of "The Social Message of Jesus," by E. S. Parsons. There is to be a Bible class, conducted by Mrs. Draais. It will meet Sunday evenings in the drawing room.

The Association is planning to have a mission class in conjunction with the girls of the University of Pittsburgh.

In November a missionary conference is to be held at Westminster College. We expect to send quite a large number of delegates.

The following committees are at work: Membership, Prayer Meeting, Missionary, Conference, Social Service, Finance and Social.

The officers of the Association are: Claire Colestock, President; Christine Cameron, Vice President; Olga Losa, Secretary; Margaret Brown, Treasurer.

Miss Robinson, of the Student Volunteer Movement, will speak to the Y. W. C. A., November 6th on the "Volunteer Movement and its Significance to College Girls."

The Y. W. C. A. is supporting a school in India, and to this a kindergarten has been added this year. The girls are

planning to send a Christmas box of toys and kindergarten materials to the children.

Miss Richardson, our territorial secretary, spoke to the Y. W. C. A. October 23rd on her work as an Association secretary, and the importance of the summer conference to a girl after she has left college.

An opening for those girls who are not taking Social Service is to be offered by the Social Service Committee. By this means the girls will have an opportunity of doing work among the working girls, as well as work in the children's ward of the hospitals.

PERSONALS.

In Economics: But he couldn't eat his hat, could he?

Loud and shocked voice in Ethics class: "O, mercy!"

Helen Haines has been ill with jaundice at her home in Butler.

In Education—The Spartan State was noted for marital power.

Who has been furnishing amusement lately for German 3 and 4?

By the way, be careful not to get the Hydro-Phoebe-a. It's in the air.

Miss Kerst was elected the honorary member of the Freshman class.

When the Sophomores want some excitement they try $\text{Na} + \text{H}_2\text{O} = \text{Explosion}$.

Has anybody noticed how nice our "white skin" looks against the new blue wall?

Have you seen John the Baptist in the sky? If not, look for the Great Dipper.

If a tree should fall, breaking two windows, would the windows say, Tremendous?

One of our Juniors has been calling the Colloquium Club the Cloakroom Club all these years.

Longfellow had many fast friends; the fastest of these were Alice and Phoebe Cary.

The Sophs have begun to sit up and take notice of their spelling. It counts sometimes.

What's Amos—Amosquito.

No, a dresser of sycamore, or a bureau, I forget which.

The Sophs miss their themes this year greatly. Life does not seem the same without them.

Miriam Messner was absent from school several days attending the wedding of her uncle.

Mildred Weston paid a visit to the infirmary recently, the victim of an attack of bronchitis.

Miss Adella Stewart has been visiting for two weeks in Fairmont Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Lucy L. has become quite an advocate of hockey, and plays the position of goalkeeper very well!

One of the Sophomores thinks that the study of the stars is "something that every girl should know."

There is a certain very learned looking Junior who doesn't know her own glasses when she looks through them.

What's milk to cocoa? The Freshmen appreciate the fact that the Juniors realize our preference for the latter.

To keep in the spirit of the times why not indulge in a straw vote and see how our institution stands politically?

The girls are wondering why Marjorie Gowans and Mary Estep have become so much interested in music lately.

Faculty teas began the week of October 21st. Miss Duff and Miss Root are on the committee to arrange for them.

Several students and teachers went to hear Governor Wilson speak in Pittsburgh on Friday evening, October 18th.

Miss White (in History)—Miss G., who was Mohammed?
Miss G.—Well, he was a Mohammedan.

Mr. Putnam: Miss C., will you be the goat?

Miss W. (to an individual in class): Which are you?

Phyllis Campbell, a former student here, is teaching in Grundy County, Iowa, with success, according to an exchange.

Mr. Putnam knows all about the patience which a wife must necessarily have. "Goodness knows, some of them need it."

Madame De Vallay started October 22nd on her trip around the world. We wish her success and pleasure, and a safe return.

The congratulations of the college are certainly owing the Freshmen on the charming and neat appearance of their den. Keep it up, children!

Anna R. thinks she had a good excuse for not being at the History test on October 17th—because her sister was married the next day.

Miss McCandless, the nurse who was at the college during the vaccination period, became quite a factor in the dormitory life while she was here.

A brilliant Soph in History disclosed an interesting geographical possibility, when she said that Stilicho chased Alaric across the Alps into Spain.

One of the recent visitors at the college was Miss Marie Munroe of Wilkinsburg. Miss Munroe was a student at Radcliffe College last year.

The Juniors are very proud of the member of their class who always manages to be in at the finish of the Tennis Tournament—and wins, too.

Miss Coolidge will be a delegate to the convention of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the second week in November.

The Pittsburgh Bulletin has recently published some literary productions of Pittsburgh people. Among these we find several by P. C. W. girls.

The Seniors are bemoaning the disappearance of a flour sack of roasted peanuts, which had been left from their party and which had been stored away.

She came and cried excitedly to her big sister, after seeing a fuzzy caterpillar on the walk: "O, sister Mary, your muff's little girl is out taking a walk."

The Juniors received a visit the other day from the member of our class who has deserted us forever. Cause—matrimony. (She seems happy, however.)

Inquiring Student of Mrs. Drais: Please, do you have a torn tablecloth?

Mrs. D.: No, but just wait and I'll go and tear one.

I hold it true from Fall to Spring,
Indeed I think it's quite the thing!
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than to be married and be bossed.

When a Junior reaches the point of avoiding 8:30 classes in order to await the mailman, what must the state of her mind be? Of course, none of us can answer this satisfactorily.

It causes us great pain to state that some members of the faculty are already getting in a "testy" humor. Witness the worried looks of the students of history, hygiene and economics.

The Class of 1913 received a lengthy epistle from their late bride, Marguerite McQuilkin, telling of her wedding trip and of her new home. Her arguments for matrimonial life are certainly convincing.

All four classes have been employing themselves of late "fixing up" their respective dens, and with the aid of pictures, pennants, pillows and curtains have given to them quite a "homey" appearance.

'Tis a sad tale, but it must be told—G. W.'s Princeton pencils have dwindled down to six now. And there used to be a round dozen of them. So quickly and mercilessly does "taking notes" use them up.

An archaeologist recently found a stone on the campus with the inscription 1681. He wrote a treatise upon it, and then some prying friend turned it over one day and discovered that the date was merely 1891.

When it comes to harmony in interior decoration, we feel the prize goes to the Juniors. So strong is their aesthetic taste that they had their "den" repapered that it might better match their pretty curtains.

i

The class in Economics show early signs of being competent business women. Their grasp of the economic situation is marvelous. They will soon be able to give you many helpful hints about the high cost of living, as well as information about the cost of high living. They have learned that consumption is a desirable experience, as well as much about the outcome and ingo of profits.

"The examination is made out," said the Professor. "The questions are in the hands of the printer. Is there anything you wish to ask on the course before we dismiss?"

"Which printer?" piped a feeble voice.

On Friday, November 1st, will be given the annual Hallowe'en party. The committee on entertainment consists of Miss Root, Miss Campbell, Miss Brown, Miss Layman and Miss Dorman. An enjoyable time is expected.

Hurrah for Tennis!

Hurrah for Baseball!

Hurrah for Hockey!

Three cheers now—

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Athletics!

The Decoration Committee for the Senior party were the envied ones of the class for one afternoon, when they motored out into the country to get autumn foliage. They certainly had a fine time in spite of the crowded conditions coming back.

Miss Kerst advocates that the Seniors let their chests carry them up the steps, coming up to the college. Although we have been seeking some easy means of locomotion for three years, this suggestion does not seem to impress us very favorably.

We have a suspicion that the male members of our faculty are indulging in puns. Mr. Putnam's announcement that Dryden wrote a "hymn for him," and Mr. Mayhew's remark that a song couldn't be easy without e's in it, seem to point in that direction.

At the Senior party two couples collided while dancing. A sharp report as of a fractured bone followed. All four girls stared at each other dismayed. Finally, one girl, to the relief of all, exclaimed: "Oh! that was just my vaccination shield that cracked!"

The Seniors would like to know why Laila C. left the room so suddenly at a certain point in the reading of Marge McQuilkin's letter. Christine Cameron also seemed visibly affected by a remark made especially to her in the letter. The Seniors feel explanations are in order.

We are justly proud of our college tennis champions, Pauline Burt and Louise Kindl, in their hard-won victory over the Dilworth Hall champions. It certainly was a splendid match, intensely interesting throughout. In our frontispiece the camera has caught the players in action.

The Sophomores think the Freshmen proved themselves a most versatile as well as accommodating class at the initiation, and on this account believe they will become, in time, worthy followers of the illustrious class of 1915. By the way, some of them have most unusual names.

Did you ever hear that Homer was not written by Homer, but by another poet of the same name? Also, that the ark wasn't built for a deluge, but for an inundation of the River Nile; that it sailed down the stream and out onto the Mediterranean and, after many days, landed in Syria?

One daring under classman boldly suggested that the Seniors might be wearing their caps and gowns so regularly because they had 8:30 classes. It is true that "a gown covers a multitude of deficiencies," but do you not know, wise child, fashion's decree, that dresses now fasten in front?

The wedding of Miss Helen Rutherford, a former P. C. W. girl, and Mr. Edward Stockdale, which took place in Washington Friday, October 18th, was attended by several college girls. Anne Rutherford was at home for several days preceding the event. The other guests from P. C. W. were Florence Keys, Claire Colestock, Janet Brownlee and Betty McCague. After the wedding the girls remained in Washington over Sunday, Florence Keys being the guest of Lillian McHenry, '12, and the others remaining at the home of Janet Brownlee.

The Juniors celebrated the "finishing" of the den with a wonderful spread. It was some affair, commeneing with fruit salad and ending with ice cream trimmed with cherries. But where, oh where, did those cherries come from? Better ask some one else, for the Juniors did not know—until later.

October 11th was the first going-home Friday of the year. Of the Senior girls in Woodland Hall several were out of town over Sunday. Martha Young was the guest of Pauline Burt in Crafton. Florence Keys spent the week-end with friends in Beaver. Betty McCague visited Mildred Weston at her home near Cresson.

The only thing which has occupied the Junior mind for the past week or so is the den. It is now clothed so completely in blue that, as someone said the other day, "the place seems to float in a blue haze." It has also been remarked that a picture or two "more" would vary the monotony a little. Several have been promised, but few materialize.

Botany Wisdom.

Where are the pistons of the flower?

He grazed the grass.

Inductive reasoning—

John is mortal.

All men are mortal.

All men are John.

Dr. Lindsay's explanatory Scriptural readings of the conversations of our Lord with individuals is one of the new features of our chapel exercises. Another feature which adds to the impressiveness of these services is the anthem, sung either by the College or the Dilworth Hall Glee Club. Then, too, the presence of the Seniors in their caps and gowns lends to the dignity of the occasions.

Every Wednesday afternoon for the last few weeks a band of energetic maidens have been playing hockey with Miss Brown and much enthusiasm. What matters it if we

do get whacked now and then so that our hair comes tumbling down, or that there seems little method to our proceedings! It is good exercise and, incidentally, we are having a fine time. Attempts are being made to get up regular teams to play against each other.

Somehow we feel that Juanita Husband would make a good "poultry farmeress." Her method of teaching little motherless chicks to scratch for their food is worthy of commendation. Juanita's room-mate, too, seems to comprehend animal life. When the question was asked in the large Ethics class "Which animal is the most self-centered?" Ethel was the only one to break the embarrassing silence as she blurted out, "Pig."

On Friday, October 18th, the Sophomores had a spread in their den in honor of the birthdays of several of their classmates. It was an illustrious occasion. Wit and good cheer abounded. Special decorators were hired for the occasion and the den presented a gorgeous appearance, adorned with its galaxy of fair faces. The menu was ambrosial and everyone was as happy as brilliant. The event will soon be repeated.

The Seniors refuse to yield the palm even to Mt. Holyoke, in the line of a co-operative domestic system. Anyone who doubts our ability to substantiate our claims should have visited the "parlor" last Friday afternoon. Grace Wilson was hanging the "works of art," which have been handed down from past ages and which certainly look the part; Helen Blair, with a scrub brush in one hand and a cake of soap in the other, sighed for "other worlds to scrub"; Margaret Minor was putting up curtains, which she had made herself, while Lucy Layman bemoaned the fact that she couldn't reach anything.

After many and valuable suggestions from the Juniors and Sophomores, the Freshmen den is furnished. We have discussed from all sides the momentous question of where we should put the wardrobe and what we should do with the

canvas and easle that some kind person had donated us. For several days upon entering the den one was greeted with the query, "Did you bring those tacks?" "Don't tell me that you have forgotten the poster!" But now that is over, and the den is fixed for awhile at least. Perhaps it is not as artistically arranged as it may have been in other years, but we like it, and are pleased with our work.

We are all interested in the campaign, and are even now planning a campaign and election of our own, which will take place on November 5th, under Mr. Martin's supervision. Most of us, it would seem, are favorable to the Democratic candidate, so we quote his favorite Limerick for the benefit of these:

For beauty I am not a star;
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
It's the others in front that I jar.

On Monday, September 30th, at 3 o'clock, the Freshmen gathered in the Sophomore den and entertained them with various exhibitions of their talent. Miss Laidlaw gracefully scrambled like an egg, Miss Oberndorf successfully courted a broom, "Lenore" was sung in quartet form, and there were many other interesting features. In return the Sophomores condescended to let the Freshmen "kiss the constitution." That is, each girl was led into a dark room and a copy of the constitution imprinted on her face with molasses and then well sanded with flour. The Sophomores also refreshed the Freshmen with all-day suckers, animal crackers and baby bottles of warm milk. To hide whatever part of the constitution had gotten on the dress, each Freshman received an antiseptic gauze bib.

MUSIC NOTES.

A very enjoyable recital was given immediately after chapel on Wednesday morning, October 9th, by Mrs. Koelker and Mr. Mayhew.

Program :

Scherzo Chopin
Nocturne Chopin

Mrs. Ida Stark Koelker.

Hark! Hark! the Lark!.....Schubert
Dedication Schumann
Dedication Franz
Love Song Brahms

Mr. Mayhew.

Liebestraum Liszt
Toccata Leschetizky

Mrs. Koelker.

My Lytell Pretty One.....Old English (1550)
When Icicles Hang by the Wall.....Arne
I'm Weaving Sweet Violets.....Parry
Youth Allitsen
Song from the Gardener's Lodge.....Whitmer

Mr. Mayhew.

The College Glee Club has already rendered several anthems at chapel service.

Mr. Mayhew will sing the following program at the Hotel Schenley November 11th before the New England Club:

Program :

Tandis que Tout Sonmeille.....Gretry
Mandoline Debussy
Don Juan's SerenadeTschaikowsky
The Children's Prayer.....Reger
Jung DieterichHenschel
Song from the Gardener's Lodge.....Whitmer

Mr. Mayhew.

Liebesprobe	Cornelius
Der Beste Liebesbrief	Cornelius
Ein Wort der Liebe.....	Cornelius

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew.

Cycle of Songs from Tennyson's "Maud".....	Somervell
--	-----------

I Hate the Dreadful Hollow.
 A Voice by the Cedar Tree.
 She Came to the Village Church.
 O, Let the Solid Ground.
 Birds in the High Hall Garden.
 Go Not, Happy Day.
 I Have Led Her Home.
 Come Into the Garden, Maud.
 The Fault was Mine.
 Dead, Long Dead.
 O, that 'Twere Possible.
 My Life has Crept so Long.

Mr. Mayhew.

EXCHANGES.

Few exchanges have reached us as yet. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that not many colleges put out a September number. We are hoping, however, that we will soon receive all our old friends of last year, as well as many new ones, and we trust that our acquaintance with both will be as beneficial and interesting as we anticipate. We believe that the Exchange department should be a medium of friendly criticism and commendation, and hope that our friends will agree with us. It is only by knowing what others think of us that we can improve and broaden our magazine.

The ever-attractive Pharetra is here with a number of clever articles. One especially good story is "Extracts from a Vacation Round-Robin." The poem, "Bird in the Spray," is also good and the Book Reviews are interesting, as always.

The Lesbian Herald is well gotten up. Its department "The Theme Box" is to us one of the most interesting in the paper and one which we notice in more of our other exchanges.

"What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?"

"Absence of body."—Ex.

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A little girl was reading a composition of her own on "Grant's Work in the Civil War." She got on swimmingly until she reached Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House. Then she told how Lee wore his sword and was attired in full uniform, "while Grant," she announced, "had on nothing but an old, ragged union suit."—Ex.

"When Greek meets Greek—what happens?" asked the teacher.

Wise little Johnny promptly replied: "One says to the other, 'How's de fruit business?'"—Ex.

Teacher—"Tommy, what is a hypocrite?"

Tommy—"A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."—Ex.

He (fervently)—"I could waltz to Heaven with you!"

She (absently)—"Can you reverse?"—Ex.

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—Ex.

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

“James, what is the rest of the quotation, ‘Faith is mighty’?”

“‘Scarce’, I guess.”

Sammy, with a thirst for gore,
Nailed the baby to the door.
Mother said, with humor quaint,
“Sammy, dear, don’t mar the paint.”—Ex.

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Customer—"Is this an up-to-date doll?"

Clerk—"Yes, madam. It says 'Votes for women.'"—Ex.

"Have you any invisible hairpins?"

"Yes, madam."

"May I see them, please."—Ex.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks The Tartan, The Pitt Weekly and The Franklin.

Physics Teacher (after long-winded proof)—"And now, you see we get $X = O$."

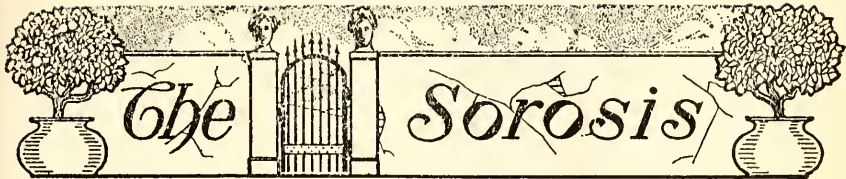
Sleepy Voice—"All that work for nothing."—Ex.

Teacher—"Explain the use of the present perfect tense."

Brilliant Pupil—"The present perfect tense shows that what has been done is still being doing."—Ex.

"Yes, my wife made me what I am!"

"Have you forgiven her yet?"—Ex.



Volume XIX

NOVEMBER, 1912

Number 3

LOVE PASSED ME ON THE WAY.

Love passed me on the way
As down the road I went.
Above the new cut hay,
Singing low, the reapers bent,
And the happy air was rent
By the whistle of a jay,
As Love passed me on the way.

Ah! Love passed me on the way
Where the wild hedge-roses grow.
He was dressed in sober gray;
Weary was his voice, and low;
And I knew him not, and oh!
Laughing light, I turned away;
So Love passed me on the way.

As he passed me on the way
“ ’Tis not thus Love comes,” I thought,
“But with gold, in rich array.”
Oh, my heart is sorrow-fraught
Since the day I knew Love not,
Since that bitter-weary day
That Love passed me on the way.

Marjorie Gowans, '15.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The idea of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama has held public attention since the sixteenth century. In 1550 Antonio Galvao, a Portuguese navigator, published a book in which he said such a thing was possible, and advised the undertaking. Nothing definite was decided upon, however, until the nineteenth century, when interest began to be aroused by the declarations of independence on the part of the Central American countries. France became anxious and somewhat alarmed, for this independence might develop into an interference with her plans for the canal. It was therefore instrumental in hastening her decision to make some positive demonstration of her intention to begin work on the Isthmus.

In 1876 a company was organized in France for the purpose of making surveys and collecting data as a basis for constructing a canal. In 1878 they secured a concession from the Colombian government, and an international congress was held, with Ferdinand de Lesseps as chairman. This congress considered the questions of the best location and plan. The Panama route was decided upon and the sea-level plan accepted, partly because of the success of that type at Suez, where the canal had just been completed. A company, called the Panama Company, with de Lesseps as president, was organized in 1878, and it purchased the concession the investigating company had secured. All work since has been carried on under this concession. Two years were spent in surveys, investigations and other preliminaries.

Work was carried on according to the sea-level plan until 1887, when, owing to the financial condition of the company, the lock type was resorted to, because by this means the canal could be finished sooner and the proceeds might save the company from liquidation. The change was made too late, however, and the company failed in 1889. There was much discussion at that time, and has been much since, concerning the two possible types of canal—the sea-level and the lock. The latter has finally been chosen, because it has seemed the more

practical and the less expensive in the end. The Pacific Ocean is about twenty feet higher than the Atlantic at this point, and, besides, there is a large hill that would have to be cut away if the sea-level plan were used. By using locks, the difference in the altitudes of the oceans is overcome and the hill need not be excavated.

During this period of activity on the part of the French, the Civil War and Reconstruction were occupying all possible attention in the United States. But when she had recovered a little, Panama again claimed her notice; Nicaragua rather than Panama, for while the French were working at Panama, the United States began investigating Nicaragua, and in this way the dispute arose as to which was the better route. When the French Company failed, the United States purchased its rights and property for \$40,000,000. A treaty with the Colombian government was drawn up, but its Senate refused to ratify it, on the grounds that they were not being paid enough. About this time the people of Panama revolted and gained their independence from Colombia. The United States immediately recognized the new republic and transferred her negotiations to it. A treaty was ratified in 1904, and the work commenced by the French was taken up.

Some organization is necessary among such numbers of men as are employed in the Canal zone. These men live in villages in which are churches and schools; and which very much resemble villages in the rural districts of our own country. The children have advantages equal to those in the United States through the high schools. There are eleven chaplains, who look after the sick, as well as the spiritual welfare of the employees. The organization is complete. Everything takes place as regularly as clockwork—duties of construction, government and sanitation. And sanitation is one of the most important things to be attended to. Panama is one of the most healthful communities of the world, contrary to the current opinion, but among such numbers and in work of this character, if sanitary conditions were not looked after most carefully, disease would soon diminish the ranks of the workmen. There are about twenty-five thousand men employed, most of whom are natives of the West Indies.

The Europeans and Americans are paid in gold, the rest in silver. Four days each month are taken up in paying the entire force.

When the Canal is finished it will extend from Colon on the Atlantic side to Panama on the Pacific. It will be about forty miles from shore to shore, and an average vessel will be able to pass through in twelve hours. It will cost the United States about \$400,000,000. The distance from New York to San Francisco will be reduced 8,415 miles, from Liverpool to San Francisco 6,046 miles, from New York to Sydney, Australia, 4,000 miles. The United States will have absolute sovereignty over a strip of land ten miles wide; this width being important on account of the frequent revolutions in the surrounding countries. The Canal will be strictly for commercial purposes, and its use as a vantage point in time of war is forbidden, since no belligerent vessel may stay more than twenty-four hours within three miles of either terminus. No act of war can be committed in it, nor are the inhabitants of its shores allowed to sell provisions to a war vessel, that is, more than is necessary for the passage from one end to the other. Such are the laws that have been made for its use by the nations of the world in general, but recently the United States has been considering very seriously whether it is fair to herself to have spent so much time, labor and money on the construction of the canal, and then to be deprived of its benefit in case of war.

Grace Woodrow, 1916.

THE TOPAZ NECKLACE.

Of course I was delighted when Aunt Hetty left me her wonderful topaz necklace, but I was hardly surprised, for she had always said I should have it. I was her favorite niece, and we were great friends in the rare intervals when I saw her. She was very eccentric to say the least, and as she had bushels of money she was able to gratify to the fullest extent her whim, which was to travel, especially in queer, unknown spots, and to have a hand in everyone else's business. She was

seldom at home. For years at a time her great old house would stand quiet and empty in the midst of our peaceful little town. We never knew where she was or whether she was still alive. Then one day, in she would walk with trunks full of treasures for us and sometimes wonderful stories of adventure, which she would tell us all, me in particular. I always regarded her from early childhood until I grew up, with great awe and admiration. To me she was a sort of fairy godmother, and I was always happy when I could be near her.

About two years before her death she came home for the last time after a five years' absence. She sent for me at once and greeted me most affectionately.

"Child," she said, looking at me keenly, "you have grown very pretty since I last saw you, very pretty indeed! How old are you now?"

"Seventeen," I answered shyly, flushing at the praise of the queer old lady.

She nodded slowly. After a moment, "Come up to my room, my dear," she said, "I have some pretty things to show you."

I followed eagerly enough. She showed me some images and odd embroideries, then placed a soft leather pouch in my hands.

"How do you like it?" she inquired.

I opened the bag and drew out the most wonderful necklace I have ever seen. It was all of topazes—eighteen of them—with big ones at the back, and tapering down into tiny ones in the front. Right in the midst of the little yellow stones was an immense jewel whose like I had never seen. It was like a topaz, but there were strange lights glittering in its depths, and it glowed and twinkled as if it were alive. It was the size of a half dollar, and around its edge was a circle of tiny diamonds. I cannot begin to describe the wonderful beauty of the topaz necklace. You would have to see it to appreciate it.

I stood spellbound, gazing at it while my aunt watched me with grim pleasure. "It is a queen's necklace," she said at last. Then, as if thinking aloud—"with those eyes and that

black hair—Bobbie!” so suddenly that I almost jumped, “you shall have it some day when I am gone, but take good care of it, and be careful, for they won’t let you keep it if they can help it!”

“Oh, Aunt Hetty!” I gasped, “For me? It is wonderful, but indeed—I can’t believe it!”

“Never mind thanking me,” said my aunt hastily. “You mayn’t want to after you’ve had it awhile.” She took the necklace from me and put it carefully away. I never saw it again until two years later, when a report of her death came to us from a distant country, and with it a carefully sealed package. When I opened it the topaz necklace was revealed, a miracle of golden brilliance.

I had never had anything so valuable as that before, and was in continual fear of losing it or having it stolen. As it was far too gorgeous to wear to any of our informal little affairs, we kept it carefully locked away in Grandfather’s big safe.

I remember that it was about two weeks after I received the necklace that we had our burglary. Nothing was taken as the thief was caught entering the house, and we didn’t pay much attention to the attempt. It was an interesting adventure to us, and got to be rather a joke after while among our friends.

For two months I had no opportunity of wearing my wonderful chain, although I was longing to; then one day Mother was summoned to New York on business and I accompanied her, in high spirits, with the topaz necklace packed among my belongings. We stopped at one of the biggest hotels and for a week I was in the seventh heaven of delight. It was my first taste of life in a big city and I reveled in the hurry of it, the luxurious life of the hotel, the constant change of scene and occupation, and the many new people I met. To make it still more delightful, when we arrived we found Jimmie Wallace staying at our hotel. Jimmie is a nice boy, and we have always been the best of friends, except when he tries to be something more and I have to snub him. He was perfectly charming to Mother and me, and took us to the

theatres, to dinners and concerts, until Mother was scandalized.

The third day of our stay, there was a great dance at the hotel, given by one of Mother's friends, and I decided to wear the topaz necklace for the first time. I had a new gown for the occasion, black velvet and chiffon—my first with a train—and rather décolleté. It was severely plain and the prettiest thing I ever saw. Jimmie sent me an immense corsage of yellow roses, and when I was all dressed and had my necklace on I was very pleased with the result. Marie—she is my maid and very devoted to me—fairly went into raptures over my appearance, and Mother said, "That necklace is very becoming, Bobbie. Turn around till I see if your gown looks all right from behind! I am very proud of you tonight." I always feel very happy when I know that I look nice, and as I descended the great staircase, at the bottom of which Jimmie was waiting, I was very glad I was alive.

A man was talking to Jimmie, and when he saw me he simply gazed with a look in his eyes that was nicer than all Jimmie's poetic effusions about my appearance. Jimmie introduced his friend as Ray MacIntosh, and he was quite devoted all evening, much to poor Jim's disgust. I liked him ever so much, and we were good friends by the time the dance was over. I had a beautiful evening. My necklace attracted much attention, and there was an odd-looking lady with a foreign air who kept looking at it steadily with the queerest expression. I spoke of it to Mr. MacIntosh, but he said that she was only looking at its wearer, and had an unusually keen sense of the beautiful. All the same, I knew she was particularly interested in my necklace.

I noticed afterwards that she had rooms very near ours. We never met her, but I often found her gazing at me. She had very unpleasant eyes and a secretive smile that aroused my curiosity. From that time on I observed her as interestedly as she did me.

I kept on seeing a lot of Ray MacIntosh. Mother liked him very much, and she is always very particular about my friends. Jimmie didn't know much about him. They had

been college chums and Jimmie said Ray had gone in for athletics a lot and had never paid any attention to girls. After a few days I could see that he was beginning to care seriously, and I didn't dare ask myself what I thought of him. I was half afraid of him after that, but we kept on being very happy in each other's company. He was so nice to me in all those little things that a girl appreciates so much.

One night he came up to my corridor with me to say goodnight. Some impulse made me mention the necklace; I hadn't worn it since that first night. "Do you keep it in your rooms all the time?" Ray asked. "I shouldn't think that a very safe place for so valuable a piece of jewelry."

I opened the door of our sitting room and switched on the lights. "Come in a minute," I said gayly. "You could never guess where I keep it."

Ray came in, leaving the door open, and I went over to the desk, on which stood a big, oddly-shaped inkstand. It was one of Aunt Hetty's gifts to Mother, and although unusually large, was really good looking. I took it up and brought it to Ray, who was watching me curiously. "You see it has a false bottom," I explained, "and under the one you can see, is a compartment just big enough for my necklace."

I pulled out the compartment and showed him the necklace within it, and at that precise moment something went wrong with the electricity and all the lights in my room went out. They were on again in a second, but I had seen in that moment of complete darkness the shadow of a woman's figure reflected on the lighted space inside my door. It was quite motionless, and the person, whoever she was, must have been standing looking in. The shadow vanished so quickly that I wondered if I had imagined it, and when I stepped hastily to the door and saw no one I was almost convinced of it.

I put the inkstand back on the desk and went over to the door with Ray. We chatted a short time, and then I gave him my hand. "Goodnight and sweet dreams," I said.

He held my hand tightly for a minute and said softly, "Goodnight, Bobbie dear." Then he was off down the hall,

while I stood there blushing crimson and wondering what Mother would have said.

Just as I was ready for bed I remembered that I had left my scarf at the top of the stairs. It was very late and I was sure no one would see me, so I slipped into my kimono and slippers and went softly down the hall. As I passed the mysterious lady's door I noticed that it was open a little and saw her stooping over the hearth, seemingly feeling for something. I didn't pay much attention to the tableau but went on, found my scarf and got back to my room without meeting anyone. Just as I was about to turn off my lights I heard steps outside and then saw a small note slipped under my door. I opened it eagerly. "Dear Bobbie," it said, "I have just received a telegram which compels me to leave here tomorrow morning early. I have something important to tell you before I go. Will you meet me in the green parlor at seven-thirty in the morning? Yours, R. M."

I didn't sleep much that night and awoke in the morning with a splitting headache. I sent Marie down to Ray with a note in which I said I was sorry not to be able to say goodbye but that my head was too bad. She returned very soon with a great cluster of violets and his card, on which he had scribbled, "Awfully sorry you are ill. I will be back as soon as possible, and meanwhile take care of yourself for my sake."

It was the afternoon of that same day that we discovered the topaz necklace was gone! Such excitement as there was then! Detectives were sent for, the hotel management was greatly worried, and Mother quite overcome. "But, Bobbie," she said for the tenth time, "I can't see how anyone found it in the inkstand. No one but you and I knew where it was kept."

"And Ray," I answered carelessly. In truth, the loss of the necklace hadn't affected me half as much as it had Mother. I had been occupied thinking of the new tone in Ray's voice the night before. "I showed him the hiding place last night."

"By the way, we haven't seen him all day," said Mother, with momentary interest. "Where is he, Bobbie?"

"He went away this morning, but said he'd be back soon," I answered.

Mother looked at me suddenly with wide eyes, and in that moment I knew what she was thinking and where all the evidence pointed. "Mother," I cried fiercely, "how can you even think such a thing!" and the next minute I was weeping my heart out in her arms. "Poor Bobbie!" she whispered, soothing me. "Don't cry, dear. After all, we don't know anything for sure."

Courage came to me suddenly. "I know that he didn't do it," I answered proudly, and wiped my eyes with a trembling hand. It was not for me to doubt him first!

Of course we said nothing of him to the detectives, yet I carried a heavy heart around with me all day. The more I thought, the more conclusive everything seemed. I had showed him the hiding place, the necklace had disappeared that night, and he the next morning. Moreover we knew little about him. And yet, in spite of all this, I could not believe he was guilty.

Early in the evening I passed the mysterious lady on the stairs. I thought she looked at me with something of triumph in her eyes, and suddenly the remembrance of the shadow on my floor the night before rushed over my mind, then the picture of her kneeling by her fireplace. I was filled with excitement and a hope which increased the more I thought. Her strange actions and her interest in me all pointed to the same conclusion. Yet I couldn't tell the hotel people of my suspicions based upon such slight grounds. A bold thought suddenly left me trembling. Why shouldn't I rob her if she had robbed me? I could search her room while she was out, and if I found nothing no harm would be done. I became surer each minute that my necklace lay under her hearth, so that when I thought of Ray my mind was fully made up.

The next morning I waited in my room until I heard her leave hers. As soon as she was out of sight I flew down the hall and into her room, horribly frightened, yet resolved to carry through my plan at any cost. I went at once to the hearth and felt all the tiles. For a long time I had no success, and was getting anxious, when all at once I felt one waver beneath my fingers. Quick as a flash, I had it and out, and

there, in the cavity beneath, lay something that glowed with a golden gleam. It was my necklace! I was so relieved that I could have wept for joy. As I rose to go out I heard footsteps approaching and, on the chance that they might be the person's in whose room I was, I stepped hastily into her cupboard and pulled the door nearly shut. I had really no idea that she had returned so soon, but what was my horror to hear the footsteps stop at her door and come in. I crouched trembling among her gowns and watched the door with wide eyes. She paused outside a minute, then came straight to my hiding place and flung wide the door.

She didn't seem at all startled when she confronted me. My feelings I cannot describe; I only wished fervently that there would be an earthquake, or that the ground would swallow me. Nothing happened, however, and for a full moment the woman stood there actually smiling at me. Then, "Will Miss Elton be pleased to come out?" she said, speaking softly and with a decided accent. I obeyed, unable to say a word. She motioned me to a seat, sat down herself and began to talk coolly and quietly. "I wish to congratulate you, Miss Elton. That was well played! I didn't think you were so clever. I thought you merely pretty"—this with a tinge of scorn. "I suppose an explanation is due you now as to why I took your necklace. I am no common thief," and she straightened herself proudly.

I could well believe it. Her face was not that of an ordinary person, and her air that of one born to command.

"I am, in my own country, the Princess Nahra el Zoradin, the king's daughter. For two years I have been on the track of this necklace, which is mine. There was a great revolution in my father's kingdom and during the upheaval this necklace vanished. As soon as peace was restored spies were sent out to search for it. It is not the money value alone which makes it precious to us, though that alone is considerable. But there is an ancient prophecy that when this jeweled chain passes away from our country ruin will overtake us. The great topaz in the center was once the eye of our principal god. Since the necklace has been gone two of my brothers have died of a plague. When it was discovered at last that your aunt had

our treasure I came at once to obtain it, by fair means or foul. Your house was robbed under my orders, but my servant was clumsy. I followed you here and saw you when you showed your hiding place to your lover. It was very easy to obtain it then. Now will you please return my necklace," stretching out her hand. I believed every word of her story, yet I hesitated.

"But Mr. MacIntosh," I stammered, "is accused of the robbery and can only be cleared by the return of the necklace."

Her eyes softened wonderfully. "And you love him?" she queried gently. I bent my head, flushing deeply. "And it is only for that you are worried?" I nodded again. She thought a minute. "You are a nice child and I will arrange it all for you," she said, smiling brilliantly. "I will go from here tonight—my errand is finished—and leave behind a note confessing that I took the necklace. They will never catch me once I am gone. Will that do?"

For answer I held out the necklace. She bent forward swiftly and kissed me. "Thank you," she smiled. "I knew you would. Now go, my dear! I saw a friend of yours down stairs as I came up." She opened the door and gave me a little push.

Ray was waiting in the hall. He came to me at once, but did not offer his hand, and there was a hard look upon his face. "I have seen your mother," he said without preamble. "I hear you have lost your necklace and, from what she said, I suppose—Good heavens! Bobbie, do you think I took the cursed thing?" roughly.

"Never for a minute, Ray," I answered steadily. He looked at me hard for a moment. "You darling!" he murmured; and then I was in his arms. And at that precise moment Mother appeared at the end of the corridor. Ray bent over me hastily. "Do you want to know what I was going to ask you yesterday morning, Bobbie?" he whispered. "I wanted to ask you if I might tell your Mother that you had promised to be my wife. May I tell her now—dear?"

"If you wish," I answered shyly.

I always thought I should like traveling, so, for our wedding trip, Ray and I journeyed in a leisurely but wholly delightful manner through the odd little kingdoms of the East. One day we visited a very old temple in one of the most unpronounceable of them. As we emerged from its ruined walls a splendid retinue came toward us. In the midst, borne in a golden litter, sat a majestic lady, clothed in purple robes, with a wonderful topaz necklace about her neck. The natives bowed to the earth as she passed. I knew her at once, and she saw me at the same instant. She bent her head graciously and I waved my hand. Then she was borne onward.

That night an old native in a splendid uniform brought me a little packet and a note, which read: "With the compliments of the Princess Nahra el Zoradin, and her best wishes for your continued happiness."

In the package was a ring set with a great ruby. My husband put it on my finger and kissed it—the finger, I mean.

"But don't you wish you still possessed the topaz necklace?" he asked, after that highly satisfying operation was finished.

"I would rather have you," I answered happily. "And I am glad I gave it back to the Princess."

"My sweet!" cried Ray, and hugged me until I cried for mercy. "Let's forget all about the old thing and go into the rose garden. The moon is up, and we can talk about how nice it is to be married!"

I am a good, obedient wife—how queer that sounds!—so I cheerfully agreed, and from that day to this I have never heard another word about the topaz necklace.

Lorna Burleigh, 1915.

NOVEMBER EVENING.
— — —

A cold wind blows from the cold gray sky;
It sends o'er the earth a warning—
Each living thing unprotected tonight
Shall be black and dead in the morning.
The partridge flies from the open field;
She seeks with her brood a cover
Where the underbrush shuts out the cold
And forms a thatch above her.

The purple grass of the hill turns gray
And lives its last eve in sorrow,
For the whole world knows that the wind that warns
Will kill, then will wail on the morrow.



THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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The college woman has much to be thankful for in this day. Even ten years ago her life was not so blessed as it is now. The college life is one of much happiness and freedom—the old prison idea for girls' schools is entirely eliminated, and now a happier community than that in an institution of learning cannot be found. Girls in college have a bright future before them. They are not foredoomed, as formerly, to

become school teachers, whether they have the gift or no, but many avenues of opportunity are open to them. A college alumna can be anything for which she has a talent, and toward which she is inclined. Do you wish to be a lawyer? Nothing need hold you back. Become a progressive farmer, if you will, or a writer of cook books. And do not be daunted when rank generalizers declare that the American college woman is a slovenly housewife; for better matrons are found nowhere than in our own beloved land; and you can become an exponent of this truth if you will.

Be thankful that you are a college woman in America in this season of Thanksgiving.

The Short Story Contest should not be forgotten. There is hardly a girl who could not make a contribution if she tried, so everybody try! December 10 is not very far distant. The judges will be Miss Coolidge, Miss May Hardy and Mr. Putnam.

ALUMNAE.

Beulah Pierce, '12, is on the approved list of substitutes for Pittsburgh High School.

Decade II met November 9th at Miss McSherry's. Miss Edna McKee gave an interesting account of her summer in Vermont.

Decade Club III met with Edna Reitz in November, and will be entertained by Rosalie Supplee for the December meeting.

Clarissa Blakeslee, '12, is in Philadelphia, where she and her father will reside on the completion of their new home there.

Elma McKibben, '10, took dinner with Miss Kerst on November 18.

Minerva Hamilton, '12, is now teaching in McDonald High School.

Both Frances and Mary Gray are taking Children's Librarian courses at the Carnegie Library.

May Hardy and Martha Sands are studying Domestic Science at the City Y. W. C. A.

Mabel Crowe Baird has gone to housekeeping in Cleveland.

Rosalie Supplee has a splendid position with the East Liberty branch of the Associated Charities.

Sara Carpenter will spend the Thanksgiving with her sister, Mrs. Dearborn, also a P. C. W. girl, in New York. She will also visit Clarissa Blakeslee in Philadelphia.

Miss Jennie McSherry lectured recently in Beaver College, on Art.

The autumn meeting of P. C. W. Alumnae was held in October. Tea was served by Miss Coolidge.

Demonstrative Political Rally!

Most Remarkable Gathering Ever Held at P. C. W.

SUFFRAGETTES OUT IN FULL FORCE!

Special to the Sorosis, 1:00 A. M.

The greatest political gathering in the annals of P. C. W.'s history is being held tonight, which marks the culmination of the excitement and speeches of the last two months. The monstrous gathering is convened in the historically famous Dilworth Hall, which forms a suitable setting for the

many notables present. The meeting is honored with the presence of President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, and Dr. Lindsay, who represents Governor Wilson. Governor Wilson was unavoidably detained by a previous engagement. The auspicious event was opened with elaborate parades, headed by ear-splitting brass bands, which thrilled the deeply moved spectators and raised them to such a pitch of patriotism and enthusiasm as never witnessed nor heard of within the time-hallowed walls.

The Democratic party was first, headed by the famous rooster, who gravely stalked forward aggressively saluting "any led from the straight paths." The Democratic contingent is immense and the hall rings with their well-known songs and yells.

Next came the Suffragettes, with their typical school-marms and window-smashers. They were greeted on all sides by shouts of approval and wild enthusiasm, but these brave veterans of the war, with faces set to the future, dauntlessly marched onward. Huge placards bearing "Votes for Women" were daringly flaunted in the faces of narrow-minded men, and it seemed for a while as if a riot were imminent. Fortunately a large body of mounted policemen interfered at this critical moment.

Following these came the Teddyites, with their broad grins and seeming confidence. Teddy himself was in the procession, and lent much grace and poise to the parade.

Last of all was the Taft parade, which, though it lacked in quantity, made up for it in quality. President Taft was among the foremost with his benignant smile and optimistic talk of fair deal. This Republican parade was greeted with shouts of approval and Taft's smile became more and more benevolent.

Stump speeches were made by Dr. Lindsay for the Democrats, the well-known politician, Miss White, for the Republicans, the famous Prof. Putnam for the Bull Moosers, and the Suffragette leader and reformer, Miss Meloy, for the Suffragettes and Socialists. These excellent speeches, which took the people by storm, will be found on Page 23.

As the returns are 'phoned in they are uproariously re-

ceived and the huge mob of people has now joined in singing that grand old song, "The Star Spangled Banner," which makes every true American's heart beat faster with love for his country. Up to this time the result is not certain, but New York has gone for Wilson, and it is even whispered that California is on the fence. The Wilson people are already planning how much larger their bank accounts will be this year. However, the returns will all be in early and everyone should buy an extra early edition of the Sorosis!

COLLEGE NOTES.

Thanksgiving Recess, November 28th to December 1st.

Janet Brownlee, Olga Losa, Florence Keys, Betty McCague, Pauline Burt, Claire Colestock and Anne Rutherford attended the Third Annual Conference of the Western Pennsylvania Union of Student Volunteers, which was held at Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa., November 1-3. Delegates from many colleges in Western Pennsylvania were present. The girls were entertained at "The Hillside" by the Westminster girls, many of whom were known to us before. through basketball games.

Janet Brownlee and Olga Losa were sent as delegates by the Young Woman's Christian Association. Among the speakers at the conference were Dr. Charles R. Watson, Secretary of the United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and Mr. J. L. Murray, who gave many valuable suggestions for the forming of Mission Study classes in the colleges.

Miss Robinson, who visited us a few weeks ago and who expects to go as a missionary to Japan next fall, gave an interesting account of the work there. Mrs. Alice E. McClure, who spoke here last year, and who was formerly a missionary to India, told of the life and conditions there.

This conference will be held next year at Geneva College, Beaver Falls. We hope that some time we may have it here.

Dr. Matthew Riddle lectured on Wednesday morning,

November 6th. His subject, "Reminiscences of Pittsburgh," was one on which Dr. Riddle is exceptionally well qualified to speak, and the address was thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard it.

The lecturer on Wednesday, November 13th, was Dr. Robert Christie, of the Western Theological Seminary. Dr. Christie's subject was "Robert Burns," and, as Dr. Christie himself is a Scotchman, he treated the author and his works from an unusually sympathetic point of view.

On November 20th Dr. S. C. Fisher, a former teacher here, read a paper on "Popular Devotion to Royal Pretenders," which gave us a new and interesting view of History.

Friday, the 15th, was the date of the Junior party. Dancing occupied the first part of the evening, after which a very clever representation of "The Ladies' Home Journal" was given. They presented "The Frontispiece," "That Reminds Me," "Serial Story," and "Good and Bad Taste in Dress." "Good Manners and Good Form" was conducted by Giulietta Plympton. She answered the question, "Is it proper to eat soup with a sponge" thus: "It is proper if your hostess does not provide any other utensil. The sponge should be taken between the thumb and forefinger and deftly raised to the lips over which it is softly brushed until the soup disappears." Juanita Husband gave a harrowing description of how she raised a family of twelve on five dollars a month so as to save three dollars and ninety-eight cents. The last two departments were "The Decoration of the Thanksgiving Table" and the "Advertising." Refreshments and dancing ended a very successful party. Out-of-town guests were Miss Reed Marshall of Canonsburg, Miss Zilma Conkle of Coraopolis, Mrs. Edward Stockdale and Miss Hannah Lambie of Washington, Pa.

The annual Hallowe'en party was given in the chapel Friday evening, November 1st. The place presented a wierd appearance, being lighted only by jack-o'-lanterns, which peeped out from behind autumn leaves and cornstalks. The first part of the evening was the grand march, led by Miss Brown and Miss Root. Then the judges, Miss Coolidge, Mrs. Putnam and

Mrs. Martin, awarded the prizes. The prize for the prettiest was given to an unknown D. H.-er, who was a little Japanese maiden. Miss Martha Young, as the Newlyweds' baby, carried off honors for the funniest. Three people, each dressed as a box of "Dutch Cleanser," were the best advertisement. These girls were Miss Alice Laidlaw, Miss Ethel Bair and Miss Betty Cameron, and deserve much credit for the originality of the scheme. Miss Pauline Burt, as President Taft, was the best representation.

The faculty furnished the entertainment for the evening, which consisted of shadowgraphs of the most interesting late happenings, including the glee club, the ethics class, hockey games, and other college activities. The descriptive poem read while each shadowgraph was in progress was especially clever.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

The Dramatic Association has decided on the play for December 13th, 1912. It is to be "Sir William's Niece."

The Glee Club is planning a concert with Pitt, probably to take place early in January. Rehearsals are progressing briskly.

The Mandolin Club has organized its work with reference to the two concerts to be given soon after the holidays. The new members have proved themselves valuable acquisitions and much enthusiasm over the outlook for the year has been displayed.

The Deutsche Verein held its October meeting the second Tuesday of the month. Miss Kindl and Miss Gowans were hostesses. Miss Hooker was a guest of the Verein and gave a short talk on her summer trip through Germany. Madame de Vivie was also present.

Delta Sigma initiated five new members at a meeting on October 21st. They were Helen Craig, 1913; Mary Savage, Pauline Burt, Ethel Williams and Anne Rutherford. Miss Robinson was guest of Delta Sigma. At the meeting the girls will sew for the Y. W. C. A. Bazaar.

Omega, at the recent meetings, has read and discussed "The Stooping Lady," "The Garden of Allah," and "A Great Man," all of which have called forth interesting comment. Election of officers takes place December 5th.

The Athletic Association is an enthusiastic and wide-awake organization this year. Hockey and baseball have been the centers of attraction so far. The girls have shown unusual interest in hockey, which was an entirely new game for all of them. The baseball game between Dilworth Hall and College was an interesting event and it is hoped enough interest will be manifested so that there will be a demand for competitive games in all athletics between the classes as well as between Dilworth Hall and College. Everyone, including faculty members, are cordially invited to take part in the athletics.

The Young Woman's Christian Association began on the regular program meetings November 20, and was led by Marjorie Gowans. The preceding meeting was taken up by the Westminster Conference reports. Friday evening, November 22, was given by Miss Cooledge as a sewing party for the annual bazaar, which will take place early in December, and for which the committees have already been appointed.

PERSONALS.

Pauline Burt visited Josette Kochersperg in Jamestown, N. Y., recently.

Dr. Lindsay—Will someone tell me a kind lie?

These cold days seem to have brought recollections of the reports of winter. Even Mr. Mayhew seems to have been affected by them, for in chapel, as the door closed behind the departing upholders of the bass and tenor parts, and wafted the cold breezes in to the platform, we heard him say, "Please notice, E Flat is not to be slidden on."

Helen Blair and Claire Colestock are leading a campfire group at the Central Y. W. C. A.

The college straw vote came out as follows: The Faculty and the Senior, Sophomore and Freshman classes went for Wilson, and the Juniors for Roosevelt. The College as a whole elected Wilson.

Miss B.—“And Milton’s three wives had died.”

Gasps from the class of education as they recall their Puritan friend, John.

Miss B.—Oh, of course, they died in succession.”

Dr. Lindsay has a beautifully constructed ethical proof, which disproves the statement that “a man has got to live.”

In Ethics—“I’d rather talk about the war between the United States and Cuba.”

The most enthusiastic political party in the college is the Suffragist-Socialist. The slogan is inspiring enough to guarantee them the next election — “Quality, Quantity, Refreshments.” A meeting of this party was held the night before election. The cheers of the members filled the building, and some passers-by, hearing the speeches by Miss Lindsay, Miss Black, Christine Cameron, Jane Johnston, Louise Kimball, Pauline Burt and Margaret Young, said that never again could they vote for any other party.

Miss Coolidge has recently returned from the gathering of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae at Ann Arbor, and says she has much to tell us concerning her trip.

The Faculty Teas have been presided over as follows: October 29, Miss Campbell and Miss Meloy; November 5, Miss Root and Miss McFarland; November 12, Mr. and Mrs. Putnam; November 19, Mrs. Drais and Mr. Martin. The Seniors liked the second tea of the list because that was the only one to which they were invited. It had Hallowe’en decorations, and there was a real colored mammy to serve the cider.

For the Midyear Dance, Christine wants yellow slippers, but is crazy about a pink dress.

All who wish their true character shown apply to Miss White. Lessons public or private.

The Seniors are so interested in their educational advantages that they can even prepare two lessons at once. At least the Irish lilt accompanied by the laughing up the scale certainly point in this direction.

A hint to Miss Holcomb—If you want someone to illustrate the use of the pendulum, call upon Dr. Lindsay to bring his chain and pocket knife.

Dr. Lindsay advised the Ethics class to marry up-to-date farmers! But where, O, where, are the farmers?

A severe cold caused Mildred Weston to spend a week at her home. It is a joy to have her with us again.

We were glad to see Nancy Collins last Saturday.

We learned recently that the first king of Israel was Saul, afterwards called Paul.

Miss Jean Donaldson of Wilkinsburg and Miss Helen Frost of Pitt were present at the political rally.

Janet—"You ought to have been here on Sabbath at Saturday noon."

On November 11th Miss Meloy chaperoned eight girls to see "The Return of Peter Grim." As a whole the girls' criticisms were favorable.

Saturday, the 16th, at 9 A. M., Mr. Martin was host at a small but select social function. Among those present were the Misses Florence Wilson, Jean Riggs, Martha Gibbons and Lillian Weihe.

Miss Lucille Oliphant, formerly a student at P. C. W., visited Marguerite Titzell the night of the Hallowe'en party.

Among over Sunday guests were Miss Margaret McJunkin

of Beaver College, Miss Ruth Heinzeleman of Thurston-Gleim School, Miss Florence Thompson and Miss Janet McKelvey.

The Klaxonmobile.

Night after Election, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The Wilsons, the Dafts, and the Roosevelts
Were peacefully sleeping, at rest with their fears,
When out on the road there arose such a clatter
We sprang from our beds to see what was the matter.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen grime—
Oh, dear, I am now at a loss for a rhyme.
To go on, to be brief, the moon did reveal
A hideous monster, a Klaxonmobile.
With its snout to the moon it piteously yeowled,
And then, waxing bolder, it growled and it howled
Of a popular "It" they are doing, and how
Everybody in Pittsburgh is doing it now.
In anguish we wondered how long it would stay,
But the brave Suffragettes must have scared it away,
For the Klaxormobile, with its dreadful Klaxwhistle,
Went skidding away, like the down of a thistle.

—Mildred Weston.

What is so mirth-provoking in the name Geikie?

We have reason to suspect that burglars succeeded in forcing an entrance into Room 23 one night last week. Our suspicions are founded upon circumstantial evidence—a glove. This savors of the Black Hand.

About one o'clock in the morning Edna heard a stealthy fumbling at the door. After shivering for two hours and fourteen minutes she aroused Alice, who, upon being told of the situation, neither screamed nor fainted. Both girls, with remarkable fortitude and presence of mind, quietly and system-

atically arranged the furniture against the door. The only flaw in the fortification was that the door opened outward. The girls, happily assured of their safety, crept back into the arms of Morpheus.

Next morning on returning from class Edna found—now as Edna waxes incoherent concerning the subject we are unable to ascertain whether it was “a big black man’s glove,” “a black man’s big glove,” or “a man’s big black glove” that she found on her dresser. Nevertheless, the finding of said glove at once suggested the mode of procedure adopted by the Prince in “Cinderella,” and Edna is searching diligently for a hand to fit the glove.

The Fatal Dominion of the Pronoun “His.” Mr. “English” (speaking of Sarah Fielding)—“**His** best work was ‘David Simple’.”

Mr. “Ethics”—“Does the state compel **his** father to clothe the children?”

Miss M. (in Economics)—“Miss F., will you tell about the consumption of shoes.”

Pretty hard diet, Mary, but Horace Fletcher might give you some suggestions.

Whether there is any connection between faculty teas and tests is not certain. However, we have our suspicions. The test fever is again on and the minds of the students are, as usual, befuddled. For example: M. M. (discussing when a certain “quiz” was to take place)—“Well, this isn’t next week.”

Song of the Suffragettes.

Gone are the days when we used to sit and rock,
Gone are the hours we spent on husband’s sock;
Now for the fems. the time has come to roam,
And leave the male contingent doing chores at home.

We’re mashing, we’re smashing,
For long have we been snubbed;
The ballot’s what we’re after,
And Suffragettes we’re dubbed.

English Dictation—Near the house where I go there are hardly any people, so when I want company I go across the lake to the hotel, where there are a lot of fellows.

Interruption—"Is the writer of this a boy or a girl?"

"Arrested for exceeding the speed limit!" Hands on the brakes, Juanita!

The Seniors wished to take a plunge into the pleasures or displeasures of being "Faculty." Therefore they held a Faculty Tea in the Senior parlor Monday, November 25th. Miss Florence Minor Root and Miss Christinella Cameron Black were hostesses. The subject of tests was discussed (their utter uselessness), and a short social hour followed.

On the 28th of October the Freshmen were most delightfully entertained in the drawing-room by their honorary member, Miss Kerst. Delicious refreshments were served and Miss Kerst and the Freshmen became very good friends. Miss Kerst recited several charming and amusing selections.

The Freshman Class had a feast in their den November 13th. Everyone enjoyed herself to the utmost.

Miss Anna Bailey of Philadelphia came to live in Woodland Hall the 21st of October.

The Executive Board of Woodland Hall gave a tea to the students Wednesday, November 6th. The tea was unusually pretty and well attended.

Heard in Junior History—"We will now discuss for a few minutes the internal difficulties of William — not speaking literally, of course."

A late member of the Junior Class has found her mate—according to a letter written on her honeymoon. Congratulations!

Adeline Colebrook says she has decided definitely not to come back. The Juniors will miss her.

A Sophomore feast occurred on November 22nd, which was a great success, the girls say.

The universal verdict of the Juniors the Monday after their party: "Well, we had a good time anyway!"

Has anybody noticed how "impersonal" the Junior class is?

The other day some one referred to "the croaking of the Glee Club."

Miss Francis Kindl was out of school for two weeks because of illness, and was much missed by her classmates.

Mr. Putnam—"A spinster is an unmarriageable woman of questionable age."

The Ouiji is handing out some remarkable and highly interesting information these days in the Sophomore den. First aid to the love-lorn is promised to all who wish to apply!

Anyone who wishes to understand Chaucerian wit should ask Grace Davies, who is frequently overcome by it.

What do the Sophs like best about Thanksgiving? The turkey dinner? Oh no—there is no lab. that day!

Donations for the Sophomore den are always and still in order. Not that the den needs them but—

Miss W. (checking dates in History) — "Hegira—622 A. D."

Student—"Who was he?"

What causes the troubled look on Miss R.'s face, when she says to a certain class on Monday morning: "Please go to the board"?

Someone (translating "Dido et fortis dux")—"Dido ate forty ducks."

If you wish to preserve your nerves, never jar them.

Miss K. in Chemistry—"I want some alimony, please."

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Whitmer will give an organ recital in the First Methodist Church, Brookville, Pa., Thanksgiving night.

On December 3rd Mr. Whitmer will give a program before the MacDowell Club, New York City.

On December 6th Messrs. Whitmer and Mayhew will present a lecture-recital on English songs, ancient and modern, at the College.

The Clayton Summy Company of Chicago will publish in January a Fanfare for the Organ, by Mr. Whitmer.

A short but enjoyable recital was given in the drawing room Wednesday evening, November 13th. Miss Ruth Miller played "Valse Lente," by Schutt, and a "Bohemian Dance," by Friml. Miss Edna Borland played MacDowell's "Winter" and "Exultation," by Foerster. We are glad to have the Wednesday evening recitals again; they were one of the pleasures of last year.

Madame Graziani sang on board an Atlantic liner in company with Alma Gluck in a benefit concert for the widows and orphans of the Titanic disaster.

The following anthems have been sung in chapel by the College Glee Club this fall:

Thou Shalt Love the Lord.....	Costa
Consider and Hear Me.....	Pfueger
The Lost Chord	Sullivan
I'm a Pilgrim	Marston

On December 5th will be held in Estey Hall, Philadelphia, a concert of Mr. Whitmer's compositions. Miss Sue Harvard and Mr. Mayhew will sing and Mr. Royer of New York will play the violin. Mr. Whitmer will accompany.

EXCHANGES.

We were charmingly surprised to find several new acquaintances among the old, on our exchange table this month. There is no better way to improve our own magazine than by comparisons with those of other schools. So let's hope our acquaintance this year will be mutually beneficial.

The Olio has a rather clever little story of a boy's asser-

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Tan and Black,

Low Heels

Invisible Eyelet

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tion of independence, called "The Revolt of John Augustus." We think the Olio would be greatly improved by the addition of an exchange department.

The Pharetra has a splendid literary department. The article on Borrow was an interesting surprise, for one finds generally that this delightful writer of gypsy life is not appreciated as highly as he deserves. The other departments of the Pharetra are attractive as always.

We are glad to welcome the Muhlenberg (Allentown, Pa.). The Muhlenberg presents a most attractive appearance, has an appropriate cover design, and a very readable story, "Gambling with Souls."

"The Mermaid" in Knick Knaeks is a pretty little story of a Roumanian sailor and his lost bride.

We are very much pleased to find The Holead (Westminster) on the exchange table this month.

The Collegian (Grove City) is pleasing as usual, though

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Behold these pale and wasted forms
That once were gay as we;
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All desolate, Ah, me!

These merry folk, one merry night
At the time of the full moon,
Assembled all to have a feast—
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we think the Exchange department might well receive a little more attention.

The Lesbian Herald has an article on "Mona Lisa" that is well worth reading.

The H. S. Journal is well gotten up and has a number of attractive cuts.

We desire also to acknowledge with thanks the Holid, the Buchtelite, the Pitt Weekly, the Tartan, and the Franklin.

Little Dorothy—"When I grow up I'm going to have two children. I'm going to name the first one Anaemia and the second one Malaria."—Ex.

A man entered a restaurant and ordered ham. When it was served he complained to the waiter that it wasn't good.

"Why, it can't be very bad; it was only cured two days ago," said the waiter.

"Well," the man retorted, "it must have had a relapse since."—Ex.

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wave
O'er the green little freshy's gr
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DICK'S FIANCEE.*

Away up on almost the very top of the South Mountain nestles a little summer cottage. It is too small, too overshadowed by the great trees on all sides, to be seen from the valley. Besides, it is in reality a part of the forest itself, built of the rough logs, and covered with the wild vines of the mountains. It is so in harmony with the surrounding beauty and magic that it is hardly an impertinence even in such a majestic wilderness.

This little mountain cottage belongs to a world all its own—a world far different from the one you live in; a world of beauty, of magic, of wild grandeur; a world of space and silence; a world of looking-out. Though unseen itself; yet it sees, and its view is large, broad and magnificent. The whole valley lies below. After a look out from the mountain cottage it can hardly be possible for your view ever to narrow back to the same scope it had before.

One summer afternoon a train pulled up at the station at the foot of the mountain. A girl alighted, carrying a suitcase and a camera. Your first impression of her was that she was very much a young girl; certainly you would have judged so by her dress. Her linen skirt barely reached her ankles; a large, floppy Panama hat permitted a glimpse of

*This story received the prize in the Short Story Contest.

a few tiny brown curls, and two big, bright blue eyes—eyes that had a most disconcerting habit of appearing greatly amused at even common, ordinary things; particularly were they disconcerting when they found their amusement in you.

The train seemed impatient to be off again. A face at a Pullman window smiled farewell to the girl—a face very like the girl's, only it was definitely a young woman's face. The girl laughed and attempted to wave her hand; as it held the camera, it was a rather sorry wave. A neatly white-gloved hand at the window fluttered an instant, and then hand and all disappeared from sight as the train pulled out.

The girl was left alone on the platform, except for a little, fat man—evidently the baggage master, ticket and express agent, all combined—who was attempting to carry her steamer trunk into the station. She felt rather sorry for him, and would probably have extended an offer of assistance, if she hadn't looked around just then.

A young man had just arrived—and in great haste. He was hatless and his hair stood up like a Teddy-bear's, though it wasn't cut that way. The strength of the glance with which he favored the vanishing train would leave the impression that he had been hurrying—possibly quite a little—to make it, and then had missed it by one or two minutes. But, as he was without hat or baggage, probably he hadn't contemplated taking a trip after all; his hat might be lying in his wake some place, but it is to be doubted if he would have abandoned his suit-case, even to make a train.

The girl became conscious that she was being gazed at, very much as though she was one of the world's Seven Wonders.

She glanced up and met the stranger's gaze. He reddened uncomfortably—he wasn't so very young, either. The girl felt like laughing, not because it was proper, but because she felt like it.

She looked away and her eyes were rather merry—but then they generally were. Although he looked as if he might be going to speak to her, she wouldn't wait for him. Accord-

ingly she picked up her suit-case and started in the direction of the station.

"I beg your pardon," sounded a man's deep voice, "but are you Miss Cavode?"

The girl turned to behold the young man bowing very politely—nay, elegantly. His confusion had disappeared entirely, and his eyes were merry like her own—they were brown though, and hers were blue.

"Why, yes—I am," laughed the girl. "Do I know you?"

"Well, if you are Betty Cavode, I think I have a right to demand your acquaintance; Dick Mapherson prefers not to converse about any other subject."

The young man might have expected her to blush, but not necessarily so violently. Betty Cavode had been engaged to Dick Mapherson for six months—you would think she wouldn't be so greatly startled at reference to it. But her confusion lasted only a few seconds. When she looked up there was something in her eyes that would have told you to look out for something, if you had known her as well as her sister and some more people. Her sister would have said: "Billy's up to some trick again."

"I guess you're Mr. Harton—aren't you?"

The young man nodded.

"Yes. Now will you shake hands?"

"With the greatest pleasure! I think I know you as well as your grandmother does!"

The eyes of the girl whom he had called Betty Cavode fairly danced with laughter and fun, as she extended a little hand to his.

"Very glad to meet you, Miss Cavode," he said with a formal bow. "Allow me to take those things."

Betty graciously transferred her camera and suit-case to him.

"How's Aunt Sade?"

"Aunt Sade! Oh, I forgot to say she sent me to get you! She is laid up with a sprained ankle. I was to give

you her regrets and bring you up the mountain path safely."

"Very nice for you, but not so nice for Aunt Sade. How did she sprain her ankle?"

"She slipped and fell on her way up the mountain path the other evening. Miss Cavode, give me your check, and I'll see to your trunk."

Bob Harton made arrangements for getting Betty's trunk up to the cottage. Then they started on their way.

The path up the mountain was very rough and steep at places. At first Betty had very little difficulty in climbing. Once she stumbled on a stone or root and went down on one knee. She was up almost before Bob Harton was aware she had fallen.

He had the suit-case and the camera; nevertheless, he placed the camera under an arm, and offered assistance.

Betty laughed in his face—she was very rude.

"Mr. Harton, you are a silly goose! I always walk by myself. Let me carry that camera." And she stretched out her hand.

She was justly punished for this by losing her footing, and probably would have rolled to the bottom, disregarding rocks, bushes and trees alike, if Bob Harton had not caught her just in time.

The suit-case and camera were left to their fate—kind or otherwise—and Bob Harton held Betty Cavode in his arms in their stead. For an instant she was frightened, and her breath came a trifle faster. For one small moment she lay in his arms, and Bob Harton gazed down into the face of his best friend's fiancée, into the eyes which were no longer merry and roguish, but decidedly beautiful and startled and confused. They seemed older, too—the eyes not of a child, but of a young woman. A thought of Dick flashed into his mind and he frowned unconsciously. He released her, and she steadied herself against a tree. She had blushed even redder than at the station. Her hat lay on the ground and her suit-case rested against a tree trunk; nowhere was the camera to be seen.

She burst into a rather nervous little laugh.

"Wasn't it funny, Mr. Harton? Why did you catch me after I called you a goose?"

"I had to," he said, looking straight into her eyes. Then he added, "You know I couldn't do too much for Dick."

"For whom? Dick?—oh, yes," she crimsoned. "Come, let's go on. Where is the camera?"

"I heard it rolling down. I'm afraid it's gone."

"I don't care, anyway. Let's go on."

Bob Harton picked up the suit-case and Betty Cavode her hat, and then they started up the path again. Betty's independent spirit seemed broken for the moment, for she permitted Bob to assist her without a murmur.

Finally they gained the top. The little cottage lay only a few rods back, under the shadow of two giant trees.

Betty started forward.

"Good-bye. I want to see Aunt Sade."

Aunt Sade was a pretty, girlish-looking woman, thirty-five years old, but who looked twenty-five. Betty adored her; indeed, few people could resist her. Bob Harton had found her irresistible. She was his aunt—that is, his uncle had married her. Aunt Sade was Betty's mother's sister.

Betty found Aunt Sade alone, comfortably nursing a sprained ankle, decidedly attractive in negligee. For fully one-half hour Betty appropriated her, and Bob Harton was left to his own pleasure.

During this time he sat on the steps of the porch, looking down into the valley and thinking. But he wasn't thinking about the valley—it is doubtful if he saw it. His brow was a trifle wrinkled, as though he might be trying to solve an exceedingly hard problem.

He had a rather distressing problem to solve! He had gone down to meet Betty Cavode, Dick Mapherson's fiancée, and the incarnation of all perfection and feminine charm. From Dick's ravings—although you must allow something—she was undoubtedly beautiful and attractive, but decidedly difficult to become well acquainted with, certainly upon first

sight. He had expected to find her dignified and reserved. And what had he found? A kid in short dresses, a pretty girl of about sixteen with the undignified manners of a tom-boy. Dick and that kid! The thought was altogether displeasing.

But his brow slowly cleared. He was rather thankful she wasn't dignified—and she had wonderful bright blue eyes and a charming style of blushing. Dick had remarkable taste for a bachelor of thirty-five!

Then his lazy thoughts centered entirely upon a girl whose hat had fallen to the ground, and a camera that was lying some place near the base of the mountain.

* * * * *

For one whole week Betty had been living at the cottage, in the little world on the summit of the mountain, so far removed from our world. Her aunt and Bob Harton were its only other inhabitants, except her uncle, in the evenings, and her aunt's maid. Aunt Sade's ankle was not sufficiently strong for mountain exploits; so it was the most natural thing in the world that Betty should appropriate the only available person, namely, Bob Harton. It is a question if she appropriated Bob, or Bob appropriated her; however, she thought she did.

They roamed all over the mountains, one day climbing to the top of the next range, another seeking out a spring, and so on day after day. They would come back tired, and, resting on the porch far above the world, would watch the sun sink below the dark trees to the west; gradually the soft light would grow fainter and fainter, and the valley become dimmer and dimmer until it was completely enveloped in the shadows, and nothing remained but a dark impression of its existence. At such times the world of the mountain alone remained, with the moonlight dancing through the leaves of the trees and casting over all soft and varying shades in patterns fantastic and intricate. Above were the moon and the stars, and permeating all, the quiet and the silence of loftiness and space.

At such times Bob Harton would forget many things which he at other times remembered; among them that within the week he must return to Philadelphia, and that there existed such a fellow as Dick Mapherson. And such had a very definite meaning!

But it was quite different with Betty; she always remembered Dick. If by chance Bob expressed his appreciation of the night in general, of the stars—they never deserted their posts as chaperons—of the moonlight, Betty would sigh most effectively and quietly ask Bob if it wouldn't be nice if Dick could be there.

On the first occurrence Bob had answered that he wouldn't like anything better, he hadn't seen Dick for a month. The second time he had simply grunted and remained silent the rest of the evening. And a third evening something else happened.

Bob was leaning against the porch railing smoking a cigar. Aunt Sade and Uncle Henry were within.

He finished his cigar, tossed it out into the moonlight and seated himself in the porch swing by Betty. She wore a white sweater, as the air was a trifle cool. The moonlight and the slightly moving shadows seemed to have plotted impishly to make her eyes more beautiful than they ever were.

"It's about time!"

Betty's voice carried untold reproof.

"But you never care anyhow," he said rather miserably.

"Never care, Bob? Why, certainly I do! I was wishing you'd talk to me—I'm lonely," Betty complained.

Bob bent nearer and his voice was low—and sympathetic.

"You're lonely, Betty?"

Betty looked down. If she hadn't, he would have seen that she was laughing.

"Yes. The night's a dream, those stars, that moon, I wish——"

"What, Betty?"

It was only a whisper—but it was more.

“Why, it just makes me terribly lonely, you know. Just one year ago tonight I met Dick for the first time. It was beautiful, just like tonight.”

Bob straightened up and sat silent. His face would have been crimson in the light of day.

“It was at one of Aunt Sade’s parties.”

“It was?”

He arose from the swing suddenly and stood facing her.

She looked up, and there was an unmistakable gleam in her eyes.

He turned, and started for the door. His voice came back cold and hard:

“Good-night, Miss Cavode. You may prefer to enjoy the anniversary alone!”

Then he was gone, and Betty sat alone in the swing for fully an hour.

Aunt Sade came to the door and was surprised to find Betty by herself.

“Anything wrong, Billie?” she inquired.

Betty left the swing, put her arm around her waist, and kissed her.

“Not a bit! It was great! Bob got angry because I started to tell him about the first night I met Dick.”

“Billy!”

Aunt Sade laughed, but she added as a rather serious afterthought, “You may have to pay up for all this!”

But if Bob got unmanageable at times and sullen and uncompanionable, it didn’t worry Betty. She usually laughed at him. Besides, he was always ready for a trip in the mornings. Several mornings she had insisted upon going down the mountain for the mail. Those trips were delightful ones—for Bob! Each time Betty had received a letter. Her countenance was sufficient proof as to the identity of her correspondent.

“How’s Dick today, Betty?”

Bob thus inquired after his friend the morning one week after Betty's arrival. She had received a letter as usual and had torn it open with unseemly haste and eagerness. Her eyes flew over about two lines and then stopped. Was it a particularly original expression of Dick's that would cause her to linger thus? Hardly, for her eyes grew big and startled and there was most assuredly in them a hint of something resembling fright.

"Oh—oh!" she exclaimed.

"Anything wrong?" Bob was very solicitous.

Betty looked at him.

"No—not at all. I—was merely surprised at something." She folded the single sheet, placed it in its envelope, and then tucked it into the pocket of her middie-blouse.

"He was rather short this time, wasn't he?"

"He?" She glanced at him inquiringly. Then her face broke into beams. "Oh, you mean Dick! How stupid of me! Yes, he was exceedingly short—but, it was an exception, you know."

"Yes, I noticed."

"What made you think it was from Dick, anyhow?"

Bob looked disgusted.

"Good heavens—where do you think my eyes have been!"

"On me, do you mean?" she asked sweetly.

Bob looked rather foolish.

"Certainly! If a letter of mine could ever bring such an expression to your face—why, I—I wouldn't care to live any longer."

"Thank you. I'd be very sorry to cause your death!"

After that they were both silent for a while. They were on their way up the mountain path. Perhaps they each had reason for thought! A letter lay in Betty's pocket right over her heart. Its position there might be the cause of the vehement beating of her heart! When they reached the spot where Betty had lost her footing, they each glanced at the other and then laughed.

Suddenly Betty asked a rather impertinent question.

"Bob, you like me, don't you?"

Bob was used to Betty—or thought he was.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," declared he, smiling.

"Well, we've had a nice week together, haven't we? You will allow that much!"

Somehow Betty's tone was not quite the same as always. It sounded as though she might not be joking this time.

Instantly Bob's tone became serious.

"Betty, I have never spent a better vacation. It has been great!"

She smiled.

"That's the way I feel. Will you promise me something?"

"Anything, except being your best man."

Betty's eyes sparkled with laughter. "Oh, you've promised Dick that already! I want something else."

"All right. Go ahead! I promise."

"Well, I have something very important to tell you this evening, something I've done, and I want you to promise not to get angry with me."

Betty's face was serious, and a trifle flushed. Bob looked at her and felt not the slightest hesitancy in making such a promise—a promise not to be angry at her.

"You've let me off easy! I'll take an oath to it, if you wish."

"That's enough," she protested. "Remember—tonight—on the porch!"

"What time?" he laughed.

"About eight!"

* * * * *

Betty sat alone on the porch and watched the sun go down. Every day since the world began the sun had set; but Betty never actually saw the sun set, before the evening a week ago—the night of her arrival—when she had first seen it from the mountain top. Since then, the sun had set

for her seven times. It was always marvelously beautiful. The western skies above the dark mountain range were a wonder of delicate blues and pinks, and orange and gold, and light billowy clouds ever changing in their midst; just a little glimpse, after the heat and care of the day, of the entrance to another world—a world promising beautiful things, unfathomable, sweet mysteries; a world of dreams; a world of things desired but not comprehended.

But tonight it was different. Oh, it was so beautiful! It was more than beautiful. But after the sun had sunk behind the dark trees, and the color and brightness had slowly faded away, Betty felt sad. Was she never to see a sunset again? Before another one she must leave the mountain and the mountain cottage and the mountain world—and it was not a pleasant thought!

Silent, she sat in the gathering twilight for an hour and watched the half moon deepen from cream to gold and then to orange. By that time it was dark—and it was eight o'clock.

It was rather dark to be coming up the mountain path. Bob had gone down for the evening mail.

But all shadow of fear—if there was any—was soon scattered, for Bob himself appeared out of the darkness.

He came up the steps swiftly. His manner was decidedly agitated.

“Betty, you’ll have to pardon my being late for our engagement!”

He seated himself in the swing beside her.

“I will, but only because it is our last,” she answered.

“Our last! How did you know I had to leave in the morning?” Bob asked in surprise.

Betty sat up straight and stared at him.

“Yes, I have to leave tomorrow morning,” he affirmed, looking into her eyes. His voice sounded decidedly miserable and uncertain.

If he was looking for sympathy or something else, he was disappointed, for instead her face brightened quite perceptibly, and her eyes shone with undeniable pleasure.

“Oh, I’m so glad!” she exclaimed, eagerly.

"Betty!" he cried in a strange voice.

"On what train? 10:15?" she continued.

He nodded.

"Why—we—I go on that train myself in the morning!" she informed him eagerly. She appeared as happy as would be proper if she and Dick were departing on the same train.

"You, Betty!" His voice was greatly changed.

"Yes, sister wrote and said mother wants me to come home. Sister is returning home, and I'm to meet her at the station tomorrow and go along. It's hard luck, isn't it?" Her voice was sad, unlike Betty's and her eyes were not merry, but serious and grave.

"Yes—that's the way I feel about leaving," Bob answered. "But I'm glad we can travel together. Your sister is younger than you, isn't she?" he added.

Betty's eyes went down in a flash and she blushed very, very red. The moonlight was a kind protection.

"Bob, you remember I have something to tell you? I think you'll hardly care to travel with me when you have heard it." Then she broke into a little laugh. "I never had such fun in my life! There was no keeping back for Betty!" Her voice rang silvery.

"What is it? You remember I promised," Bob urged her.

Betty looked at him squarely and laughed.

"Bob, if you weren't everlastingly tardy, you would have met Miss Betty Cavode. She passed through here a week ago on her way to New York."

"Betty, what do you mean?" Bob demanded. His eyes fastened upon hers as if to draw the answer from them.

"Nothing—only, I'm Billy. Betty went on to New York."

"Billy! Billy!" he cried, and his face was livid. His eyes still held hers, in wonder and amazement. Then a great light dawned in them, a light that caused Betty, or Billy rather, to catch her breath, lower her eyes, and blush like a red rose.

"Billy!" His voice was low, but vibrant with intense

joy and love. With a sudden movement he clasped her in his arms.

Strange as it may seem, she didn't resist or laugh at him. Only, when he murmured, "I love you," the old unmistakable gleam flashed into her eyes, and she inquired if he meant "Betty" or "Billy."

Rebecca Crouse, 1906.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN GERMANY.

More beautiful customs center around the German celebration of Christmas than are found in any other land. Unlike the American Christmas, the observance of the festival takes place more especially upon the evening of the 24th of December.

The custom of having a Christmas tree originated in Germany. There are many stories as to the first use of it. How, where, and by whom was the Christmas tree, as we know it, brought into the festivities, and associated with the Christ-Child and Saint Nicholas? Positive answer to this it would be impossible to give.

There is a popular tradition which makes Martin Luther the inventor of the modern Christmas tree. One bright Christmas eve, as Luther was journeying home through a snow-covered country, he was more than ever struck by the wondrous spectacle of the star-lit sky. He arrived home, with brain and heart full of the thoughts and feelings that had been inspired in him by the firmament of shining stars. Suddenly an idea struck him. Going into the garden he cut off a little fir tree, dragged it into the nursery, put some candles into its branches and lighted them. Ever after, Luther arranged a Christmas tree for the entertainment of his family, and the custom was imitated by his neighbors, and finally spread all over Germany. This deserves no more credit than any other legend, as the Christmas tree had come into common use by the beginning of the seventeenth century.

If you were a child in Germany you would know that Christmas preparations always begin with the baking of the Weihnachts Stollen. Each child is assigned some particular task in the making of this Christmas cake. There are raisins to be picked, citron and orange peel to be cut into small bits. Your excitement knows no bounds. It would certainly not be Christmas cake if you could not assist, you and the other children. When the wonderful mass of butter, eggs, flour and fruit is mixed there are many sly peeps at it to see if it is rising. While you are still wondering what has become of the raisins, a rude hand tears you away from your dream, and you find yourself in the presence of the guardian angel, the maid.

“Don’t you know it cannot rise when you uncover it? Do you want Christmas cake or don’t you? Now run along!” she screams.

Then comes the excitement of seeing the heavy vessels full of the golden mass being conveyed by the maids to the baker. He forms the cakes, and places them with many others in the large oven. (For they are too large to be baked at home.)

“What if something should happen!” is your half-formed thought, as you watch this operation.

But this apprehension is dispelled later in the day, when you hear the cry, “The baker is coming,” and see the immense golden brown cakes set upon the shelf, not to be touched until Christmas.

When you return from school on the last day before vacation, mother greets you with a pleasant smile, and the words, “Put your books away. You will have no need of them until after the New Year. Now you must get to work with the nuts and apples for the tree.”

What fun it is to place the patches of gold and silver on the fruit and nuts, to be hung upon the tree on the morrow. Then comes the tree. The man carries it into the “Gute Stube” with a mysterious air, and we think him a veritable Saint Nicholas. The house begins to take on a holiday appearance. On the afternoon of the 24th the hustling, bustling

maids, with mother in the lead, put on the finishing touches, and then comes the call to dress for dinner.

A calm seems to settle over the entire household at this time; a foreshadowing of "Peace, Goodwill"—the spirit of "Weihnachts heiliger Abend."

When the evening meal is over, the entire family goes to the Christmas Vespers. The interior of a church in Germany on Christmas Eve is a picture one never forgets. There are myriads of candles, and as the organ peals forth you feel there is something wonderfully mysterious and uplifting in the atmosphere. The walk home from church is made glad by the "Frohliche Weihnachten" of friends and neighbors.

When you arrive home, you children are left to yourselves. After a half hour of breathless suspense you hear the faint tinkle of a bell. There is a mad rush toward the great doors, which open and disclose that wonderful tree in all its splendor, covered with tiny candles, glittering apples and tempting bonbons. This is the time for a general exchange of gifts.

Then comes a rap at the door, and in comes Sankt Nicholas and the "Christ-Kinkle." A very small knowledge of German reveals the fact that "Christ Kinkle" is simply a mistaken pronunciation of the word Christkindlein. The connection of Christ Child with the gift-giving season is obvious enough, since it is His birthday feast. Sankt Nicholas puts the usual questions, "Has anyone been bad?" and "Can you say your prayers?" You huddle closer to mother and murmur a confused prayer, which seems to satisfy the dear old soul.

This evening is the happiest and jolliest of the whole season, though the festivities continue throughout the following ten days. Calls are made and returned, and church services are attended.

But on Christmas Eve, when the jolly old Saint has distributed all the gifts he has for the household, you are tucked into bed with the firm conviction that this has been the happiest day of the year.

Martha Kroenert.

TWO CHILD VERSES.**A Fancy.**

I'd love to live in a tree-top,
Where I could see the town
Stretched on all sides, below me,
Whenever I looked down.
The steeples would look lowly,
While our little home I'd see,
As small as the tiny playhouse
I built for my doll and me.
I'd have only the sky above me,
And I wouldn't mind the sun;
If the rain beat the leaves too fiercely
I'd shelter under one.
And when the shower was over,
I'd see the rainbow's end;
And go and find the treasure,
And have more than I could spend.

F. R.

The Shadow.

There are shadows fat, there are shadows lean,
But the very worst shadow I have ever seen
Is the one that lurks by the garden wall,
A shadow black and straight and tall.
And sometimes it has one red eye
That glares at all the passers-by.
When I was on the porch last night
I had a dreadful, dreadful fright,
What do you think I saw it do?
Walk close beside my Sister Sue.

M. W.

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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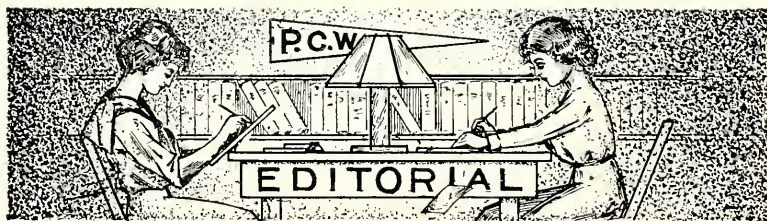
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Gold has been found in a new territory of Alaska, and there is a new gold rush in that direction. This statement might cause us to soliloquize on the greed of mankind, or the vanity of human wishes, or some allied topic. On the contrary, however, it suggests a comparison between Alaska's gold discoveries and the gold of character which is to be

found in those around us. We are making new discoveries all the time.

This girl, who seemed so quiet and reserved is found to have a gift of eloquence, when it is required, that astonishes us. A rather easy going person surprises us by her power to concentrate and "get out" a really difficult lesson, when we had all thought that all her interest was in her winter wardrobe. One of our classmates seemed cold and unfriendly to her associates, until someone felt the need of a comforter in a time of trouble, and she is found to be the soul of sympathy; or she plays the part of helper when an unpleasant duty is to be performed.

These little lessons concerning the latent possibilities of our friends are ones which must be learned constantly. They never seem to stay by us. We all like to be the pioneers in such things, and rush forward to discover these nuggets for ourselves.

There was much interest this year in the Short Story Contest and a goodly number of excellent stories were submitted. The prize of Five Dollars in Gold, awarded by the Omega was presented in Chapel on the morning of December 19. The successful contestant was Rebecca Crouse '16, whose story appears in this issue of the Sorosis. Marjorie Gowans received honorable mention.

Some one who is not exactly an optimist, tells her story of the only real Christmas gift she ever knew about. She had an English and an American friend, who were unacquainted. As she was about to sail for America, the English friend gave her a fine meerschaum pipe, asking her to present it to the American. He had heard tell of the latter's preference for meerschaums. While not quite so skeptical as to think that real gifts are rare, we know that every present exchanged is not a gift. These duty and obligation presents mean nothing, and the sooner they are done away,

the better. May all of the gifts from P. C. W's daughters have heart in them.

LECTURES.

On Wednesday morning, December 11, Dr. Halsey spoke to the College and Dilworth Hall IV. about the "great awakening of China." This talk was particularly interesting to the girls as it concerned itself chiefly with the women of China, and their positions, yesterday and today. He told of what Christianity has done for China, how it has lifted up and turned in the right direction the many wonderful qualities of the people. China is undoubtedly advancing, morally, spiritually and intellectually, and the secret of the advance is the great work being done by the Christian workers in the land to give the moral fibre of Christianity to a race whose faculties have been developed to a marvelous degree of keenness along almost every other line.

Monsieur Eugene Tournier gave us quite a satisfying "three-quarters-view of a Frenchman" in his lecture December 5. He succeeded in dispelling some of the ideas that are prevalent concerning France and gave us many interesting facts about the customs and manners of the French people.

ALUMNAE.

Mrs. C. S. Haines a P. C. W. Alumnae was the guest of her daughter Helen for the lecture-recital Friday, December 6.

Mrs. R. G. Armstrong of Vandergrift Heights recently visited her sister, Frances Boale.

May Hardy and Martha Sands were at the college to attend the meeting of Dilworth Hall Alumnae on December 9.

The Class of 1911 will hold a reunion during Christmas week.

Miss Coolidge was present at the meeting of Decade Club III at the home of Rosalie Supplee on December 7. In January the club will be entertained by Elma Trussell.

The Sorosis extends its sympathy to Miss Edith Medley, '11, in the loss of her brother.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

The **Deutsche Verein** held its last meeting before Christmas on Tuesday, December 11. Martha Young and Betty McCague were hostesses. The afternoon was spent in embroidering Christmas gifts and in chatting.

The **Mandolin Club** has been preparing quite a large number of popular selections for the January concert. The club is now ready to furnish popular music for college plays and entertainments. It was the orchestra the evening of the Dramatic Club play, December 13.

The **Glee Club** is working hard for the combined concert with Pitt, to be given January 10. A special session was held on Friday, December 13. Quite a collection of songs have been learned owing to the energetic efforts of Mr. Mayhew, and a very successful and pleasing concert is anticipated.

The **Young Women's Christian Association** is continuing in the regular meetings the study of Mr. Parsons' "The Social Teaching of Jesus." Miss Sander conducted the meeting in which the social nature of Jesus was taken up. The meetings in charge of the various classes were begun on December 11 when the Senior Class conducted the meeting, which was presided over by Miss Layman. All of the Seniors took part in presenting in outline form Mr. J. Lovell Murray's "Apologetics for Foreign Missions." A quartette composed of Seniors sang an anthem entitled "Send Out Thy Light." The Y. W. C. A. held its annual Christmas Bazaar Friday, December 6, when all sorts of Christmas novelties and candies were sold. There were many other attractions, such as the fortune telling and "scrawl-reading" booths and the "dancing-man." The Jack Horner pie proved very popular, from

which every one had the privilege of drawing a plum. The doll show, on the stage, where the dolls were arranged very cleverly and artistically, was a pleasing and profitable feature. The proceeds will probably be between eighty and ninety dollars. This money is used to cover the current expenses of the Association and to carry on the work of a mission school, a kindergarten and a Bible woman in Barsi, India. The officers and members of the Association wish to thank the Alumnae, faculty, friends and student body for their liberal contributions of time, handiwork and patronage. It was the co-operation of all which insured the success of the fair and which makes possible the work which the Association is doing. The members of the Y. W. C. A. are pleased that Miss Coolidge has been appointed, by the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States, a member of the Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania Field Committee. Programs for the year's work have been issued by the Association. The leaders appointed are working earnestly to make the meetings interesting and profitable and it is greatly desired that the meetings be well attended. Come out, girls, and support the Y. W. C. A.

The **Athletic Association** organized a cross-country walk on November 23. Eighteen people were of the party, which started for Guyasuta early that morning (and got there, too). Everyone was enthusiastic about the splendid trip. Basketball practice begins the first of the year.

The **Omega Society** was entertained by Miss Coolidge at dinner December 5th. The decorations were yellow and white, the society colors. After dinner a very pleasant hour was spent by means of social intercourse and embroidery. The Omega held its regular meeting the same afternoon. The meeting was especially important as the election of officers took place. Janet Brownlee was elected president, Anne Rutherford secretary and treasurer, and Margery Stewart librarian. After the business was disposed of there was a most interesting discussion of the "Garden of Allah." Marjory Boggs read a paper on the book and Helen Blair reported on the play. Miss Coolidge was the guest of the society at the meeting.

The **Dramatic Association** presented a Christmas play Friday evening, December 13. The play was "Sir William's Niece," and the cast was as follows: Sir William Taunton, Adella Stewart; Oliver Holworthy, Olga Losa; Janet Douglass, Marjorie Gowans; Emily Carpenter, Mary Estep; Soeur Mathilda, Lorna Burleigh; James, the butler, Juanita Husband; guests; mummers.



ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

The Sorosis wishes everyone a Merry Christmas.

December 10th Woodland Hall was the scene of a dinner for the faculty and trustees. After dinner a very enjoyable program was given by Mrs. Koelker, Miss Kerst and Mr. Mayhew.

The Seniors wound up the year properly by their annual

Christmas spread. This took place on Wednesday, the 18th, and was a true manifestation of the Christmas spirit.

The Annual Christmas Dinner, given by the college in Berry Hall on December 19th, was a gay affair. All the tables were beautifully decorated, and everyone received a joke gift. Not least in importance was the splendid dinner itself.

“The Glee Club stands for art alone”—
We understand that clearly;
But lately we have learned it's run
On a business basis, merely.

From plays and games we breathless come,
Nor wait to doff our middies;
We come from dens where we have been
Both dinner guests and biddies.

With monstrous piles of books we break
From classes staid and serious,
For our director's said, “Be prompt,
Or don't come here to weary us.”

On December 27th Miss Ada Chamberlain, a former teacher in P. C. W., was married to Mr. William Hiteshew, at her home in Washington. Miss Butterfield and Miss Campbell were present.

Helen Craig and Gretchen Smalley were guests at the State College house party for the week-end of November 22 to 25. They reported a perfectly wonderful time. They have since been using some queer expressions, the most frequent of which are “pedaling” and “allons.”

A great loss has recently been met with in the Junior den. Polly has flown to the dorm with her couch cover and pillows, so alas! alas! no more do we recline in ease.

Dr. Lindsay tells us we should all marry farmers. Then he adds that many farmers' wives are in insane asylums,

Louise Orr was the guest of Miriam Messner November 19th.

Betty McCague was jubilant last Friday. Her father surprised her by coming to dinner. Mr. McCague stayed for the lecture-recital in the evening.

Miriam Messner and Louise Fletcher spent Thanksgiving vacation with Louise Orr at her home in Woodlawn.

Pauline Burt has come to live in Woodland Hall. She is at home in Room 13.

Miss Martha Andrews, of King's School of Oratory, Pittsburgh, was a Sunday guest of Jean Riggs.

William Howe visited his aunt, Miss Claire Colestock, of Woodland Hall, Wednesday, December 4th. William is always an enjoyable guest.

Janet Brownlee and Marguerite MacBurney attended the wedding of Mr. John Brownlee and Miss Reed Marshall in Canonsburg, Thursday, December 5th.

Pauline Burt's father dined with her at Woodland Hall December 8th.

Do "the powers that be" realize that the practising of Christmas songs provokes an uneasy spirit in the student body?

Anne Rutherford made a flying visit to Sewickley, November 7th.

New member of the Chemistry class—"Miss-Exactly."

'Tis thought M. E. Y. and P. B. must have experienced some kind of reverses of late. They are the only ones in Ethics class who think the world is growing worse. What is the reason for such pessimism, girls, money or love?

Several Seniors sitting in their den the other day were startled by the abrupt opening of the door and the entrance

of what seemed to be Rosie's ghost, hair pushed far back from the brow, eyes staring. Unseeing, the figure glanced over the group for a time. One of the girls murmured, "Rosie! What is——?" The apparition suddenly seemed to take on life. Then our old Rosie spoke. "Oh, me! I have been studying for three straight hours in the library. Think of it." And they all understood.

The contest for parts in the Senior Dramatics is one of the "red letter days" of Senior year. Many are the "nervous chills" that mark the day and everyone is "scared to death," but somehow all manage to survive.

Finally and finely has the Senior class replied en masse to the lengthy epistle which they received long ago from Marge Lambie McQuilkin. It was quite an undertaking for the several enterprisers, but was eventually accomplished, thanks to them.

Laila (very sympathetically): "Just think, if Constantinople falls, the Sophs will have another date to learn in History."

What do you know about the "transmigration of souls," Juanita?

December 11th was Senior day in the Y. W. C. A. Miss Layman, the leader, is to be congratulated on her calmness (during the meeting).

We all appreciate the remark made by Mrs. Draiz, when some one tried to sell her a "busy" sign. "Busy! Don't I know I'm busy without hanging out a sign!"

Lucy, in a recent shopping trip, picked up a brass twine-holder. Turning to her companion, she remarked: "Isn't this pretty? It must be some sort of a smoking set."

Miss H. (in Physics class): "Miss T., how would it be to be a South Pole?"

Who said "Novelties"?

Mystery of mysteries! Whose engagement was announced at the Senior "Faculty Tea"?

The Seniors enjoyed a visit recently from Lucile Atkinson Baker. Lucile very kindly gave any information requested on housekeeping for two.

The "dancing man" of the Y. W. C. A. bazaar certainly was mirth-provoking, judging from the sounds which issued from behind the screens.

Advanced Physics class is requested to tread more lightly. Some Seniors seated in their den below the Lab thought someone had knocked at the door the other day, so loud did the walking sound.

Since the subject of China is being so widely discussed, why not bring it nearer home, and find the great need for our own "new china" in the den?

About 8:45, in Ethics class, faces assume a rather expectant expression. Footsteps are heard, the door opens and Esther appears. Yes, they are not disappointed; she has lived up to her reputation—a new hat every day.

Miss B. says that cats are superior to men.

A new song-bird has been discovered in the Senior class. Betty McCague solemnly assures us that if we were to have our tonsils removed we, too, could be prima-donnas.

Latest faculty fad—"Write a Paper."

Perhaps we will go to China in order to have our remarkable abilities duly appreciated. Dr. Halsey assures us that the Chinese think the Americans indiscriminately a wonderful people.

Several members of the Senior class are gravely considering the question of asking that the 12 o'clock class on Tuesday may be changed to some other hour. They find half an hour not sufficient to arrange their hair and ties for gym.

Virginia Morris was absent for a few days because of illness.

Association does queer things. Some things we always think of in connection with something else. Perhaps this is why we hear some of the girls talk of Jan and Annet.

Dr. Lindsay would like to be an American beauty rose. What's the use?

If Grace slapped Jeanne in the face—what then?

Adeline Colebrook condescends to pay the Junior den a visit once in a while. Why, oh, why does she not come back to stay?

The girls who went to hear Billy Sunday seem to have been disappointed in him.

The Current Events class must have enjoyed their Thanksgiving dinner. For once they felt that they had a just cause for attacking Turkey.

Helen, orally giving her assigned quotations from Job: "O, that my words were written." Sympathetic giggles from the class.

The Freshman class was well represented, by express invitation of Miss White, at a lecture on Michael Angelo, at Carnegie Lecture Hall. When the Sophs received a similar invitation, there were three present!

Mr. M. (calling the roll in Geometry): "Miss Gaw."
(No response.) "Ah, has she Gaw-n again?"

Translating in French 1 and 2: "Je me suis coupe la maim." ("I had my carriage at hand.")

In German 3 and 4: Miss G. (translating)—"He looked at the ceiling and seem to suppress a ——"

Miss B. (prompting in a whisper)—"A sigh."

Miss G.—"And seemed to suppress a fly."

Louise Kindl is still absent from school.

E. (just before a Chemistry test)—“I love my family, but I couldn’t feel worse if they were all dead.”

The Christmas vacation extends from December 20 to January 6.

EXPRESSION NOTES.

Miss Rosemma McGrew, a special student in the department of Expression, has very successfully coached the Senior play of Crafton High School, which was given on the evenings of December 12th and 13th.

On Monday evening, December 16th, the Senior class contested for the parts in the commencement play, to be given in June. Great interest was shown on this eventful evening.

Miss Kerst acted as coach for the play given by the Sewickley Valley Hospital Cot Club last month. Miss Kerst also gave several readings on Tuesday evening at the dinner given by Miss Coolidge and Dr. Lindsay, for the faculty, trustees and their wives.

The Christmas play, “Sir William’s Niece,” owes its success to the skilful coaching of Miss Bessie McCaffrey, a special student in Expression. This is an unpublished play, and great expense was incurred in procuring the copyright.

MUSIC NOTES.

Friday evening, December 6th, a lecture-recital on “The Songs of England: Ancient and Modern,” was given by Mr. T. Carl Whitmer and Mr. Charles E. Mayhew, baritone. The program, both entertaining and instructive, contained, in part, the following selections:

Old English Songs.

Come, Let's be Merry	Traditional
Have You Seen a Whyte Lillie Grow.....	Traditional (1614)
Take, O Take Those Lips Away.....	Wilson
My Lytell Pretty One.....	Traditional (1550)
When Iceles Hang by the Wall.....	Arne
Modern English Songs.	
Young Tom o' Devon	Russell
A Song of Flight.....	Elgar
The New Moon's Silver Sickle.....	Bautoch

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The annual Christmas service was held Wednesday, December 18th, at the regular chapel period. The order of the exercises was as follows:

Christmas Service.

Wednesday, December 18th, 1912.

9:30 A. M.

Short Prelude.

Carol (by College Choir).

Hymn 170—"O Come, All Ye Faithful."

Scripture Reading.

Carol—"The First Nowell."

Prayer.

Anthem—Dilworth Hall Glee Club.

Reading by Miss Kerst.

Solo by Miss Ethel Williams.

Hymn 174—"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

Address by Dr. Lindsay.

Hymn 178—"O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Benediction."

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EXCHANGES.

We are pleased to find that the number of our exchanges is steadily increasing. The articles on "The Spirit of Reform" and "Character," in the Grove City Collegian, are very interesting as well as helpful.

The Goucher Kalends presents a very interesting story on "The Oysters: a Defence."

A good example of "The True Thanksgiving Spirit" is given in The Beaver.

The Lesbian Herald gives a very excellent comparison of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Dekker's "Old Fortunatus."

The Olio for November is a new departure in that it is an "In Memoriam" number.

The Hermonite is interesting, as usual.

The Holcad published a very interesting love story, well worth reading, called "The Letter Forgotten."

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They met in the darkened hall. He embraced her and kissed her several times.

"Oh, pardon me," he effused, with a grin. "I thought it was my sister."

"It is, you simpleton," she giggled as she emerged into the light.—Ex.

Teacher—"What is a philosopher?"

Pupil—"One who rides a philosopepe."—Ex.

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